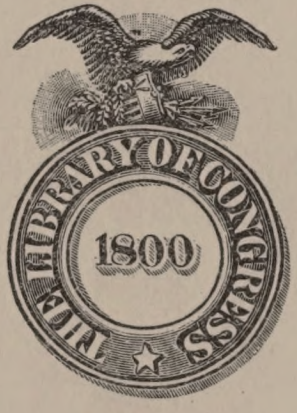


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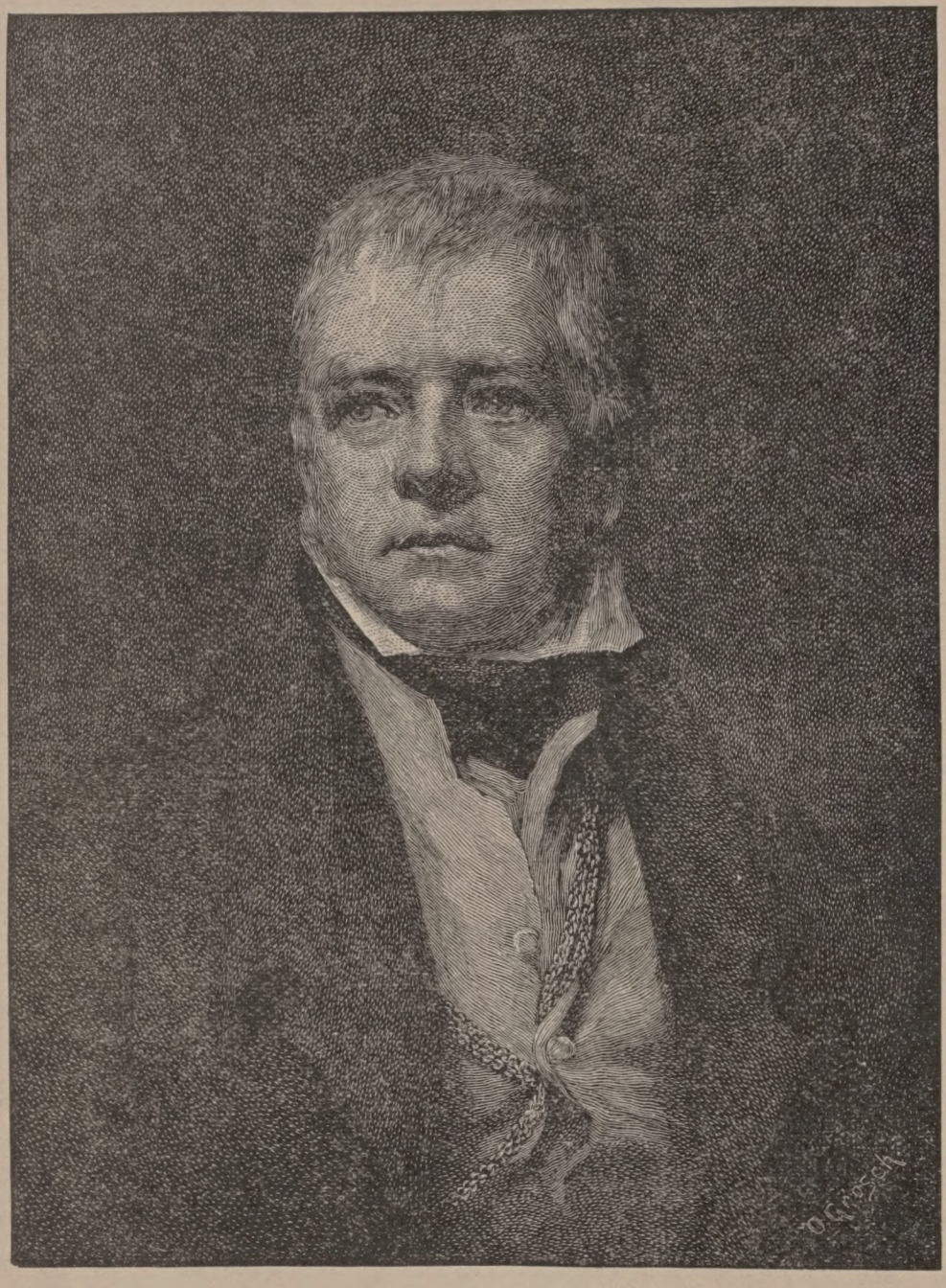

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Painting by H. Raeburn.

*STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES*

# WAVERLEY

OR

# 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

CONDENSED AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION
FOR SCHOOL READING BY

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# INTRODUCTION.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"WAVERLEY" is a true example of the historical novel. In its pages the scenes and detail of Scottish life in the years 1745–1746 are infused with the spirit of a living present. Real personages live and move before us, acting out the essential drama of their lives. The historical nucleus of "Waverley" is the last attempt of a direct descendant of Charles I. to gain the English crown. To supplement the narrative of the text by such an explanation as will make clear the place and significance in English history of this attempt on the part of the so-called "Young Pretender," Charles Edward Stuart, to establish himself on the English throne, is the purpose of this sketch.

Mary "Queen of Scots" was the ancestor of the English house of Stuart. Something of her power of attracting the love and sympathy of those who knew her she seems to have transmitted to her descendants; and something, too, of the turbulence and fateful misfortune of her own life seems to have attended the house of Stuart throughout its stormy and unfortunate royal career. Amiable men the Stuart princes were, and full of the courtly culture of the cavalier. Intellectually brilliant, lovers of learning, they were nevertheless deficient in moral fibre. In private life they were dissolute, lacking in honesty and steadfast purpose. The courts of Charles I. and his son were full of scandal, and seethed with corruption and immorality as the court of no other English king ever did.

James VI., king of Scotland, the son of Queen Mary, became James I., king of England, at the death of Elizabeth in 1603. In 1625 he was succeeded by his son Charles I. The story of his reign is that of a continuous and violent struggle between the exacting tyranny and selfishness of Charles, who was a firm believer in the absolute and unlimited power of kings, and the growing power of government by the people. The result of the struggle, the rise of Cromwell and his Protectorate, the overthrow of the king, and his execution in 1649 are well-known matters of history.

But with the death of Charles I. peace was far from assured. Prince Charles, his son, a young man of about nineteen, fled to France, but returned to Scotland in the following year, and, promising to become a good Presbyterian, was able to put himself at the head of a considerable Scottish army. Cromwell, resolved to crush insurrection in the place of its birth, marched to Scotland, and defeated the army of Charles at Dunbar. At Worcester, in the north of England, just one year later, he utterly crushed the uprising, and Charles, after many hair-breadth escapes, fled to France.

But Cromwell's Protectorate, deprived by the death, in 1658, of its powerful head, was a weak, inadequate government. Cromwell's son Richard was not the man of iron that the situation demanded, and at length, the people of England, dreading the uncertainty and irresponsibility of government by the generals of the army which already was split into factions, welcomed the return of Charles with shouts and acclamations. He was crowned Charles II. in 1660, and reigned until 1685.

Charles II., though even weaker in moral stamina, was a man of more ability than his father, and he had a keener sense of how far it was safe to go in his exactions. Though his belief in his own inherent rights was hardly less extravagant than that of his father, he was more willing to compromise, and hence the relations between king and parliament never

became so strained. The agitation of religious questions became acute, however, and remained so for years. First came a powerful reaction against the austerity of the Puritans, as the followers of Cromwell were called. This reaction was both social and political. Socially, it led to unheard-of debauchery in the life of the court and of the people. Politically, it led to the reëstablishment of the Church of England and the persecution of the Puritans, a large portion of whom were Presbyterians. All who refused to conform to everything said in the Prayer Book were called Dissenters, and were denied the privilege of holding religious meetings or political office. Persecutions arose which were most bitter, and were hardly modified by the weak plea of Charles for Acts of Toleration for the benefit of those outside the Church of England. There was much prejudice against Catholics at the time throughout England, and the fear of Catholic domination led to much of the harsh sectarian legislation by parliament against those outside the Church of England. Charles's sympathies were really on the side of the Catholics, though he was not nominally a Catholic; and hence upon the religious issues of the day he and parliament were by no means in sympathy with each other. At length upon his death-bed he became a communicant of the Catholic Church. From this time on, the male representatives of the House of Stuart were Catholics.

The immediate successor of Charles II. was James II., Charles's brother. The character of James II. was as arbitrary as that of his predecessor was vacillating. An avowed Catholic, he was credited with the purpose to catholicize England. To this end he attempted to establish an army with which to awe the people, and he interfered with the charters of the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge, seeking to impose Catholic officers upon them. He sought by every available means, not omitting bribery and intimidation, to overthrow the established Church. The leaders of the Church

of England at length were driven to open protest by the assumption by the king of the so-called "dispensing power." In 1687 and 1688, respectively, James issued two "Declarations of Indulgence," in which he suspended all laws against Dissenters and Roman Catholics alike. These proclamations were made ostensibly to gain the support of the Dissenters against the Church of England, but their effect was at the same time to give unusual privileges to the Catholics. Aroused by these declarations, certain bishops of the Church of England protested openly to the king. James, enraged, ordered them tried for seditious libel. Though the bishops were acquitted, feeling against the king rose so high that, after the birth of a son to him in 1688, the Protestant leaders, unwilling to have another Catholic on the throne, invited the Protestant Prince William of Orange to come and defend the liberties of England. In this invitation the best elements of both of the leading parties, Whigs and Tories, joined.

William, whose wife was the Princess Mary, daughter of James II., accepted the invitation, and landed in England with 15,000 men. James escaped to France. Parliament declared the throne vacant, and William and Mary, being crowned jointly, held the throne until the death of Mary in 1694, after which William reigned alone until 1702. James made one last effort to regain his throne by the aid of Louis XIV. of France. Ireland was invaded in 1689–90. But after several engagements the invaders were at last totally defeated at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690.

James II. died in 1701. He was the last male Stuart of the line of Charles I. to occupy the throne of England. Two further attempts made by his descendants remain to be noted.

After the revolution of 1688, which established the Protestant succession to the English throne, and expelled James II. from the throne because of his menace to English liberty, his partisans, who still formed a considerable body in Eng-

land, and especially in Scotland, were called Jacobites—a name gotten from the Latin form of James's name, *i.e.*, Jacobus. Their badge, often worn on their costume, was a white cockade.

In 1715, following the death of Queen Anne, the succession to the throne was for a time in doubt. At length the crown was offered to George I., Elector of Hanover, a German prince, whose sole title to the English throne lay in his descent from a sister of Charles I. Upon his accession, the Jacobites, instigated by the French, fomented an uprising in Scotland under the leadership of the Earl of Mar, in behalf of James Stuart, son of James II. This man is known in history as the Chevalier St. George, or "The Old Pretender." At the same time, with the uprising of the Earl of Mar, occurred a lesser insurrection of a few hundred Jacobites in the north of England. Though the two insurgent bodies succeeded in joining forces, they had not enough cohesion to ensure themselves against severe losses from desertion. James Stuart himself at length came to Scotland, but lacked the personal power to make himself a leader of his adherents, and they gradually fell away, leaving him and the Earl of Mar, at length, to escape to France almost alone. The insurrection thus ended with no determined struggle, and with the execution of about forty of the rebels for high treason.

One last effort of the Stuart family to regain the English throne was made in 1745–6, under the leadership of Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James II. It is this episode which is portrayed in "Waverley." Landing in the west of Scotland with but seven followers, Charles Edward sought, by the magic of his name, to rally the Highland clans about him, and gradually to arouse into open rebellion against George II., the reigning king, all the dissatisfied elements of the kingdom. He hoped to gain the active support of the diminishing, but still numerous, Jacobites, the Tories, who were the descendants of the noble families that had sup-

ported the Stuarts in the past, and the Catholics. In short, he hoped all would rally to his standard who disliked and distrusted the rule of England by kings who did not speak her language, or make England their home, and whose title to the throne was, by rule of descent, much less patent than that of the Stuarts. Opposed to the pretensions of the Stuarts was the ruling party, in England, the Whig, which was unbroken in its support of the Hanoverian Dynasty, though divided on many matters of foreign policy, and subjected to several consequent changes of ministry during the years just before and after the attempt of the "Young Pretender." These changes within the Whig ministry are alluded to in the earlier chapters of "Waverley."

After landing in Scotland in August, 1745, Charles Edward at length rallied in his behalf the clans of the Scottish Highlands, and with a small army marched toward Edinburgh. He entered the city in triumph, and proclaimed himself James the Eighth, king of Scotland. On September 21st he attacked and cut to pieces two thousand English troops under Sir John Cope at Preston. Inspired by this victory the Scotch, hoping for a renewal of the independence of Scotland, flocked to the Pretender, until he was in command of an army of six thousand men, all Highlanders. With this army, confident of an enthusiastic reception, the Pretender set forth to invade England and capture London. Never was expectation worse founded. Penetrating as far south as Derby, he met with no acclamations, and received the armed assistance of but one country squire. Farther advance was impossible, and, pursued by the Duke of Cumberland, Charles Edward retreated rapidly to Glasgow, where he received reinforcements which raised his force to nine thousand men. With this army he attacked the English under General Hawley at Falkirk, and routed them. But this was Charles's last triumph. A large portion of his Highland adherents, finding in his plans no support for their dream of the inde-

pendence of Scotland, succumbed to their predatory instincts, and, laden with the spoil of Falkirk, scattered to the mountains. With the remainder of his army, about six thousand men, Charles Edward retreated to Culloden Moor. Here, on April 16, 1746, his army was cut to pieces and butchered in the most merciless manner by the English under the Duke of Cumberland. The Pretender became a fugitive, and at length escaped to France disguised as a female servant. Fifty-three of his leading supporters were executed, and forty more were attainted by Act of Parliament. Thus wretchedly ended the last attempt of the Stuarts to regain the English throne.

The chivalrous and picturesque personality of Charles Edward, the Chevalier, as he is sometimes called from his rank as a knight of the French court, receives a graphic and sympathetic portrayal at the hands of Scott. Nor is there strong reason to suppose that the fair portrait is overdrawn. That he was worthy of his descent in appearance and behaviour under the trying circumstances of the Jacobite uprising there is every reason to suppose. But, in the words of Scott himself: "If Prince Charles had concluded his life soon after his miraculous escape (to France), his character in history must have stood very high. As it was, his station is amongst those, a brilliant portion of whose life forms a remarkable contrast to all which precedes, and all which follows it." After the disastrous failure in Scotland, and his flight to France, Charles Edward Stuart's career was one of unbridled debauchery, though he survived until 1788. Thus ends the chronicle of the Stuart family so far as it deals with their connection with the English throne. A brother of Charles Edward, Henry Stuart, became a cardinal, and lived until 1807. With his death the male line of the House of Stuart became extinct, though there are descendants of a daughter of Charles I. still living, most conspicuous of whom is the King of Italy.

## LIFE OF SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott is one of the most considerable figures in all English literature. Besides being one of our foremost poets, and perhaps our greatest writer of historical novels, he appeals to us as a robust, full-blooded Scotchman in sympathy with human life wherever he found it. He is, as a man, well worth study, and yet in the limits of this sketch we can note merely the main outlines of his career, and urge the student to read elsewhere the complete story of Scott's life—if possible in the "Life of Scott," by his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, which is one of the very best biographies ever written.

Born in Edinburgh in 1771, Walter Scott was descended from an old and honourable Scotch family. Attacked in infancy by a fever, he was left with a lameness from which he never recovered, although in other respects his physique became robust and powerful. He received his formal education chiefly in the Edinburgh High School. He was by no means regarded as a brilliant pupil, and after a year or more of subsequent study at the University of Edinburgh, he quit his academic studies permanently upon the occasion of a severe illness. He then began to study law, and in 1792 was admitted to practice. In 1797 he married a Miss Charpentier, who was the daughter of a French refugee. Two years later he was appointed Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, and in 1806 Clerk of Sessions. It is remarkable that Scott was always more proud of his standing as a country squire and civil officer than as a writer.

Scott's first conspicuous literary labor was a collection of the ancient ballads of Scotland, published in 1802–1803. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," his first original poem of note, appeared in 1805. From then until 1817 there succeeded one another at intervals the poems of which "Marmion" (1808)

and the "Lady of the Lake" (1810) are examples. Their popularity was extreme. Feeling, however, in 1814 that he was being eclipsed by Byron, he began the composition of the splendid historical novels, beginning with "Waverley," and ending, in 1831, with "Castle Dangerous." Scott published his earlier novels anonymously. But his fame continued to grow, and in 1820 he was offered, and accepted, a baronetcy.

In 1826, Scott's publisher, Constable, failed, involving the novelist to the enormous amount of £120,000. To pay this sum by the work of his pen was the task which Scott set for himself at the age of fifty-five. The pathetic struggle cannot be recorded here. Suffice it, however, to say that at his death, in 1832, hastened undoubtedly by his tremendous exertions, the debt was reduced to £54,000, and this remainder was finally wiped out in 1847 by the proceeds of his writings. Scott died September 21, 1832, and was survived by two sons and two daughters. He is buried in the grounds of Dryburgh Abbey.

## WAVERLEY.

"WAVERLEY" is an epoch-marking book. It is the first typical example of the modern historical novel. There were, to be sure, other novels of an historical cast that preceded it. Chief among such, in the memory of the present generation, are "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803) and "Scottish Chiefs" (1810), both written by Miss Jane Porter, but these are novels of a wholly different stamp from those which Scott began with the writing of "Waverley." In their plan of composition they are more like "Robinson Crusoe" than like novels with a carefully made plot like "Waverley."

Scott began to write "Waverley" in 1805, but on showing to a friend what he had done, he was dissuaded from continuing it. The popularity of his poetry and the demand for it were so great, that there was no need for trying experiments

in another kind of writing. In 1810, Scott took up the manuscript again, and possibly added a little to it; but again he was dissuaded from completing it, and it was not until 1814 that he definitely determined to finish it. The last two volumes —it was published as a three-volume novel—were written in three weeks. The work appeared anonymously in July, 1814. Scott afterwards explained his reason for refusing his name to the book. "I am not sure," he wrote to a friend, "that it would be considered quite decorous for me as a Clerk of Sessions to write novels." The success of the novel was instant. The publishers sold five editions in less than a year. The authorship of the book provided matter for much speculation. It was attributed to Jeffrey, the leading literary critic of the day; to Scott's brother Thomas, who was in Canada; and by many to Scott himself.

It is as a picture of Scottish life and manners that Scott sought acceptance for "Waverley." Perhaps others of Scott's novels have a keener dramatic interest; but few of them, looked at from the descriptive point of view, considering the perfection with which the atmosphere, the local color, the characteristic types and modes of life of a past period of a noble race are reproduced—few of them, from this point of view, are more interesting or more vital.

In condensing the novel the aim has been to reduce the book so as to make it available for more convenient use in the class-room. To this end, descriptive passages have been reduced, historical and moral discussions by the author omitted, and dialogue not essential to the main action of the plot has been omitted or shortened. The editor believes that pupils should not be allowed to lose sight of the fact that this is a condensed edition, and that they should be encouraged to read the complete novel outside the class-room work.

# WAVERLEY.

## CHAPTER I.

### WAVERLEY-HONOUR—A RETROSPECT.

It is sixty years since[1] Edward Waverley took leave of his family, to join the regiment of dragoons in which he had lately obtained a commission. It was a melancholy day at Waverley-Honour when the young officer parted with Sir Everard, the affectionate old uncle to whose title and estate he was presumptive heir.

A difference in political opinions had early separated the Baronet from his younger brother Richard Waverley, the father of our hero. Sir Everard had inherited from his sires the whole train of Tory prejudices which had distinguished the house of Waverley since the Great Civil War. Richard, on the contrary, who was ten years younger, beheld himself born to the fortune of a second brother.[2] The prospect of succession, if he could have anticipated that his elder brother would have remained a bachelor at seventy-two, might have led him to endure dragging through the greater part of his life as "Master Richard at the Hall, the Baronet's Brother," in the hope that ere its conclusion he should be distinguished as Sir Richard Waverley of Waverley-Honour. But this was a consummation of things not to be expected at Richard's

[1] Since the year 1745, when the events of this romance began.

[2] By the English law of inheritance both title and estate passed to the elder brother.

outset, when Sir Everard was in the prime of life, and certain to be an acceptable suitor in almost any family. He saw no practicable road to independence save that of relying upon his own exertions, and adopting a political creed more consonant both to reason and his own interest than the hereditary faith of Sir Everard in High-Church and in the House of Stuart. He therefore read his recantation at the beginning of his career, and entered life as an avowed Whig and friend of the Hanover succession.

Because of his family connexions, Richard Waverley as a Whig met with a share of ministerial favour more than proportioned to his talents or his political importance. It was, however, discovered that he had respectable talents for public business, and the first admittance to the minister's levee being negotiated, his success became rapid.

The Baronet, although the mildest of human beings, was not without sensitive points in his character; his brother's conduct had wounded these deeply; the Waverley estate was fettered by no entail,[1] and the marriage of the proprietor might have been fatal to a collateral heir. These various ideas floated through the brain of Sir Everard without producing any determined conclusion.

However, Sir Everard, in the heat of his resentment, dispatched his groom for Lawyer Clippurse, and had he arrived but an hour earlier, he might have had the benefit of drawing a new settlement of the lordship and manor of Waverley-Honour, with all its dependencies. Lawyer Clippurse found his patron involved in a deep study, which he was too respectful to disturb, otherwise than by producing his paper and leathern ink-case. Even this slight manœuvre was embarrassing to Sir Everard, who felt it as a reproach to his indecision. He looked at the attorney with some desire to issue his fiat, when the sun, emerging from behind a cloud, poured at once its chequered light through the stained window of

[1] That is, might be bequeathed unconditionally.

the gloomy cabinet in which they were seated. The Baronet's eye, as he raised it to the splendour, fell right upon the central scutcheon, impressed with the same device which his ancestor was said to have borne in the field of Hastings,—three ermines passant,[1] argent,[2] in a field azure, with its appropriate motto, *Sans tache.*[3] "May our name rather perish," exclaimed Sir Everard, "than that ancient and loyal symbol should be blended with the dishonoured insignia of a traitorous Roundhead!"[4] The attorney was dismissed.

The vehemence of Sir Everard's resentment against his brother was but short-lived; yet his dislike to the Whig, though unable to stimulate him to resume any active measures prejudicial to Richard's interest, in the succession to the family estate, continued to maintain the coldness between them. Richard knew enough of the world, and of his brother's temper, to believe that by any ill-considered or precipitate advances on his part, he might turn passive dislike into a more active principle. It was accident, therefore, which at length occasioned a renewal of their intercourse. Richard had married a young woman of rank, by whose family interest and private fortune he hoped to advance his career. In her right he became possessor of a manor of some value, at the distance of a few miles from Waverley-Honour.

Little Edward, the hero of our tale, then in his fifth year, was their only child. It chanced that the infant with his maid had strayed one morning to a mile's distance from the avenue of Brere-wood Lodge, his father's seat. Their attention was attracted by a carriage drawn by six stately long-tailed black horses, and with as much carving and gilding as would have done honour to my lord mayor's. It was waiting

[1] *i.e.* walking.

[2] The white color which in escutcheons was used to represent silver. It symbolized purity.

[3] Without stain.

[4] A nickname for the Puritans, who supported Oliver Cromwell; the term was derived from the shape of the helmets worn by his soldiers.

for the owner, who was at a little distance inspecting the progress of a half-built farmhouse. The baronet arrived while the boy's maid was in vain endeavouring to make him desist from a determination to appropriate the gilded coach and six. The *rencontre*[1] was at a happy moment for Edward, as his uncle had been just eyeing wistfully, with something of a feeling like envy, the chubby boys of the stout yeoman whose mansion was building by his direction. Sir Everard returned to Waverley Hall upon a led horse, which was kept in readiness for him, while the child and his attendant were sent home in the carriage to Brere-wood Lodge, with such a message as opened to Richard Waverley a door of reconciliation with his elder brother.

Their intercourse, however, though thus renewed, continued to be rather formal and civil than partaking of brotherly cordiality. By a sort of tacit compromise, little Edward was permitted to pass the greater part of the year at the Hall, and appeared to stand in the same intimate relation to both families, although their mutual intercourse was otherwise limited to formal messages and more formal visits. The education of the youth was regulated alternately by the taste and opinions of his uncle and of his father.

## CHAPTER II.

### EDUCATION AND CASTLE-BUILDING.

The education of our hero, Edward Waverley, was of a nature somewhat desultory. In infancy his health suffered, or was supposed to suffer, by the air of London. As soon, therefore, as official duties called his father to town, Edward was transferred to Waverley-Honour, and experienced a total change of instructors and of lessons, as well as of residence.

[1] meeting.

Richard prevailed upon his private secretary, a young man of taste and accomplishments, to bestow an hour or two on Edward's education while at Brere-wood Lodge, and left his uncle answerable for his improvement in literature while an inmate at the Hall.

This was in some degree respectably provided for. Sir Everard's chaplain was not only an excellent classical scholar, but reasonably skilled in science, and master of most modern languages. He was, however, old and indulgent, and the recurring interregnum, during which Edward was entirely freed from his discipline, occasioned such a relaxation of authority that the youth was permitted, in a great measure, to learn as he pleased, what he pleased, and when he pleased.

The occasional attention of his parents might indeed have been of service to prevent the dissipation of mind incidental to such a desultory course of training. But his mother died in the seventh year after the reconciliation between the brothers, and Richard Waverley himself, who, after this event, resided more constantly in London, was too much interested in his own plans of wealth and ambition to notice more respecting Edward than that he was of a very bookish turn, and probably destined to be a bishop. If he could have discovered and analysed his son's waking dreams he would have formed a very different conclusion.

Edward was in his sixteenth year when his habits of abstraction and love of solitude became so much marked as to excite Sir Everard's affectionate apprehension. He tried to counterbalance these propensities by engaging his nephew in field-sports, which had been the chief pleasure of his own youthful days. But although Edward eagerly carried the gun for one season, yet when practice had given him some dexterity, the pastime ceased to afford him amusement.

The hours he spent with his uncle and aunt were exhausted in listening to the oft-repeated tales of narrative old age. By them his imagination was frequently excited.

The deeds of Wilbert of Waverley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had wedded the hero who had protected her from insult and oppression during his absence; the generosity with which the Crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a neighbouring cloister that peace which passeth not away; —to these and similar tales he would hearken till his heart glowed and his eye glistened. Nor was he less affected when his aunt, Miss Rachel, narrated the sufferings and fortitude of Lady Alice Waverley during the great Civil War.[1] The benevolent features of the venerable spinster kindled into more majestic expression as she told how Charles had, after the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waverley-Honour, and how when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. "And, God help her," would Miss Rachel continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, "full dearly did she purchase the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him here a prisoner, mortally wounded; and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall door along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they laid him down to die at his mother's feet."

As living in this ideal world became daily more delectable to our hero, interruption was disagreeable in proportion. The extensive domain that surrounded the Hall, which, far exceeding the dimensions of a park, was usually termed Waverley-Chase, had originally been forest ground, and still, though broken by extensive glades, in which the young deer were sporting, retained its pristine and savage character. In one spot, distinguished by a moss-grown Gothic monu-

[1] The Cromwellian Wars. The battle of Worcester was fought in 1651.

ment, which retained the name of Queen's Standing, Elizabeth herself was said to have pierced seven bucks with her own arrows. Through these scenes it was that Edward, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky.

## CHAPTER III.

### CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

THE list of the beauties who displayed their finery at the parish church of Waverley was neither numerous nor select. By far the most passable was Miss Sissly, or, as she rather chose to be called, Miss Cecilia Stubbs, daughter of Squire Stubbs at the Grange. I know not whether it was by the "merest accident in the world," a phrase which, from female lips, does not always exclude malice prepense, or whether it was from a conformity of taste, that Miss Cecilia more than once crossed Edward in his favourite walks through Waverley-Chase. He had not as yet assumed courage to accost her on these occasions; but the meeting was not without its effect.

But ere the charms of Miss Cecilia Stubbs had erected her into a positive goddess, or elevated her at least to a level with the saint her namesake, Miss Rachel Waverley gained some intimation which determined her to prevent the approaching apotheosis. She applied herself with great prudence, not to combat, but to elude, the approaching danger, and suggested to her brother the necessity that the heir of his house should see something more of the world than was consistent with constant residence at Waverley-Honour.

Sir Everard would not at first listen to a proposal which

went to separate his nephew from him. Aunt Rachel's anxiety, however, lent her address to carry her point. Every representative of their house had visited foreign parts, or served his country in the army, before he settled for life at Waverley-Honour. In short, by the influence of Mr. Richard Waverley, Edward was commissioned Captain Waverley, of Gardiner's regiment of dragoons, which he must join in their quarters at Dundee, in Scotland, in the course of a month.

Edward Waverley himself received with animated and undefined surprise this most unexpected intelligence. The transient idea of Miss Cecilia Stubbs passed from his heart amid the turmoil which his new destinies excited. She appeared, indeed, in full splendour in her father's pew upon the Sunday he attended service for the last time at the old parish church, upon which occasion, at the request of his uncle and Aunt Rachel, he was induced (nothing loth, if the truth must be told) to present himself in full uniform.

Miss Stubbs had indeed summoned up every assistance which art could afford to beauty ; but, alas ! hoop, patches, frizzled locks, and a new mantua of genuine French silk, were lost upon a young officer of dragoons who wore for the first time his gold-laced hat, jack-boots, and broadsword. It is a melancholy fact, that my history must here take leave of the fair Cecilia, who gave her hand, at the distance of six months, to Jonas, son of the Baronet's steward.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE ADIEUS OF WAVERLEY.

It was upon the evening of this memorable Sunday that Sir Everard entered the library, where he narrowly missed surprising our young hero as he went through the guards of

the broadsword with the ancient weapon of old Sir Hildebrand, an heirloom which usually hung over the chimney in the library. Sir Everard entered, and after a glance at his nephew, began a little speech, which, however, soon dropt into the natural simplicity of his common manner, agitated upon the present occasion by no common feeling. "Nephew," he said; and then, as mending his phrase, "My dear Edward, it is God's will, and also the will of your father, whom, under God, it is your duty to obey, that you should leave us to take up the profession of arms, in which so many of your ancestors have been distinguished. I have made such arrangements as will enable you to take the field as their descendant, and as the probable heir of the house of Waverley; and, sir, in the field of battle you will remember what name you bear. And, Edward, my dear boy, remember also that you are the last of that race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as duty and honour will permit, avoid danger—I mean unnecessary danger—and keep no company with rakes, gamblers, and Whigs, of whom, it is to be feared, there are but too many in the service into which you are going. Your colonel, as I am informed, is an excellent man—for a Presbyterian; but you will remember your duty to God, the Church of England, and the"——(this breach ought to have been supplied, according to the rubric, with the word *king;* but as, unfortunately, that word conveyed a double and embarrassing sense,[1] the knight filled up the blank otherwise)—"the Church of England and all constituted authorities." Then, not trusting himself with any further oratory, he carried his nephew to his stables to see the horses destined for his campaign.

"You will depart with but a small retinue," quoth the Baronet, "compared to Sir Hildebrand, when he mustered before the gate of the Hall a larger body of horse than your whole regiment consists of. I could have wished that these

[1] *i.e.* because of the rival claims of the Pretender to the throne occupied by George II.

twenty young fellows from my estate who have enlisted in your troop, had been to march with you on your journey to Scotland. It would have been something, at least; but I am told their attendance would be thought unusual in these days, when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlords."

After inspecting the cavalry, Sir Everard again conducted his nephew to the library, where he produced a letter. It was addressed, with great formality, "To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq., of Bradwardine, at his principal mansion of Tully-Veolan, in Perthshire, North Britain. These—By the hands of Captain Edward Waverley, nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, of Waverley-Honour, Bart."

The gentleman to whom this enormous greeting was addressed had been in arms for the exiled family of Stuart in the year 1715, and was made prisoner at Preston, in Lancashire. His defence and final deliverance, together with that of some other captives made at the same time, was managed partly at the expense of Sir Everard. The Baron of Bradwardine, for he was generally so called in Scotland, was no sooner free from danger of trial for high treason than he posted down to pay his respects and make his acknowledgments at Waverley-Honour. After this visit, a yearly intercourse took place, of a short letter and a hamper or a cask or two, between Waverley-Honour and Tully-Veolan, the English exports consisting of mighty cheeses and mightier ale, pheasants, and venison, and the Scottish returns being vested in grouse, white hares, pickled salmon, and usquebaugh; all which were meant, sent, and received as pledges of constant friendship and amity between two important houses.

When this matter was explained and settled, Mr. Pembroke expressed a wish to take a private and particular leave of his dear pupil. The good man exhorted Edward to preserve an

unblemished life and morals, to hold fast the principles of the Christian religion, and to eschew the profane company of scoffers.

Then he produced two immense folded packets, which appeared each to contain a whole ream of closely written manuscript. They were treatises in vindication of the real fundamental principles of Church and State, and had been the labour of the worthy man's whole life. Never were labour and zeal more absurdly wasted. The title of the first was, "A Dissent from Dissenters, or the Comprehension Confuted; showing the Impossibility of any Composition between the Church and Puritans, Presbyterians, or Sectaries of any Description; illustrated from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the soundest Controversial Divines." That of the other was, "Right Hereditary Righted." Edward, seeing nothing very inviting in the title of the tracts, and appalled by the bulk and compact lines of the manuscript, quietly consigned them to a corner of his travelling trunk.

Aunt Rachel's farewell was brief and affectionate. She only cautioned her dear Edward, whom she probably deemed somewhat susceptible, against the fascination of Scottish beauty. She concluded her farewell with a kind and moving benediction, and gave the young officer, as a pledge of her regard, a valuable diamond ring (often worn by the male sex at that time) and a purse of broad gold pieces.

## CHAPTER V.

### A HORSE QUARTER IN SCOTLAND—TULLY-VEOLAN.

THE next morning, amid varied feelings, Edward Waverley departed from the Hall. After a short visit to London, he proceeded on horseback to Edinburgh, and from thence to

Dundee, a seaport on the eastern coast of Angus-shire, where his regiment was then quartered.

He now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel Gardiner, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an inquisitive, youth. In person he was tall, handsome, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years he had been a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication had produced this wonderful change. This singular and mystical circumstance gave Colonel Gardiner a peculiar and solemn interest in the eyes of the young soldier.

Meanwhile his military education proceeded. Already a good horseman, he was now initiated into the arts which, when carried to perfection, almost realise the fable of the Centaur.[1] He received also instructions in his field duty; but when his first ardour was past, his progress fell short in the latter particular of what he wished and expected. Our hero was liable to fits of absence, in which his blunders excited some mirth, and called down some reproof. Time, in the meanwhile, hung heavy on his hands. The gentry of the neighbourhood were disaffected, and showed little hospitality to the military guests. The arrival of summer, and a curiosity to know something more of Scotland than he could see in a ride from his quarters, determined him to request leave of absence for a few weeks. He resolved first to visit his uncle's ancient friend. He travelled on horseback with a single attendant. Traversing an open and uninclosed country, Edward gradually approached the Highlands of Perthshire, which at first had appeared a blue outline in the

[1] The Centaur was a fabled monster of Greek mythology, half man and half horse. In place of the head and neck of the horse was the body of a man from the waist up.

horizon, but now swelled into huge gigantic masses, which frowned defiance over the more level country that lay beneath them. Near the bottom of this stupendous barrier, but still in the lowland country, dwelt Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine; and, if grey-haired eld[1] can be in aught believed, there had dwelt his ancestors, with all their heritage, since the days of the gracious King Duncan.

It was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, especially to an eye accustomed to the smiling neatness of English cottages.

As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toil as years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze on the dress of the stranger and the form and motions of the horses, and then assembled, with his neighbours, in a little group at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came and where he might be going. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companions, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

Some such thoughts crossed Waverley's mind as he paced his horse slowly through the rugged and flinty street of Tully-Veolan. The village was more than half a mile long, the cottages being irregularly divided from each other by gardens, or yards, as the inhabitants called them, of different sizes.

About a bowshot from the end of the village appeared the enclosures proudly denominated the Parks of Tully-Veolan, being certain square fields, surrounded and divided by stone walls five feet in height. In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, if the tra-

[1] grey-haired old age.

dition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, at least had been once designed to represent, two rampant bears, the supporters[1] of the family of Bradwardine. This avenue was straight and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chestnuts, planted alternately with sycamores, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely overarched the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two high walls, of apparently the like antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot-passengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a deep and rich verdure, excepting where a footpath, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This nether portal, like the former, opened in front of a wall ornamented with some rude sculpture, with battlements on the top, over which were seen, half-hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with lines indented into steps, and corners decorated with small turrets. One of the folding leaves of the lower gate was open, and as the sun shone full into the court behind, a long line of brilliancy was flung upon the aperture up the dark and gloomy avenue.

The solitude and repose of the whole scene seemed almost monastic; and Waverley, who had given his horse to his servant on entering the first gate, walked slowly down the avenue, enjoying the grateful and cooling shade, and so much pleased with the placid ideas of rest and seclusion excited by this confined and quiet scene, that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet he had left behind him. The opening into the paved courtyard corresponded with the rest of the scene.

[1] On either side of some heraldic escutcheons is portrayed an animal. The two are called the supporters of the escutcheon.

The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the enclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small ; the roof displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loop-holes for musketry, and iron stanchions on the lower windows, probably to repel any roving band of gipsies, or resist a predatory visit from the Caterans[1] of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other offices occupied another side of the square.

One corner of the court displayed a fountain, where a huge bear, carved in stone, predominated over a large stone-basin, into which he disgorged the water. This work of art was the wonder of the country ten miles round. It must not be forgotten that all sorts of bears, small and large, demi or in full proportion, were carved over the windows, upon the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto, "Bewar the Bar," cut under each hyperborean form. The court was spacious, well paved, and perfectly clean. Everything around appeared solitary, and would have been silent, but for the continued plashing of the fountain ; and the whole scene still maintained the monastic illusion which the fancy of Waverley had conjured up.

After having satisfied his curiosity by gazing around him for a few minutes, Waverley applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall-door, the architrave[2] of which bore the date 1594. But no answer was returned, though the peal resounded through a number of apartments, and was echoed from the courtyard walls without the house.

[1] Highland freebooters or robbers. [2] beam over the door.

Next our hero turned to a little oaken wicket-door, well clenched with iron nails, which, when opened, admitted him into the garden, where was presented a pleasant scene. Upon the green two damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing machine. Alarmed at the appearance of a stranger, with a shrill exclamation of "Eh, sirs!" uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, they sprung off like deers in different directions.

Waverley began to despair of gaining entrance into this solitary and seemingly enchanted mansion, when a man advanced up one of the garden alleys, where he still retained his station. Edward descended the steps in order to meet him; but as the figure approached, he was struck with the oddity of its appearance and gestures. Sometimes this mister wight held his hands clasped over his head, sometimes he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and anon he slapt them swiftly and repeatedly across his breast, like the substitute used by a hackney-coachman for his usual flogging exercise, when his cattle are idle upon the stand, in a clear frosty day. His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hopped with great perseverance on the right foot, then exchanged that supporter to advance in the same manner on the left, and then putting his feet close together he hopped upon both at once. His attire also was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of grey jerkin, with scarlet cuffs and slashed sleeves, showing a scarlet lining.

Lifting up his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed in observing how his feet kept time, he beheld Waverley, and instantly doffed his cap, with many grotesque signals of surprise, respect, and salutation. Edward requested to know whether Mr. Bradwardine were at home.

He received a rapid answer, in which, from the haste and peculiarity of the dialect, the word "butler" was alone

intelligible. Waverley then requested to see the butler; upon which the fellow, with a knowing look and nod of intelligence, made a signal to Edward to follow, and began to dance and caper down the alley up which he had made his approaches. Soon he reached the bottom of the alley, where, turning short on a little parterre of flowers, shrouded from the east and north by a close yew hedge, he found an old man at work without his coat, whose appearance hovered between that of an upper servant and gardener.

The major domo, for such he was, laid down his spade, slipped on his coat in haste, and with a wrathful look at Edward's guide, probably excited by his having introduced a stranger while he was engaged in this laborious, and, as he might suppose it, degrading office, requested to know the gentleman's commands. Being informed that he wished to pay his respects to his master, that his name was Waverley, the old man's countenance assumed a great deal of respectful importance. "He could take it upon his conscience to say, his honour would have exceeding pleasure in seeing him. Would not Mr. Waverley choose some refreshment after his journey? His honour was with the folk who were getting doon the dark hag; the twa gardener lads had been ordered to attend him."

The butler commanded Edward's fantastic conductor, by the name of David Gellatley, to look for his honour at the dark hag, and tell him there was a gentleman from the south had arrived at the Ha'.

"Can this poor fellow deliver a letter?" asked Edward.

"With all fidelity, sir, to any one whom he respects. I would hardly trust him with a long message by word of mouth—though he is more knave [1] than fool."

Waverley delivered his credentials to Mr. Gellatley, who

[1] Knave originally meant no more than *boy* or boy servant—compare the German *knabe*. But gradually the word took on its modern signification—*i.e.*, a tricky, deceitful, dishonest person; a rogue; a villain. Probably the word in the text implies trickiness and deceit merely.

seemed to confirm the butler's last observation, by twisting his features at him, when he was looking another way, into the resemblance of the grotesque face on the bole of a German tobacco pipe; after which, he danced off to discharge his errand.

"He is an innocent,[1] sir," said the butler; "there is one such in almost every town in the country, but ours is brought far ben.[2] He used to work a day's turn weel eneugh. But since he got that gay clothing, he has done naething but dance up and down about the *toun*,[3] without doing a single turn, unless trimming the laird's fishing-wand, or may be catching a dish of trouts. But here comes Miss Rose, who, I take burden upon me for her, will be especial glad to see one of the house of Waverley at her father's mansion of Tully-Veolan."

## CHAPTER VI.

### ROSE BRADWARDINE AND HER FATHER.

Miss Bradwardine was but seventeen; yet, at the last races of the country town of ——, upon her health being proposed among a round of beauties, the Laird of Bumperquaigh, permanent toast-master of the Bautherwhillery Club, pouring forth the libation, denominated the divinity to whom it was dedicated, "the Rose of Tully-Veolan"; upon which festive occasion three cheers were given by all the sitting members of that respectable society whose throats the wine had left capable of such exertion.

Such unanimous applause could not be extorted but by acknowledged merit; and Rose Bradwardine deserved it. She was indeed a very pretty girl of the Scotch cast of beauty, that is, with a profusion of hair of paley gold, and a skin like

[1] A provincial expression for an idiot. [2] very much in favor.
[3] In Scotland a house was sometimes called a town.

the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. Her features, as well as her temper, had a lively expression; her complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest emotion sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions light, easy, and unembarrassed. She came from another part of the garden to receive Captain Waverley with a manner that hovered between bashfulness and courtesy.

The first greetings past, Edward learned from her that the *dark hag*, which had somewhat puzzled him in the butler's account of his master's avocations, had nothing to do either with a black cat or a broomstick, but was simply a portion of oak copse which was to be felled that day. She offered, with diffident civility, to show the stranger the way to the spot, which, it seems, was not far distant; but they were prevented by the appearance of the Baron of Bradwardine in person, clearing the ground at a prodigious rate with swift and long strides, which reminded Waverley of the seven-league boots of the nursery fable. He was a tall, thin, athletic figure, old indeed and grey-haired, but with every muscle rendered as tough as whip-cord by constant exercise. From his hard features and perpendicular rigidity of stature, he bore some resemblance to a Swiss officer of the guards, who had resided some time at Paris, and caught the *costume*, but not the ease or manner, of its inhabitants.

At his first address to Waverley, it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron of Bradwardine's demeanour, for the tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes, when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the hand, in the English fashion, he embraced him *à-la-mode Françoise*,[1] and kissed him on both sides of his face.

[1] in the French fashion.

"Upon the honour of a gentleman," he said, "but it makes me young again to see you here, Mr. Waverley! A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley-Honour, and you have the look of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—*mais cela viendra avec le tems*,[1] as my Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkitbroeck, said of the *sagesse* of *Madame son épouse*.[2] And so ye have mounted the cockade? Right, right; though I could have wished the colour different, and so I would ha' deemed might Sir Everard. But no more of that; I am old, and times are changed. And how does the worthy knight baronet, and the fair Miss Rachel?—Ah, ye laugh, young man! In troth she was the fair Miss Rachel in the year of grace seventeen hundred and sixteen; but time passes, that is most certain. But once again ye are most heartily welcome to my poor house of Tully-Veolan! Hie to the house, Rose, and see that Alexander Saunderson looks out the old Château Margaux, which I sent from Bourdeaux to Dundee in the year 1713."

Rose tripped off demurely enough till she turned the first corner, and then ran with the speed of a fairy, that she might gain leisure, after discharging her father's commission, to put her own dress in order, and produce all her little finery.

"We cannot rival the luxuries of your English table, Captain Waverley, or give you the *epulæ lautiores*[3] of Waverley-Honour. But once more, Captain Waverley, right glad am I that ye are here to drink the best my cellar can make forthcoming."

With much ceremony, and still more real kindness, the Baron, without stopping in any intermediate apartment, conducted his guest through several into the great dining parlour, wainscotted with black oak, and hung round with the pictures of his ancestry, where a table was set forth, and an old-fashioned beaufet[4] displayed all the ancient and massive

[1] but that will come with time.
[2] the wisdom of his wife.
[3] state banquets.
[4] side-board.

plate of the Bradwardine family. A bell was now heard at the head of the avenue; for an old man, who acted as porter upon gala days, had caught the alarm given by Waverley's arrival, and, repairing to his post, announced the arrival of other guests.

These, as the Baron assured his young friend, were very estimable persons. "There was the young Laird of Balmawhapple, given right much to field-sports—*gaudet equis et canibus*[1]—but a very discreet young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of Killancureit, who had devoted his leisure to agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed of a bull of matchless merit, brought from the county of Devon. He is, as ye may well suppose from such a tendency, but of yeoman extraction—and I believe, between ourselves, his grandsire was one Bullsegg from the wrong side of the Border. There is, besides, a clergyman of the true Episcopal Church of Scotland. He was a confessor in her cause after the year 1715, when a Whiggish mob destroyed his meeting-house, tore his surplice, and plundered his dwelling-house of four silver spoons, with two barrels of ale, besides three bottles of brandy. My baron-bailie,[2] Mr. Duncan Macwheeble, is the fourth on our list."

[*The banquet which followed was one typical of the old Baron's hospitality. After the dinner, during which the glass made repeated circuits, the Baron proposed the health of the heir of Waverley-Honour with a pint of claret drunk from an ancestral cup, brought forth only upon great occasions. The banquet was prolonged to a late hour, with toasts and much conviviality.*]

[1] Literally, "He takes pleasure in horses and dogs," *i.e.* the chase.
[2] steward of the estate.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ACQUAINTANCE PROGRESSES.

WAVERLEY was unaccustomed to the use of wine, excepting with great temperance. He slept therefore soundly till late in the succeeding morning. Descending to the breakfast-parlour, he found Miss Bradwardine presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour, oatmeal, and barleymeal, together with eggs, reindeer-ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade, and all the other delicacies which induced even Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries.

The baron invited his guest to a morning ride, and ordered that Davie Gellatley should meet them at the dern[1] path with Ban and Bascar. "For, until the shooting season commence, I would willingly show you some sport, and we may, God willing, meet with a roe. The roe, Captain Waverley, may be hunted at all times alike; he is never out of season, though it be a truth that his venison is not equal to that of either the red or fallow deer. But he will serve to show how my dogs run; and therefore they shall attend us with David Gellatley."

Waverley expressed his surprise that his friend Davie was capable of such trust; but the Baron gave him to understand that this poor simpleton was simply a crack-brained knave, who could execute very well any commission which jumped with his own humour, and made his folly a plea for avoiding every other. "He has made an interest with us," continued the Baron, "by saving Rose from a great danger with his own proper peril; and the roguish loon must therefore eat of our bread and drink of our cup, and do what he can, or what he will, which, if the suspicions of Saunderson

[1] secret.

and the Bailie are well founded, may perchance in his case be commensurate terms."

The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and the two men proceeded thither.

The Baron of Bradwardine, mounted on an active and well-managed horse, was no bad representative of the old school. His light-coloured embroidered coat, and superbly barred waistcoat, his brigadier wig, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked hat, completed his personal costume ; and he was attended by two well-mounted servants on horseback, armed with holster-pistols.

In this guise he ambled forth over hill and valley, the admiration of every farm-yard which they passed till they found David Gellatley leading two very tall deer greyhounds, and presiding over half-a-dozen curs, and about as many bare-legged and bare-headed boys, who, to procure the chosen distinction of attending on the chase, had not failed to tickle his ears with the dulcet appellation of *Maister Gellatley*, though probably all and each had hooted him on former occasions in the character of *daft Davie*.

After half an hour's search, a roe was started, coursed, and killed ; the Baron following on his white horse, and magnanimously flaying and embowelling the slain animal with his own baronial *couteau de chasse*.[1] After this ceremony, he conducted his guest homeward by a pleasant and circuitous route, commanding an extensive prospect of different villages and houses, to each of which Mr. Bradwardine attached some anecdote of history of genealogy, told in language whimsical from prejudice and pedantry, but often respectable for the good sense and honourable feelings which his narrative displayed.

Shortly after dinner, the Baron proposed a visit to Rose's apartment. Waverley was accordingly conducted through one or two of those long awkward passages with which ancient

[1] hunting knife.

architects studied to puzzle the inhabitants of the houses which they planned, at the end of which Mr. Bradwardine began to ascend, by two steps at once, a very steep, narrow, and winding stair, leaving Waverley to follow at more leisure, while he should announce their approach to his daughter.

After having climbed this perpendicular corkscrew until their brains were almost giddy, they arrived in a little matted lobby, which served as an anteroom to Rose's *sanctum sanctorum*, and through which they entered her parlour. It was a small, but pleasant apartment, opening to the south, and hung with tapestry ; adorned besides with two pictures, one of her mother in the dress of a shepherdess, with a bell-hoop ; the other of the Baron, in his tenth year, in a blue coat, embroidered waistcoat, laced hat, and bag-wig,[1] with a bow in his hand.

Miss Rose appeared from the interior room of her apartment to welcome her father and his friend. The little labours in which she had been employed obviously showed a natural taste which required only cultivation. Her father had taught her French and Italian, and a few of the ordinary authors in those languages ornamented her shelves.

A bartizan, or projecting gallery, before the windows of her parlour, served to illustrate another of Rose's pursuits ; for it was crowded with flowers of different kinds, which she had taken under her special protection. A projecting turret gave access to this Gothic balcony, which commanded a most beautiful prospect. The formal garden, with its high bounding walls, lay below, contracted as it seemed, to a mere parterre ; while the view extended beyond them down a wooded glen, where the small river was sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in copse. To this pleasant station Miss Bradwardine had ordered coffee.

The view of the old tower introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told

[1] A wig used in the eighteenth century, having the back hair confined in a bag.

with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag which rose near it had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend in which it had been interwoven by some village poet.

"My father has a strange defiance of the marvellous, Captain Waverley," observed Rose, when she had finished, "and once stood firm when a whole synod of Presbyterian divines were put to the rout by a sudden apparition of the foul fiend."

Waverley looked as if desirous to hear more.

"Must I tell my story as well as sing my song? Well—Once upon a time there lived an old woman, called Janet Gellatley, who was suspected to be a witch, on the infallible grounds that she was very old, very ugly, very poor, and had two sons, one of whom was a poet and the other a fool, which visitation, all the neighbourhood agreed, had come upon her for the sin of witchcraft. And she was imprisoned for a week in the steeple of the parish church, and sparely supplied with food and not permitted to sleep, until she herself became as much persuaded of her being a witch as her accusers; and in this lucid and happy state of mind was brought forth to make a clean breast—that is, to make open confession of her sorceries—before all the Whig gentry and ministers in the vicinity, who were no conjurors themselves. My father went to see fair play between the witch and the clergy, for the witch had been born on his estate. And while the witch was confessing that the Enemy appeared, and made his addresses to her, as a handsome black man—which, if you could have seen poor old blear-eyed Janet, reflected little honour on Apollyon's taste—and while the auditors listened with astonished ears, and the clerk recorded with a trembling hand, she, all of a sudden, changed the low, mumbling tone with which she spoke into a shrill yell, and exclaimed, 'Look to yourselves! look to yourselves! I see the Evil

One sitting in the midst of ye.' The surprise was general, and terror and flight its immediate consequences. Happy were those who were next the door; and many were the disasters that befell hats, bands, cuffs, and wigs before they could get out of the church, where they left the obstinate prelatist to settle matters with the witch and her admirer at his own peril or pleasure."

"When they recovered their panic trepidation," said the Baron, "they were too much ashamed to bring any wakening of the process against Janet Gellatley."

With such conversation, and the romantic legends which it introduced, the evening closed in the house of Tully-Veolan.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A LETTER—A HIGHLANDERS' FORAY.

THE next day Edward arose betimes, and found a letter awaiting him.

He had applied for, and now received permission, extending his leave of absence. But the letter of his commanding officer contained a friendly recommendation to him not to spend his time exclusively with persons who, estimable as they might be in a general sense, could not be supposed well affected to a government which they declined to acknowledge by taking the oath of allegiance. The letter further insinuated, though with great delicacy, that although some family connexions might be supposed to render it necessary for Captain Waverley to communicate with gentlemen who were in this unpleasant state of suspicion, yet his father's situation and wishes ought to prevent his prolonging those attentions into exclusive intimacy. And it was intimated, that, while his political principles were endangered by com-

municating with laymen of this description, he might also receive erroneous impressions in religion from the prelatic clergy.

This last insinuation probably induced Waverley to set both down to the prejudices of his commanding officer. He was sensible that Mr. Bradwardine had acted with the most scrupulous delicacy, in never entering upon any discussion that had the most remote tendency to bias his mind in political opinions, although he was himself not only a decided partisan of the exiled family, but had been trusted at different times with important commissions for their service. Sensible, therefore, that there was no risk of his being perverted from his allegiance, Edward felt as if he should do his uncle's old friend injustice in removing from a house where he gave and received pleasure and amusement, merely to gratify a prejudiced and ill-judged suspicion. He therefore wrote a very general answer, assuring his commanding officer that his loyalty was not in the most distant danger of contamination, and continued an honoured guest and inmate of the house of Tully-Veolan.

When Edward had been a guest at Tully-Veolan nearly six weeks, he descried, one morning, as he took his usual walk before the breakfast-hour, signs of uncommon perturbation in the family. Four dairy-maids, with each an empty milk-pail in her hand, ran about with frantic gestures, and uttering loud exclamations of surprise, grief, and resentment. As nothing was to be got from this distracted chorus, excepting "Lord guide us!" and "Eh, sirs!" ejaculations which threw no light upon the cause of their dismay, Waverley repaired to the fore-court, as it was called, where he beheld Bailie Macwheeble cantering his white pony down the avenue with all the speed it could muster. He had arrived, it would seem, upon a hasty summons, and was followed by half a score of peasants from the village, who had no great difficulty in keeping pace with him.

The Bailie summoned forth Mr. Saunderson, who appeared with a countenance in which dismay was mingled with solemnity, and they immediately entered into close conference.

Passing from thence towards the garden, Waverley beheld the Baron in person, measuring and remeasuring, with swift and tremendous strides, the length of the terrace ; his countenance clouded with offended pride and indignation. Waverley glided into the house, without addressing him, and took his way to the breakfast-parlour, where he found his young friend Rose, who seemed vexed and thoughtful. A single word explained the mystery. "Your breakfast will be a disturbed one, Captain Waverley. A party of Caterans have come down upon us last night, and have driven off all our milch-cows."

"A party of Caterans ?"

"Yes ; robbers from the neighbouring Highlands. We used to be quite free from them while we paid black-mail to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr ; but my father thought it unworthy of his rank and birth to pay it any longer, and so this disaster has happened. It is not the value of the cattle, Captain Waverley, that vexes me ; but my father is so much hurt at the affront, and is so bold and hot, that I fear he will try to recover them by the strong hand ; and if he is not hurt himself, he will hurt some of these wild people, and then there will be no peace between them and us perhaps for our lifetime ; and we cannot defend ourselves as in old times, for the government have taken all our arms ; and my dear father is so rash—Oh, what will become of us ?"——Here poor Rose lost heart altogether, and burst into a flood of tears.

The Baron entered at this moment, and rebuked her with more asperity than Waverley had ever heard him use to any one. "Was it not a shame," he said, "that she should exhibit herself before any gentleman in such a light, as if she shed tears for a drove of milch-kine, like the daughter of a Cheshire yeoman."

Bailie Macwheeble entered immediately afterwards, informing the Baron, in a melancholy voice, that though the people would certainly obey his honour's orders, yet there was no chance of their following the gear [1] to ony guid purpose, in respect there were only his honour's body servants who had swords and pistols, and the depredators were twelve Highlanders, completely armed after the manner of their country. Having delivered this doleful annunciation, he assumed a posture of silent dejection, shaking his head slowly with the motion of a pendulum when it is ceasing to vibrate, and then remained stationary, his body stooping at a more acute angle than usual, and the latter part of his person projecting in proportion.

Here there was an awful pause; after which all the company, as is usual in cases of difficulty, began to give separate and inconsistent counsel. The butler proposed they should send some one to compound with the Caterans, who would readily, he said, give up their prey for a dollar a head. The Bailie opined that this transaction would amount to theft-boot, or composition of felony. Edward proposed to send off to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant; and Rose endeavoured to insinuate the course of paying the arrears of tribute money to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, who, they all knew, could easily procure restoration of the cattle, if he were properly propitiated.

None of these proposals met the Baron's approbation.

In fact, his voice was still for war, and he proposed to send expresses to Balmawhapple, Killancureit, Tulliellum, and other lairds, who were exposed to similar depredations, inviting them to join in the pursuit.

The Bailie, who by no means relished these warlike counsels, here pulled forth an immense watch, of the colour, and nearly of the size, of a pewter warming-pan, and observed it

[1] property.

was now past noon, and that the Caterans had been seen in the pass of Ballybrough soon after sunrise ; so that, before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would be far beyond the reach of the most active pursuit, and sheltered in those pathless deserts, where it was neither advisable to follow, nor indeed possible to trace them.

This proposition was undeniable. The council therefore broke up without coming to any conclusion ; only it was determined that the Bailie should send his own three milch-cows down for the use of the Baron's family, and brew small ale, as a substitute for milk, in his own. To this arrangement the Bailie readily assented, both from habitual deference to the family, and an internal consciousness that his courtesy would, in some mode or other, be repaid tenfold.

The Baron having also retired to give some necessary directions, Waverley seized the opportunity to ask, whether this Fergus, with the unpronounceable name, was the chief thief-taker of the district ?

"Thief-taker !" answered Rose, laughing ; "he is a gentleman of great honour and consequence, the chieftain of an independent branch of a powerful Highland clan, and is much respected."

"And what has he to do with the thieves, then ?" asked Waverley.

"That I cannot well explain ; but the boldest of them will never steal a hoof from any one that pays black-mail to Vich Ian Vohr."

"And what is black-mail ?"

"A sort of protection-money that Low-country gentlemen, lying near the Highlands, pay to some Highland chief, that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by others ; and then if your cattle are stolen, you have only to send him word, and he will recover them ; or it may be, he will drive away cows from some distant place,

where he has a quarrel, and give them to you to make up your loss."

"And is this sort of Highland Jonathan Wild[1] admitted into society, and called a gentleman?"

"So much so," said Rose, "that the quarrel between my father and Fergus Mac-Ivor began at a county meeting, where he wanted to take precedence of all the Lowland gentlemen then present, only my father would not suffer it. And then he upbraided my father that he paid him tribute; and my father was in a towering passion, for Bailie Macwheeble, who manages such things his own way, had contrived to keep this black-mail a secret from him, and passed it in his account for cess-money.[2] And they would have fought; but Fergus Mac-Ivor said, very gallantly, he would never raise his hand against a grey head that was so much respected as my father's.—Oh, I wish, I wish they had continued friends!"

"And did you ever see this Mr. Mac-Ivor, if that be his name, Miss Bradwardine?"

"No, that is not his name; and he would consider *master* as a sort of affront, only that you are an Englishman, and know no better. But the Lowlanders call him, like other gentlemen, by the name of his estate, Glennaquoich; and the Highlanders call him Vich Ian Vohr, that is, the son of John the Great."

"I am afraid I shall never bring my English tongue to call him by either one or other."

"But he is a very polite, handsome man," continued Rose; "and his sister Flora is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in this country; she was bred in a convent in France, and was a great friend of mine before this unhappy dispute. Dear Captain Waverley, try your influence with my father to make matters up. I am sure this is but the beginning of our troubles. When I was a girl about ten,

[1] Jonathan Wild was a thief-catcher, who was at length hanged for breaking into a house.

[2] tax-money.

there was a skirmish fought between a party of twenty of them and my father and his servants behind the mains; and the bullets broke several panes in the north windows, they were so near. Three of the Highlanders were killed, and they brought them in wrapped in their plaids, and laid them on the stone floor of the hall; and next morning, their wives and daughters came, clapping their hands, and crying the coronach,[1] and shrieking, and carried away the dead bodies, with the pipes[2] playing before them. I could not sleep for six weeks without starting and thinking I heard these terrible cries, and saw the bodies lying on the steps, all stiff and swathed up their bloody tartans."

Waverley could not help starting at a story which bore so much resemblance to one of his own day-dreams. Here was a girl scarce seventeen, the gentlest of her sex, both in temper and appearance, who had witnessed with her own eyes such a scene as he had used to conjure up in his imagination as only occurring in ancient times, and spoke of it coolly, as one very likely to recur. He felt at once the impulse of curiosity, and that slight sense of danger which only serves to heighten its interest.

The whole circumstances now detailed concerning the state of the country seemed equally novel and extraordinary. He had indeed often heard of Highland thieves, but had no idea of the systematic mode in which their depredations were conducted; and that the practice was connived at, and even encouraged, by many of the Highland chieftains, who not only found the creaghs, or forays, useful for the purpose of training individuals of their clan to the practice of arms, but also of maintaining a wholesome terror among their Lowland neighbours, and levying, as we have seen, a tribute from them, under colour of protection-money.

It seemed like a dream to Waverley that these deeds of violence should be familiar to men's minds, and happening

[1] dirge. [2] *i.e.*, bagpipes.

daily in the immediate vicinity, without his having crossed the seas, and while he was yet in the otherwise well-ordered island of Great Britain.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN UNEXPECTED ALLY APPEARS.

The Baron returned at the dinner hour, and had in a great measure recovered his composure and good-humour. He not only confirmed the stories which Edward had heard from Rose and Bailie Macwheeble, but added many anecdotes from his own experience, concerning the state of the Highlands and their inhabitants.

He went on to state so many curious particulars concerning the manners, customs, and habits of this patriarchal race that Edward's curiosity became highly interested, and he inquired whether it was possible to make with safety an excursion into the neighbouring Highlands, whose dusky barrier of mountains had already excited his wish to penetrate beyond them. The Baron assured his guest that nothing would be more easy, providing this quarrel were first made up, since he could himself give him letters to many of the distinguished chiefs, who would receive him with the utmost courtesy and hospitality.

While they were on this topic, the door suddenly opened, and a Highlander, fully armed and equipped, entered the apartment. Had it not been that neither Mr. Bradwardine nor Rose exhibited any emotion, Edward would certainly have thought the intrusion hostile. As it was, he started at the sight of what he had not yet happened to see, a mountaineer, in his full national costume. The individual Gael was a stout, dark, young man, of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his

person exhibited. The short kilt, or petticoat, showed his sinewy and clean-made limbs ; his bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a duinhé-wassel, or sort of gentleman ; a broadsword dangled by his side, a target hung upon his shoulder, and a long Spanish fowling-piece occupied one of his hands. With the other hand he pulled off his bonnet, and the Baron immediately said, with an air of dignity, but without rising, and much, as Edward thought, in the manner of a prince receiving an embassy : "Welcome, Evan Dhu Maccombich ; what news from Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr ?"

"Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr," said the ambassador, in good English, "greets you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and him, which has kept you from seeing and considering the friendship that has been between your houses and forebears of old ; and he prays you that the cloud may pass away, and that things may be as they have been heretofore between the clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a flint and a knife for a sword."

To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered with suitable dignity, that he knew the chief of clan Ivor to be a well-wisher to the *King*, and he was sorry there should have been a cloud between him and any gentleman of such sound principles, "for when folks are banding together, feeble is he who hath no brother."

This appearing perfectly satisfactory, that the peace between these august persons might be duly solemnised, the Baron, filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich ; upon which the Celtic ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down a mighty bumper seasoned with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

Having thus ratified the preliminaries of the general treaty,

the envoy retired to adjust with Mr. Macwheeble some subordinate articles with which it was not thought necessary to trouble the Baron. These probably referred to the discontinuance of the subsidy. Evan Dhu Maccombich thereupon declared his intention to set off immediately in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be "no that far off; they have broken the bone," he observed, "but they have had no time to suck the marrow."

Our hero, who had attended Evan Dhu during his perquisitions, was much struck with the ingenuity which he displayed in collecting information, and the precise and pointed conclusions which he drew from it. Evan Dhu, on his part, was obviously flattered with the attention of Waverley, and his curiosity about the customs and scenery of the Highlands. He invited Edward to accompany him on a short walk of ten or fifteen miles into the mountains, and see the place where the cattle were conveyed to; adding, "If it be as I suppose, you never saw such a place in your life, nor ever will, unless you go with me or the like of me."

Our hero, feeling his curiosity considerably excited by the idea of visiting the den of a Highland Cacus,[1] took, however, the precaution to inquire if his guide might be trusted. He was assured that the invitation would on no account have been given had there been the least danger, and that all he had to apprehend was a little fatigue. A knapsack, with a few necessaries, being bound on the shoulders of a deputy gamekeeper, our hero set forth with a fowling-piece in his hand, accompanied by his new friend Evan Dhu, and followed by the gamekeeper aforesaid, and by two wild Highlanders, the attendants of Evan, one of whom had upon his shoulder a hatchet at the end of a pole, called a Lochaber-axe, and the other a long ducking-gun. Evan, upon Edward's inquiry, gave him to understand that this martial escort was by no means

[1] Cacus, in Roman mythology, was a giant, son of Vulcan. He drove off cattle which Hercules had.

necessary as a guard, but merely, as he said, drawing up and adjusting his plaid with an air of dignity, that he might appear decently at Tully-Veolan, and as Vich Ian Vohr's foster-brother ought to do.

It was towards evening as they entered one of the tremendous passes which afford communication between the high and low country; the path, which was extremely steep and rugged, winded up a chasm between two tremendous rocks, following the passage which a foaming stream, that brawled far below, appeared to have worn for itself in the course of ages. The descent from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite, or a scathed tree, which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock. On the right hand, the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessibility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copsewood, with which some pines were intermingled.

"This," said Evan, "is the pass of Ballybrough, which was kept in former times by ten of the clan Donnochie against a hundred of the Low Country carles.[1] The graves of the slain are still to be seen in that little corrie, or bottom, on the opposite side of the burn; if your eyes are good, you may see the green specks among the heather."

The pass issued in a narrow glen, between two mountains, both very lofty and covered with heath. The brook continued to be their companion, and they advanced up its mazes, crossing them now and then, on which occasions Evan Dhu uniformly offered the assistance of his attendants to carry over Edward; but our hero, who had been always a tolerable pedestrian, declined the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide's opinion, by showing that he did not fear wetting his feet.

Through the gorge of this glen they found access to a black bog, of tremendous extent, full of large pit-holes, which they

[1] churls, fellows.

traversed with great difficulty and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to show them through this Serbonian [1] bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very stony hill, which it was the travellers' next toilsome task to ascend. The night, however, was pleasant, and not dark; and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who continued, without a symptom of abated vigour, the rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had already brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

After crossing this mountain and descending on the other side towards a thick wood, Evan Dhu held some conference with his Highland attendants, in consequence of which Edward's baggage was shifted from the shoulders of the gamekeeper to those of one of the gillies, and the former was sent off with the other mountaineer in a direction different from that of the three remaining travellers. On asking the meaning of this separation, Waverley was told that the Lowlander must go to a hamlet about three miles off for the night; for Donald Bean Lean, the worthy person whom they supposed to be possessed of the cattle, did not much approve of strangers approaching his retreat. This seemed reasonable, and silenced a qualm of suspicion which came across Edward's mind when he saw himself, at such a place and such an hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan immediately afterwards added, "that indeed he himself had better

[1] *i.e.*, deceptive. The name is derived from Lake Serbonis in Egypt, which, because of the sand blowing into it, gave the appearance, but not the reality, of solid ground.

get forward, and announce their approach to Donald Bean Lean, as the arrival of a *sidier roy* (red soldier) might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise." And without waiting for an answer, putting himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

Waverley was now left to his own meditations, for his attendant with the battle-axe spoke very little English. They were traversing a thick, and, as it seemed, an endless wood of pines, and consequently the path was altogether indiscernible in the murky darkness which surrounded them. The Highlander, however, seemed to trace it by instinct, without the hesitation of a moment, and Edward followed his footsteps as close as he could.

After journeying a considerable time in silence, he could not help asking, "Was it far to the end of their journey?"

"Ta cove was tree, four mile; but as duinhé-wassel[1] was a wee taiglit,[2] Donald could, tat is, might—would—should send ta curragh."[3]

This conveyed no information. The *curragh* which was promised might be a man, a horse, a cart, or chaise; and no more could be got from the man with the battle-axe but a repetition of "Aich ay! ta curragh."

But in a short time Edward began to conceive his meaning, when, issuing from the wood, he found himself on the banks of a large river or lake, where his conductor gave him to understand they must sit down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, showed obscurely the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and indistinct forms of mountains with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool and yet mild air of the summer night refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome walk; and the perfume which it wafted from the birch trees, bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

He had now time to give himself up to the full romance

[1] gentleman. [2] weary. [3] boat.

of his situation. Here he sate on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood, perhaps, and that at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated from his attendant, left by his guide. What a variety of incidents for the exercise of a romantic imagination!

While wrapt in these dreams of imagination, his companion gently touched him, and, pointing in a direction nearly straight across the lake, said, "Yon's ta cove." A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured sound approached near and more near, and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet, near which Edward was sitting. He advanced to meet them with his attendant, was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE HOLD OF A HIGHLAND ROBBER.

THE party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chant of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached

more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that a large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine-wood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern; and he conjectured that the fire had been lighted as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then, shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter in obedience to the impulse which it had received. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner; and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids in the more remote recesses of the cavern. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of the ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure.

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all this. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light, sandy-

coloured hair and small, pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean*, or white; and although his form was light, well-proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. The robber received Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connexions, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean three cogues, or wooden vessels composed of staves and hoops, containing *eanaruich*, a sort of strong soup, made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic. The whisky came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted; but Edward, having mixed a little with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught. Their host bewailed himself exceedingly that he could offer him no wine: "Had he but known four-and-twenty hours before, he would have had some, had it been within the circle of forty miles round him. But no gentleman could do more to show his sense of the honour of a visit from another than to offer him the best cheer his house afforded. Where there are no bushes there can be no nuts, and the way of those you live with is that you must follow."

From this discourse he passed to the political and military state of the country; and Waverley was astonished, and even alarmed, to find a person of this description so accurately acquainted with the strength of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits who had joined Waverley's

troop from his uncle's estate, and observed they were *pretty men*, meaning, not handsome, but stout, warlike fellows. Evan Dhu having by this time retired from the conversation, and wrapped himself up in his plaid to take some repose, Donald asked Edward, in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him.

Waverley, surprised and somewhat startled at this question from such a character, answered, he had no motive in visiting him but curiosity to see his extraordinary place of residence. Donald Bean Lean looked him steadily in the face for an instant, and then said, with a significant nod, "You might as well have confided in me; I am as much worthy of trust as either the Baron of Bradwardine or Vich Ian Vohr. But you are equally welcome to my house."

Waverley felt an involuntary shudder creep over him at the mysterious language held by this outlawed and lawless bandit, which, in spite of his attempts to master it, deprived him of the power to ask the meaning of his insinuations. A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave, and here, covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern.

At length the fluctuating groups began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he reopen them till the morning sun was high on the lake without.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WAVERLEY PROCEEDS ON HIS JOURNEY.

When Edward had collected his scattered recollection, he was surprised to observe the cavern totally deserted. If it had not been for the decayed brands of the fire, now sunk

into grey ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bones half burned and half gnawed, and an empty keg or two, there remained no traces of Donald and his band. When Waverley sallied forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the point of rock, on which remained the marks of last night's beacon, was accessible by a small path, either natural or roughly hewn in the rock, along the little inlet of water which ran a few yards up into the cavern, where, as in a wet-dock, the skiff which brought him there the night before was still lying moored.

He next looked around for Evan Dhu and his attendant, who, he rightly judged, would be at no great distance. At the distance of about half a mile, he beheld a Highlander (Evan apparently) angling in the lake, with another attending him, whom, from the weapon which he shouldered, he recognised for his friend with the battle-axe.

Much nearer to the mouth of the cave he heard the notes of a lively Gaelic song, guided by which, in a sunny recess, shaded by a glittering birch tree, and carpeted with a bank of firm white sand, he found the damsel of the cavern, Alice, the daughter of Donald Bean, whose lay had already reached him, busy, to the best of her power, in arranging to advantage a morning repast of milk, eggs, barley-bread, fresh butter, and honeycomb.

Evan and his attendant now returned slowly along the beach, the latter bearing a large salmon-trout, the produce of the morning's sport. After morning greetings had passed on both sides, and Evan, looking at Waverley, had said something in Gaelic to Alice, which made her laugh, yet colour up to her eyes, through a complexion well embrowned by sun and wind, Evan intimated his commands that the fish should be prepared for breakfast.

Breakfast over, he prepared to move towards the boat, inviting Waverley to attend him.

They now again entered the gorge of the cavern, and step-

ping into the boat, the Highlander pushed off, and, taking advantage of the morning breeze, hoisted a clumsy sort of sail. As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a panegyric upon Alice.

"Oich!" said he, "there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy."

"But to be the daughter of a cattle-stealer!—a common thief!"

"Common thief!—no such thing: Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life."

"Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?"

"No; he that steals a cow from a poor widow is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach[1] laird is a gentleman-drover."

"But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?"

"To be sure he would *die for the law*, as many a pretty man has done before him."

"Die for the law!"

"Ay; be strapped up on the *kind* gallows of Crieff, where his father died, and his good sire died, and where I hope he'll live to die himself, if he's not shot, or slashed, in a creagh."[2]

"You *hope* such a death for your friend, Evan?"

"And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of wet straw in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?"[3]

"But what becomes of Alice, then?"

"Troth, if such an accident were to happen, as her father would not need her help ony langer, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her mysell."

"Gallantly resolved," said Edward; "but, in the meanwhile, Evan, what has your father-in-law (that shall be, if

[1] Saxon, English. [2] foray. [3] dog.

he have the good fortune to be hanged) done with the Baron's cattle ?"

"Oich," answered Evan, "they were all trudging before your lad and Allan Kennedy before the sun blinked ower Ben Lawers this morning ; and they'll be in the pass of Ballybrough by this time, in their way back to the parks of Tully-Veolan, all but two, that were unhappily slaughtered before I got last night to Uaimh an Ri."

"And where are we going, Evan, if I may be so bold as to ask ?" said Waverley.

"Where would you be ganging, but to the Laird's ain house of Glennaquoich ?"

In about half an hour they reached the upper end of the lake, where, after landing Waverley, the two Highlanders drew the boat into a little creek among thick flags and reeds, where it lay perfectly concealed.

The travellers followed for some time a delightful opening into the hills, down which a little brook found its way to the lake. At length, after having marched over bank and brae,[1] moss and heather, Edward, though not unacquainted with the Scottish liberality in computing distance, began to think that Evan's five miles were nearly doubled.

But now the report of a gun was heard, and a sportsman was seen, with his dogs and attendant, at the upper end of the glen.

"Shough," said Dugald Mahony, "tat's ta Chief."

"It is not," said Evan, imperiously. "Do you think he would come to meet a Sassenach duinhé-wassel[2] in such a way as that ?"

But as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification, "And it is even he, sure enough; and he has not his tail[3] on after all; there is no living creature with him but Callum Beg."

In fact, Fergus Mac-Ivor had no idea of raising himself in

[1] hill. [2] English gentleman. [3] has no retinue.

the eyes of an English young man of fortune by appearing with a retinue of idle Highlanders disproportioned to the occasion. Therefore, although, had he been to receive a brother chieftain, he would probably have been attended by all that retinue which Evan described with so much unction, he judged it more respectable to advance to meet Waverley with a single attendant, a very handsome Highland boy, who carried his master's shooting-pouch and his broadsword, without which he seldom went abroad.

When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the chieftain's figure. Above the middle size and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage.

The Chief received Edward as a friend of the Baron of Bradwardine, with the utmost expression of kindness and obligation for the visit; upbraided him gently with choosing so rude an abode as he had done the night before; and entered into a lively conversation with him about Donald Bean's housekeeping, but without the least hint as to his predatory habits, or the immediate occasion of Waverley's visit, a topic which, as the Chief did not introduce it, our hero also avoided. While they walked merrily on towards the house of Glennaquoich, Evan, who now fell respectfully into the rear, followed with Callum Beg and Dugald Mahony.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE CHIEF AND HIS MANSION.

Had Fergus lived Sixty Years sooner than he did, he would in all probability have wanted the polished manner and knowledge of the world which he now possessed; and had he lived Sixty Years later, his ambition and love of rule would

have lacked the fuel which his situation now afforded. His own patriarchal power he strengthened at every expense which his fortune would permit, and indeed stretched his means to the uttermost to maintain the rude and plentiful hospitality which was the most valued attribute of a chieftain. For the same reason he crowded his estate with a tenantry, hardy indeed, and fit for the purposes of war, but greatly outnumbering what the soil was calculated to maintain.

In following this course of conduct, Fergus had a further object than merely being the great man of his neighbourhood, and ruling despotically over a small clan. From his infancy upward he had devoted himself to the cause of the exiled family of Stuart, and had persuaded himself, not only that their restoration to the crown of Britain would be speedy, but that those who assisted them would be raised to honour and rank. It was with this view that he augmented his own force to the utmost, to be prepared for the first favourable opportunity of rising. With this purpose also he conciliated the favour of such Lowland gentlemen in the vicinity as were friends to the good cause; and for the same reason, having incautiously quarrelled with Mr. Bradwardine, who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was much respected in the country, he took advantage of the foray of Donald Bean Lean to solder up the dispute in the manner we have mentioned. Some, indeed, surmised that he caused the enterprise to be suggested to Donald, on purpose to pave the way to a reconciliation, which, supposing that to be the case, cost the Laird of Bradwardine two good milch-cows.

The chief and his guest had by this time reached the house of Glennaquoich, which consisted of a high, rude-looking square tower, with the addition of a *lofted* house, that is, a building of two stories, constructed by Fergus's grandfather.

Before the gate were about a hundred Highlanders, in complete dress and arms; at sight of whom the Chieftain apologised to Waverley in a sort of negligent manner. "He

had forgot," he said, "that he had ordered a few of his clan out, for the purpose of seeing that they were in a fit condition to protect the country, and prevent such accidents as, he was sorry to learn, had befallen the Baron of Bradwardine. Before they were dismissed, perhaps Captain Waverley might choose to see them go through a part of their exercise."

Edward assented, and the men executed with agility and precision some of the ordinary military movements. They then practised individually at a mark, and showed extraordinary dexterity in the management of the pistol and firelock. They took aim, standing, sitting, leaning, or lying prostrate, as they were commanded, and always with effect upon the target. Next, they paired off for the broadsword exercise; and, having manifested their individual skill and dexterity, united in two bodies, and exhibited a sort of mock encounter, in which the charge, the rally, the flight, the pursuit, and all the current of a heady fight, were exhibited to the sound of the great war bagpipe.

"And what number of such gallant fellows have the happiness to call you leader?" asked Waverley.

"In a good cause, and under a chieftain whom they loved, the race of Ivor have seldom taken the field under five hundred claymores. But you are aware, Captain Waverley, that the disarming act, passed about twenty years ago, prevents their being in the complete state of preparation as in former times; and I keep no more of my clan under arms than may defend my own or my friends' property."

"But, with your force, you might soon destroy or put down such gangs as that of Donald Bean Lean."

"Yes, doubtless; and my reward would be a summons to deliver up to General Blakeney, at Stirling, the few broadswords they have left us; there were little policy in that, methinks. But come, captain, the sound of the pipes informs me that dinner is prepared. Let me have the honour to show you into my rude mansion."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A HIGHLAND FEAST.

Ere Waverley entered the banqueting hall, he was offered the patriarchal refreshment of a bath for the feet, which the sultry weather, and the morasses he had traversed, rendered highly acceptable.

The hall, in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of the original erection, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the Chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans ; the elders of his own tribe sat next in rank ; beneath them, their sons and nephews and foster-brethren ; then the officers of the Chief's household, according to their order; and lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer and of the cheer of the day.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, etc., which were at the upper end of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef. But the central dish was a yearling lamb, roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table.

The bagpipers, three in number, screamed, during the whole time of dinner, a tremendous war-tune ; and the echoing of the vaulted roof, and clang of the Celtic tongue, produced such a Babel of noises that Waverley dreaded his ears would never recover it.

At length Mac-Ivor, turning to the company, proposed the "Health of Captain Waverley, a worthy friend of his kind neighbour and ally, the Baron of Bradwardine."

This ceremony being requited in kind, the Chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said aloud, "Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough cannot find it?"

Mac-Murrough, the family *bhairdh*,[1] an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chant, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed on the ground ; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding, attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures. He seemed to Edward, who attended to him with much interest, to recite many proper names, to lament the dead, to apostrophise the absent, to exhort, and entreat, and animate those who were present. The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sunburnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression ; all bent forward towards the reciter, many sprung up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords. When the song ceased, there was a deep pause, while the aroused feelings of the poet and of the hearers gradually subsided into their usual channel.

The Chieftain, who during this scene had appeared rather to watch the emotions which were excited than to partake

[1] minstrel.

their high tone of enthusiasm, filled with claret a small silver cup which stood by him. "Give this," he said to an attendant, "to Mac-Murrough nan Fonn (*i.e.*, of the songs), and, when he has drank the juice, bid him keep, for the sake of Vich Ian Vohr, the shell of the gourd which contained it." The gift was received by Mac-Murrough with profound gratitude; he drank the wine, and, kissing the cup, shrouded it with reverence in the plaid which was folded on his bosom.

Edward was particularly solicitous to know the meaning of that song which appeared to produce such effect upon the passions of the company, and hinted his curiosity to his host. "As I observe," said the Chieftain, "that you have passed the bottle during the last three rounds, I was about to propose to you to retire to my sister's tea-table, who can explain these things to you better than I can."

Edward readily assented to this proposal, and the Chieftain, saying a few words to those around him, left the table, followed by Waverley.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CHIEFTAIN'S SISTER.

THE drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner. But there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parisian fashion and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with great taste.

She bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus. They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile; the same dark eyes, eyelashes, and eyebrows; the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was em-

browned by exercise and Flora's possessed the utmost feminine delicacy. But the haughty and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features was beautifully softened in those of Flora. The eager glance of the keen black eye, which, in the Chieftain, seemed impatient even of the material obstacles it encountered, had in his sister acquired a gentle pensiveness. His looks seemed to seek glory, power, all that could exalt him above others in the race of humanity ; while those of his sister, as if she were already conscious of mental superiority, seemed to pity, rather than envy, those who were struggling for any further distinction. Her sentiments corresponded with the expression of her countenance. Early education had impressed upon her mind, as well as on that of the Chieftain, the most devoted attachment to the exiled family of Stuart. She believed it the duty of her brother, of his clan, of every man in Britain, at whatever personal hazard, to contribute to that restoration which the partisans of the Chevalier St. George[1] had not ceased to hope for. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all.

From situation as well as choice, Miss Mac-Ivor's society was extremely limited. Her most intimate friend had been Rose Bradwardine. It was generally believed, though no one durst have hinted it to the Baron of Bradwardine, that Flora's entreaties had no small share in allaying the wrath of Fergus upon the occasion of their quarrel.

To this young lady, now presiding at the female empire of the tea-table, Fergus introduced Captain Waverley, whom she received with the usual forms of politeness.

When the first salutations had passed, Fergus said to his sister : "My dear Flora, I must tell you that Captain Waverley is a worshipper of the Celtic muse, not the less so perhaps that he does not understand a word of her language. Now do you two talk of bards and poetry, if not of

[1] See Historical Sketch in the Introduction.

purses and claymores, while I return to do the final honours to the senators of the tribe of Ivor." So saying, he left the room.

The conversation continued between Flora and Waverley; for two well-dressed young women, whose character seemed to hover between that of companions and dependants, took no share in it.

"The recitation," she said, "of poems, recording the feasts of the heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of contending tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fireside in the Highlands. Some of these are said to be very ancient, and if they are ever translated into any of the languages of civilised Europe, cannot fail to produce a deep and general sensation."

"And am I wrong in conjecturing," asked Edward, "that there was some allusion to me in the verses which Mac-Murrough recited?"

"You have a quick observation, Captain Waverley, which in this instance has not deceived you."

"I would give my best horse to know what the Highland bard could find to say of such an unworthy Southron as myself."

"It shall not even cost you a lock of his mane." She spoke a few words to one of the young girls in attendance, who instantly curtsied and tripped out of the room.

She returned in a few minutes, and repeated to her mistress a few lines in Gaelic. Flora seemed to think for a moment, and then, slightly colouring, she turned to Waverley. "If you will give me a few moments for consideration, I will endeavour to engraft the meaning of these lines upon a rude English translation. Una will show you the way to one of my favourite haunts, and Cathleen and I will join you there, soon."

Una, having received instructions in her native language, conducted Waverley out by a passage different from that

through which he had entered the apartment. A small path, which had been rendered easy in many places for Flora's accommodation, led him through scenery of peculiar beauty, until at a short turning the path suddenly placed Waverley in front of a romantic waterfall.

Here he found Flora. Two paces farther back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands. The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all objects.

"I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation were I to introduce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments."

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle-song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonised well with the distant waterfall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves. The following verses convey but little idea of the feelings with which they were heard by Waverley :

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand !

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust ;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse !
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray ! the exiled ! the dear !
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear !
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh !

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake ?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

Oh, sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat !
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe.

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the glen, jumped upon Flora and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle he turned and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow.

"That is Fergus's faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal."

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"Oh, you cannot guess how much you have lost!" replied Flora. "You should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green—the rider on the shining pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty as well as by their courage. All this you have lost."

As Flora concluded, Fergus reached them.

"I knew I should find you here, even without the assistance of my friend Bran. Come, let us go back to the castle."

In the progress of their return, the Chieftain warmly pressed Waverley to remain for a week or two at the castle in order to see a grand hunting party, in which he and some other Highland gentlemen proposed to join. The charms of melody and beauty were too strongly impressed in Edward's breast to permit his declining an invitation so pleasing. It was agreed, therefore, that he should write a note to the Baron of Bradwardine, expressing his intention to stay a fortnight at Glennaquoich, and requesting him to forward any letters which might have arrived for him.

With such discourse they reached the castle, and Waverley soon prepared his despatches for Tully-Veolan. As he knew the Baron was punctilious in such matters, he was about to impress his billet with a seal on which his armorial bearings were engraved, but he did not find it at his watch, and thought he must have left it at Tully-Veolan. He mentioned his loss, borrowing at the same time the family seal of the Chieftain.

"Surely," said Miss Mac-Ivor, "Donald Bean Lean would not——"

"My life for him in such circumstances," answered her brother; "besides, he would never have left the watch behind."

Edward at length retired, his mind agitated by a variety of new and conflicting feelings.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A STAG HUNT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The solemn hunting was delayed, from various causes, for about three weeks. The interval was spent by Waverley with great satisfaction at Glennaquoich; for the impression which Flora had made on his mind at their first meeting grew daily

stronger. Her manners, her language, her talents for poetry and music, gave additional and varied influences to her eminent personal charms. In the neighbourhood of this enchantress, while sport consumed the morning and music and the dance led on the hours of evening, Waverley became daily more delighted with his hospitable landlord, and more enamoured of his bewitching sister.

At length the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the Chieftain departed for the place of rendez-vous, which was a day's journey to the northward of Glennaquoich. Fergus was attended on this occasion by about three hundred of his clan, well armed and accoutred in their best fashion. They found on the spot appointed several powerful Chiefs, to all of whom Waverley was formally presented, and by all cordially received.

For many hours after sunrise the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of silence and solitude, and the Chiefs, with their followers, amused themselves with various pastimes. At length signals of the approach of the game were heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley, as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through copses, wading brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more and more near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer into a narrower circuit. Every now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus, which grew ever louder and more loud. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to show themselves; and as the stragglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time, the Chiefs showed their skill by distinguishing the fattest deer, and their dexterity in bringing them down with their guns. Fergus exhibited remarkable address, and Edward was also so fortunate as to attract the notice and applause of the sportsmen.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting such a formidable phalanx that their antlers appeared at a distance, over the ridge of the steep pass, like a leafless grove. From a desperate stand which they made, with the tallest of the red-deer stags arranged in front, in a sort of battle-array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to augur danger. Dogs and hunters were at work, and muskets resounded from every quarter. The deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful charge right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces; but Waverley, on whose English ears the signal was lost, had almost fallen a sacrifice to his ignorance of the language. Fergus, observing his danger, sprung up and pulled him with violence to the ground, just as the whole herd broke down upon them. The activity of the Chieftain may be considered as having saved his guest's life. He detained him with a firm grasp until the whole herd of deer had fairly run over them. Waverley then attempted to rise, but found that he had suffered several very severe contusions, and, upon a further examination, discovered that he had sprained his ankle violently.

A wigwam was erected almost in an instant, where Edward was deposited on a couch of heather. The surgeon appeared to unite the characters of a leech and a conjuror. He was an old smoke-dried Highlander, wearing a venerable grey beard, and having for his sole garment a tartan frock, the skirts of which descended to the knee. He observed great ceremony in approaching Edward; and though our hero was writhing with pain, would not proceed to any operation which might assuage it until he had perambulated his couch three times, moving from east to west, according to the course of the sun.

After this ceremony was duly performed, the Esculapius [1] let his patient's blood with a cupping-glass with great dexterity, and proceeded, muttering all the while to himself in Gaelic, to boil on the fire certain herbs, with which he compounded an embrocation. He then fomented the parts which had sustained injury, never failing to murmur prayers or spells, which of the two Waverley could not distinguish, as his ear only caught the words *Gaspar-Melchior-Balthazar-max-prax-fax,*[2] and similar gibberish. The fomentation had a speedy effect in alleviating the pain and swelling, which our hero imputed to the virtue of the herbs or the effect of the chafing, but which was by the bystanders unanimously ascribed to the spells with which the operation had been accompanied. Waverley made no commentary on the manner of the treatment, but rewarded the professor of medicine with a liberality beyond the utmost conception of his wildest hopes. After he was left alone, the exhaustion of pain and fatigue threw him into a profound, but yet a feverish sleep.

Early the next morning it became a question how to dispose of the disabled sportsman. This was settled by Mac-Ivor, who had a litter prepared, which was borne by his people with much caution and dexterity. At length, his men being completely assembled and mustered, Mac-Ivor commenced his march, but not towards the quarter from which they had come. He gave Edward to understand that the greater part of his followers now on the field were bound on a distant expedition, and that when he had deposited him in the house of a gentleman, who he was sure would pay him every attention, he himself should be under the necessity of accompanying them the greater part of the way, but would lose no time in rejoining his friend.

Waverley was rather surprised that Fergus had not men-

[1] *i.e.* disciple of Esculapius, the Greek god of medicine.

[2] The names are those of the three Wise Men who came from the East to be present at the birth of Christ.

tioned this ulterior destination when they set out upon the hunting-party; but this situation did not admit of many interrogatories. About noon, after a journey which the nature of the conveyance, the pain of his bruises, and the roughness of the way rendered inexpressibly painful, Waverley was hospitably received into the house of a gentleman related to Fergus, who had prepared for him every accommodation which the simple habits of living then universal in the Highlands put in his power. At length Fergus took farewell of Edward for a few days, and said he hoped that upon his return Waverley would be able to go to Glennaquoich.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of our hero's recovery. The sixth morning had arrived, and he was able to walk about with a staff, when Fergus returned with about a score of his men. He seemed in the highest spirits, and finding Waverley was able to sit on horseback, proposed their immediate return to Glennaquoich. The latter joyfully acceded. His bosom beat thick when they approached the castle, and could distinguish the fair form of its mistress advancing to meet them.

Fergus, with his usual high spirits, shouted a greeting. Flora now advanced, and welcoming Waverley with much kindness, expressed her regret for his accident.

This greeting over, Fergus said three or four words to his sister in Gaelic. The tears instantly sprung to her eyes, but they seemed to be tears of devotion and joy, for she looked up to heaven and folded her hands as in a solemn expression of prayer or gratitude. After the pause of a minute, she presented to Edward some letters which had been forwarded from Tully-Veolan during his absence, and at the same time delivered some to her brother.

# CHAPTER XVI.

## NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

THE letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England were not such as required any particular notice in this narrative. But the packet delivered to him at Glennaquoich was of a different and more interesting complexion. It would be impossible for the reader to comprehend the real cause of their being written, without a glance into the interior of the British cabinet at the period in question.

The ministers of the day happened to be divided into two parties; the weakest of which had of late acquired some new proselytes, and with them the hope of superseding their rivals. Amongst others, they had thought it worth while to practise upon Richard Waverley. This honest gentleman had acquired a certain name and credit in public life, and even established, with many, the character of a profound politician.

This faith had become so general that the insurgent party in the cabinet, after sounding Mr. Richard Waverley, were so satisfied with his sentiments and abilities as to propose that, in case of a certain revolution in the ministry, he should take a place greatly higher, in point both of emolument and influence, than that which he now enjoyed. There was no resisting so tempting a proposal, but unfortunately this fair scheme of ambition was blighted in the very bud by a premature movement. All the official gentlemen concerned in it who hesitated to take the part of a voluntary resignation were informed that the king had no further occasion for their services; and in Richard Waverley's case dismissal was accompanied by something like personal contempt and contumely.

Richard Waverley's letter to his son upon this occasion

was a masterpiece of its kind. An unjust monarch and an ungrateful country were the burden of each rounded paragraph. He spoke of long services and unrequited sacrifices; though the former had been overpaid by his salary, and nobody could guess in what the latter consisted, unless it were in his deserting, not from conviction, but for the lucre of gain, the Tory principles of his family. In the conclusion, he could not repress some threats of vengeance, however vague and impotent, and finally acquainted his son with his pleasure that he should testify his sense of the ill-treatment he had sustained by throwing up his commission as soon as the letter reached him.

The next letter which Edward opened was from Sir Everard. His brother's disgrace seemed to have removed from his well-natured bosom all recollection of their differences. The good but credulous Baronet at once set it down as a new and enormous instance of the injustice of the existing government. It was both the opinion of Mr. Richard Waverley and his own that Edward, the representative of the family of Waverley-Honour, should not remain in a situation which subjected him also to such treatment as that with which his father had been stigmatised. He requested his nephew, therefore, to take the fittest, and at the same time the most speedy, opportunity of transmitting his resignation to the War Office.

These letters, as might have been expected, highly excited Waverley's indignation. He entered without hesitation into the resentful feeling of the relations who had the best title to dictate his conduct; and not perhaps the less willingly when he remembered the tædium of his quarters, and the inferior figure which he had made among the officers of his regiment. If he could have had any doubt upon the subject it would have been decided by the following letter from his commanding officer, which, as it is very short, shall be inserted verbatim:

"SIR,

"Having carried somewhat beyond the line of my duty an indulgence which even the lights of nature, and much more those of Christianity, direct towards errors which may arise from youth and inexperience, and that altogether without effect, I am reluctantly compelled, at the present crisis, to use the only remaining remedy which is in my power. You are, therefore, hereby commanded to repair to ——, the headquarters of the regiment, within three days after the date of this letter. If you shall fail to do so, I must report you to the War Office as absent without leave, and also take other steps, which will be disagreeable to you as well as to,

"Sir,
"Your obedient Servant,
"J. GARDINER, Lieut.-Col.
"Commanding the —— Regt. Dragoons."

Edward's blood boiled within him as he read this letter. Nothing had occurred, to his knowledge, that should have induced the commanding officer, without any other warning than the hints in his first letter so suddenly to assume a harsh and, as Edward deemed it, so insolent a tone of dictatorial authority. Connecting it with the letters he had just received from his family, he could not but suppose that the whole was a concerted scheme to depress and degrade every member of the Waverley family.

Without a pause Edward wrote a few cold lines to his lieutenant-colonel. The tone of Colonel Gardiner's letter, as well as what he (Edward) conceived to be his own duty in the present crisis, called upon him to lay down his commission; and he therefore enclosed the formal resignation of a situation which subjected him to so unpleasant a correspondence, and requested Colonel Gardiner would have the goodness to forward it to the proper authorities.

Having finished this magnanimous epistle, he resolved to consult Fergus Mac-Ivor.

When Edward found his friend, the latter had still in his

hand the newspaper which he had perused, and advanced to meet him with the embarrassment of one who has unpleasing news to communicate.

"Do your letters, Captain Waverley, confirm the unpleasing information which I find in this paper?"

He put the paper into his hand, where his father's disgrace was registered in the most bitter terms, transferred probably from some London journal. At the end of the paragraph was this remarkable innuendo:

"We understand that 'this same *Richard* who hath done all this' is not the only example of the *Wavering Honour* of W-v-r-ly H-n-r. See the *Gazette* of this day."

With hurried and feverish apprehension our hero turned to the place referred to, and found therein recorded, "Edward Waverley, captain in —— regiment dragoons, superseded for absence without leave"; and in the list of military promotions, referring to the same regiment, he discovered this farther article, "Lieut. Julius Butler, to be captain, *vice* Edward Waverley superseded."

Our hero's bosom glowed with the resentment which undeserved insult was calculated to excite in the bosom of one who was thus wantonly held up to public scorn and disgrace. Upon comparing the date of his colonel's letter with that of the article in the *Gazette*, he perceived that his threat of making a report upon his absence had been literally fulfilled. The whole appeared a formed plan to degrade him in the eyes of the public; and the idea of its having succeeded filled him with such bitter emotions that he at length threw himself into Mac-Ivor's arms, and gave vent to tears of shame and indignation.

It was none of this Chieftain's faults to be indifferent to the wrongs of his friends. The proceeding appeared as extraordinary to him as it had done to Edward. He soothed

our hero, however, to the best of his power, and began to turn his thoughts on revenge for his insulted honour.

Edward eagerly grasped at the idea.

"Am I," said Waverley, "to sit down quiet and contented under the injury I have received?"

"That will I never advise my friend," replied Mac-Ivor. "But I will have vengeance to fall on the head, not on the hand, on the tyrannical and oppressive government which designed and directed these insults, not on the tools of office which they employed in the execution of the injuries they aimed at you."

"On the government!" said Waverley.

"Yes," replied the impetuous Highlander, "on the usurping House of Hanover, whom your grandfather would no more have served than he would have taken wages of red-hot gold from the great fiend of hell!"

"But since the time of my grandfather two generations of this dynasty have possessed the throne," said Edward coolly.

"True," replied the Chieftain; "and because we have passively given them so long the means of showing their native character—because both you and I myself have lived in quiet submission, have even truckled to the times so far as to accept commissions under them, and thus have given them an opportunity of disgracing us publicly by resuming them, are we not on that account to resent injuries which our fathers only apprehended, but which we have actually sustained? Or is the cause of the unfortunate Stuart family become less just, because their title has devolved upon an heir who is innocent of the charges of misgovernment brought against his father? Come, clear your moody brow, and trust to me to show you an honourable road to a speedy and glorious revenge. Let us seek Flora, who perhaps has more news to tell us of what has occurred during our absence. But first add a postscript to your letter, marking the time when you received this calvinistical colonel's first summons, and

express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented your anticipating them by sending your resignation. Then let him blush for his injustice."

The letter was sealed accordingly, covering a formal resignation of the commission, and Mac-Ivor despatched it by special messenger, with charge to put it into the nearest post-office in the Lowlands.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A DECLARATION.

THE hint which the Chieftain had thrown out respecting Flora was not unpremeditated. He had observed with great satisfaction the growing attachment of Waverley to his sister, nor did he see any bar to their union, excepting the situation which Waverley's father held in the ministry, and Edward's own commission in the army of George II. These obstacles were now removed, and in a manner which apparently paved the way for the son's becoming reconciled to another allegiance. In every other respect the match would be most eligible. Waverley's attachment was evident; and he anticipated no opposition on the part of Flora.

The Chief now led Waverley in quest of Miss Mac-Ivor, not without the hope that the present agitation of his guest's spirits might give him courage to cut short the romance of the courtship. They found Flora busied in preparing what appeared to Waverley to be white bridal favours. Disguising as well as he could the agitation of his mind, Waverley asked for what joyful occasion Miss Mac-Ivor made such ample preparation.

"It is for Fergus's bridal," she said, smiling.

"Indeed!" said Edward; "he has kept his secret well. I hope he will allow me to be his bride's man."

"That is a man's office, but not yours," retorted Flora.

"And who is the fair lady, may I be permitted to ask, Miss Mac-Ivor?"

"Did not I tell you long since that Fergus wooed no bride but Honour?" answered Flora.

"And am I then incapable of being his assistant and counsellor in the pursuit of honour?" said our hero, colouring deeply. "Do I rank so low in your opinion?"

"Far from it, Captain Waverley. I made use of the expression:

> "Because you are not of our quality,
> But stand against us as an enemy."

"That time is past, sister," said Fergus; "and you may wish Edward Waverley (no longer captain) joy of being freed from the slavery to an usurper."

"Yes," said Waverley, undoing the cockade from his hat, "it has pleased the king who bestowed this badge upon me to resume it in a manner which leaves me little reason to regret his service."

"Thank God for that!" cried the enthusiast.

"And now, sister," said the Chieftain, "replace his cockade with one of a more lively colour."

"Most willingly," she replied with great sweetness, "would I enlist every man of honour in the cause to which my brother has devoted himself. But how can I wish you, Mr. Waverley, so new to the world, so far from every friend who might advise and ought to influence you,—in a moment, too, of sudden pique and indignation,—how can I wish you to plunge yourself at once into so desperate an enterprise?"

Fergus, who did not understand these delicacies, strode through the apartment biting his lip, and then, with a constrained smile, said, "Well, sister, I leave you to act your new character of mediator between the Elector of Hanover[1]

[1] *i.e.* George II.

and the subjects of your lawful sovereign and benefactor," and left the room.

There was a painful pause, which was at length broken by Miss Mac-Ivor. "My brother is unjust," she said, "because he can bear no interruption that seems to thwart his loyal zeal."

"And do you not share his ardour?" asked Waverley.

"Do I not?" answered Flora. "God knows mine exceeds his, if that be possible. But I am not, like him, rapt by the bustle of military preparation. And, my dear Mr. Waverley, to induce you to an irretrievable step, of which you have not considered either the justice or the danger, is, in my poor judgment, neither the one nor the other."

"Incomparable Flora!" said Edward, taking her hand, "how much do I need such a monitor!"

"A better one by far," said Flora, gently withdrawing her hand, "Mr. Waverley will always find in his own bosom, when he will give its small still voice leisure to be heard."

"No, Miss Mac-Ivor, I dare not hope it. Durst I but hope—could I but think—that you would deign to be to me that affectionate, that condescending friend, who would strengthen me to redeem my errors, my future life——"

"Hush, my dear sir! now you carry your joy at escaping the hands of a Jacobite recruiting officer to an unparalleled excess of gratitude."

"Nay, dear Flora, trifle with me no longer; you cannot mistake the meaning of those feelings which I have almost involuntarily expressed; and since I have broken the barrier of silence, let me profit by my audacity. Or may I, with your permission, mention to your brother——"

"Not for the world, Mr. Waverley!"

"What am I to understand?" said Edward. "Is there any fatal bar—has any prepossession——"

"None, sir," answered Flora. "I owe it to myself to say that I never yet saw the person on whom I thought with reference to the present subject."

"The shortness of our acquaintance, perhaps—If Miss MacIvor will deign to give me time——"

"I have not even that excuse. Captain Waverley's character is so open—is, in short, of that nature that it cannot be misconstrued, either in its strength or its weakness."

"And for that weakness you despise me?" said Edward.

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley—and remember it is but within this half-hour that there existed between us a barrier to me insurmountable, since I never could think of an officer in the service of the Elector of Hanover in any other light than as a casual acquaintance. Permit me then to arrange my ideas, and in less than an hour I will be ready to give you such reasons for the resolution I shall express as may be satisfactory at least, if not pleasing to you." So saying, Flora withdrew.

Ere he could make up his mind whether to believe his suit had been acceptable or no, Fergus re-entered the apartment. "What, Waverley!" he cried. "Come down with me to the court, and you shall see a sight worth all the tirades of your romances. An hundred firelocks, my friend, and as many broadswords, just arrived from good friends; and two or three hundred stout fellows almost fighting which shall first possess them. But let me look at you closer. Why, a true Highlander would say you had been blighted by an evil eye. Or can it be this silly girl that has thus blanked your spirit? Never mind her, dear Edward; the wisest of her sex are fools in what regards the business of life."

"Indeed, my good friend," answered Waverley, "all that I can charge against your sister is, that she is too sensible, too reasonable."

"If that be all, I ensure you against the mood lasting four-and-twenty hours. No woman was ever steadily sensible for that period; and I will engage, if that will please you, Flora shall be as unreasonable to-morrow as any of her sex."

So saying, he seized Waverley's arm and dragged him off to review his military preparations.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

FERGUS MAC-IVOR had too much tact and delicacy to renew the subject which he had interrupted. His head was, or appeared to be, so full of guns, broadswords, bonnets,[1] canteens, and tartan hose that Waverley could not for some time draw his attention to any other topic.

"Are you to take the field so soon, Fergus," he asked, "that you are making all these martial preparations?"

"When we have settled that you go with me, you shall know all."

"But are you serious in your purpose, with such inferior forces, to rise against an established government? It is mere frenzy."

"I would not, however," continued the Chieftain, "have you think me mad enough to stir till a favourable opportunity. But, once more, will you join with us?"

"How can I," said Waverley; "I, who have so lately held that commission which is now posting back to those that gave it? My accepting it implied a promise of fidelity, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the government."

"A rash promise," answered Fergus, "is not a steel handcuff; it may be shaken off, especially when it was given under deception, and has been repaid by insult. But if you cannot immediately make up your mind to a glorious revenge, go to England, and ere you cross the Tweed you will hear tidings that will make the world ring; and if Sir Everard be the gallant old cavalier I have heard him described by some of

[1] A soft, seamless, woollen cap, worn by men in Scotland.

our *honest* gentlemen of the year one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, he will find you a better horse-troop and a better cause than you have lost."

"But your sister, Fergus?"

"Out, hyperbolical fiend!" replied the Chief, laughing; "how vexest thou this man! Speak'st thou of nothing but of ladies?"

"Nay, be serious, my dear friend," said Waverley, "how could you suppose me jesting on such a subject?"

"Then, I am very glad to hear it; and so highly do I think of Flora, that you are the only man in England for whom I would say so much. But your own family—will they approve your connecting yourself with the sister of a high-born Highland beggar?"

"My uncle's situation," said Waverley, "entitles me to say that birth and personal qualities are all he would look to in such a connexion. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?"

"But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted."

"Surely; but his late breach with the ruling powers removes all apprehension of objection on his part, especially as I am convinced that my uncle will be warm in my cause. But do not think of *my* friends, dear Fergus; let me rather have your influence where it may be more necessary to remove obstacles—I mean with your lovely sister."

"My lovely sister," replied Fergus, "like her loving brother, is very apt to have a pretty decisive will of her own, by which, in this case, you must be ruled; but you shall not want my interest, nor my counsel. I think I saw Flora go up towards the waterfall a short time since; follow, man, follow! don't allow the garrison time to strengthen its purposes of resistance."

Waverley ascended the glen with an anxious and throbbing heart. Pondering the doubtful and dangerous prospect

before him, he at length arrived near the cascade, where, as Fergus had augured, he found Flora seated.

She was quite alone, and as soon as she observed his approach she rose and came to meet him. Edward attempted to say something within the verge of ordinary compliment, but found himself unequal to the task. Flora seemed at first equally embarrassed, but recovered herself more speedily, and (an unfavourable augury) was the first to enter upon the subject. "It is too important, in every point of view, Mr. Waverley, to permit me to leave you in doubt on my sentiments."

"Do not speak them speedily," said Waverley, much agitated, "unless they are such as I fear, from your manner, I must not dare to anticipate. Let time—let my future conduct—let your brother's influence——"

"Forgive me, Mr. Waverley," said Flora, her complexion a little heightened, but her voice firm and composed. "I should incur my own heavy censure did I delay expressing my sincere conviction that I can never regard you otherwise than as a valued friend. I should do you the highest injustice did I conceal my sentiments for a moment."

She sat down upon a fragment of rock, and Waverley, placing himself near her, anxiously pressed for the explanation she offered.

"I dare hardly," she said, "tell you the situation of my feelings, they are so different from those usually ascribed to young women at my period of life. From my infancy till this day I have had but one wish—the restoration of my royal benefactors to their rightful throne. It is impossible to express to you the devotion of my feelings to this single subject; and I will frankly confess that it has so occupied my mind as to exclude every thought respecting what is called my own settlement in life."

"But, dearest Flora, how is your enthusiastic zeal for the exiled family inconsistent with my happiness?"

"Because you seek, or ought to seek, in the object of your attachment, a heart whose principal delight should be in augmenting your domestic felicity and returning your affection, even to the height of romance."

"In other words, Miss Mac-Ivor, you cannot love me?" said her suitor dejectedly.

"I could esteem you, Mr. Waverley, as much, perhaps more than any man I have ever seen; but I cannot love you as you ought to be loved."

Waverley attempted to reply, but his words failed him. Every sentiment that Flora had uttered vindicated the strength of his attachment; for even her loyalty, although wildly enthusiastic, was generous and noble, and disdained to avail itself of any indirect means of supporting the cause to which she was devoted.

After walking a little way in silence down the path, Flora thus resumed the conversation: "One word more, Mr. Waverley, ere we bid farewell to this topic for ever; and forgive my boldness if that word have the air of advice. My brother Fergus is anxious that you should join him in his present enterprise. But do not consent to this; you could not, by your single exertions, further his success, and you would inevitably share his fall, if it be God's pleasure that fall he must. Let me beg you will return to your own country, and find opportunity to serve your injured sovereign with effect, and stand forth, as your loyal ancestors, at the head of your natural followers and adherents, a worthy representative of the house of Waverley."

"And should I be so happy as thus to distinguish myself, might I not hope——"

"Forgive my interruption," said Flora. "The present time only is ours. How my feelings might be altered by events it were in vain even to conjecture. Only be assured, Mr. Waverley, that, after my brother's honour and happiness, there is none which I shall more sincerely pray for than for yours."

With these words she parted from him, for they were now arrived where two paths separated. Waverley reached the castle amidst a medley of conflicting passions.

When retired to his own apartment, Edward endeavoured to sum up the business of the day. That the repulse he had received from Flora would be persisted in for the present, there was no doubt. But could he hope for ultimate success in case circumstances permitted the renewal of his suit? He taxed his memory to recall every word she had used, with the appropriate looks and gestures which had enforced them, and ended by finding himself in the same state of uncertainty. It was very late before sleep brought relief to the tumult of his mind.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A LETTER FROM TULLY-VEOLAN.

In the morning, when Waverley's troubled reflections had for some time given way to repose, there came music to his dreams. He imagined that he heard Davie Gellatley singing in the courts those matins which used generally to be the first sounds that disturbed his repose while a guest of the Baron of Bradwardine. The notes waxed louder, until Edward awoke in earnest. The apartment was in the fortress of Mac-Ivor, but it was still the voice of Davie Gellatley that resounded under the window.

Waverley dressed himself with all haste, and by the time he issued forth, David was capering and dancing full merrily to the music of his own whistling. The appearance of Waverley did not interrupt David's exercise, but still keeping time to the music, he thrust a letter into our hero's hand, and continued his dance without pause or intermission. Edward, who perceived that the address was in Rose's hand-

writing, retired to peruse it, leaving the faithful bearer to continue his exercise until he should be tired out.

The contents of the letter greatly surprised him. It had originally commenced with "Dear Sir"; but these words had been carefully erased, and the monosyllable "Sir" substituted in their place. The rest of the contents shall be given in Rose's own language.

"I fear I am using an improper freedom by intruding upon you, yet I cannot trust to any one else to let you know some things which have happened here, with which it seems necessary you should be acquainted. Forgive me if I am wrong in what I am doing; for, alas! Mr. Waverley, I have no better advice than that of my own feelings; my dear father is gone from this place, and when he can return to my assistance and protection, God alone knows. You have probably heard that, in consequence of some troublesome news from the Highlands, warrants were sent out for apprehending several gentlemen in these parts, and, among others, my dear father. In spite of all my tears and entreaties that he would surrender himself to the government, he joined with Mr. Falconer and some other gentlemen, and they have all gone northwards, with a body of about forty horsemen. So I am not so anxious concerning his immediate safety as about what may follow afterwards, for these troubles are only beginning.

"The day after my father went off there came a party of soldiers to Tully-Veolan, and behaved very rudely to Bailie Macwheeble; but the officer was very civil to me, only said his duty obliged him to search for arms and papers. My father had provided against this by taking away all the arms except the old useless things which hung in the hall, and he had put all his papers out of the way. But oh! Mr. Waverley, how shall I tell you, that they made strict inquiry after you, and asked when you had been at Tully-Veolan, and where you now were. The officer is gone back with his party, but a non-commissioned officer and four men remain as a sort of garrison in the house. They have hitherto behaved very well, as we are forced to keep them in good-humour. But these soldiers have hinted as if, on your falling into their hands, you would be in great danger. The party that returned carried off your servant prisoner, with your two horses,

and everything that you left at Tully-Veolan. I hope God will protect you, and that you will get safe home to England, where you used to tell me there was no military violence nor fighting among clans permitted, but everything was done according to an equal law that protected all who were harmless and innocent. I hope you will exert your indulgence as to my boldness in writing to you, where it seems to me, though perhaps erroneously, that your safety and honour are concerned. I am sure—at least I think—my father would approve of my writing. Farewell, Captain Waverley! I shall probably never see you more; for it would be very improper to wish you to call at Tully-Veolan just now, even if these men were gone; but I will always remember with gratitude your kindness in assisting so poor a scholar as myself, and your attentions to my dear, dear father.

"I remain, your obliged servant,

"ROSE COMYNE BRADWARDINE.

"P.S.—I hope you will send me a line by David Gellatley, just to say you have received this and that you will take care of yourself."

Thus concluded the letter of Rose Bradwardine, the contents of which both surprised and affected Waverley. That the Baron should fall under the suspicions of government, in consequence of the present stir among the partisans of the house of Stuart, seemed only the natural consequence of his political predilections; but how *he* himself should have been involved in such suspicions, conscious that until yesterday he had been free from harbouring a thought against the prosperity of the reigning family, seemed inexplicable. Still he was aware that, unless he meant at once to embrace the proposal of Fergus Mac-Ivor, it would deeply concern him to leave the suspicious neighbourhood without delay. Whatever were the original rights of the Stuarts,[1] calm reflection told him that, omitting the question how far James the Second could forfeit those of his posterity, he had, according to the united

[1] For the discussion of historical points, see the Historical Sketch in the Introduction.

voice of the whole nation, justly forfeited his own. Since that period four monarchs had reigned in peace and glory over Britain, sustaining and exalting the character of the nation abroad and its liberties at home. Reason asked, was it worth while to plunge a kingdom into all the miseries of civil war, for the purpose of replacing upon the throne the descendants of a monarch by whom it had been wilfully forfeited? If, on the other hand, his own final conviction of the goodness of their cause, or the commands of his father or uncle, should recommend to him allegiance to the Stuarts, still it was necessary to clear his own character by showing that he had not taken any step to this purpose during his holding the commission of the reigning monarch.

The affectionate simplicity of Rose and her anxiety for his safety made an impression upon his mind, and he instantly wrote to thank her in the kindest terms for her solicitude on his account, to express his earnest good wishes for her welfare and that of her father. The feelings which this task excited were speedily lost in the necessity which he now saw of bidding farewell to Flora Mac-Ivor, perhaps for ever. The pang attending this reflection was inexpressible. But time pressed, calumny was busy with his fame, and every hour's delay increased the power to injure it. His departure must be instant.

With this determination he sought out Fergus, and communicated to him the contents of Rose's letter, with his own resolution instantly to go to Edinburgh, and put into the hands of some person of influence his exculpation from any charge which might be preferred against him.

"You run your head into the lion's mouth," answered Mac-Ivor; "I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in Stirling or Edinburgh Castle."

"Well, I must run my hazard."

"You are determined, then?"

"I am."

"Wilful will do't," said Fergus. "And when do you propose to depart?"

"The sooner the better," answered Waverley.

"You are right, since go you must, or rather, since go you will. I will take Flora's pony and ride with you as far as Ballybrough. Callum Beg, see that our horses are ready." Then, turning to Edward, "You will take leave of my sister?"

"Surely—that is, if Miss Mac-Ivor will honour me so far."

"Cathleen, let my sister know Mr. Waverley wishes to bid her farewell before he leaves us."

In a moment the door opened. It was but Cathleen, with her lady's excuse, and wishes for Captain Waverley's health and happiness.

## CHAPTER XX.

### WAVERLEY'S RECEPTION IN THE LOWLANDS AFTER HIS HIGHLAND TOUR.

It was noon when the two friends stood at the top of the pass of Ballybrough. "I must go no farther," said Fergus Mac-Ivor, who during the journey had in vain endeavoured to raise his friend's spirits.

"Adieu, Fergus; do not permit your sister to forget me."

"And adieu, Waverley; you may soon hear of her with a prouder title. Get home, write letters, and make friends as many and as fast as you can; there will speedily be unexpected guests on the coast of Suffolk, or my news from France has deceived me."[1]

Thus parted the friends; Fergus returning back to his castle, while Edward, followed by Callum Beg, the latter

[1] The sanguine Jacobites, during the years 1745–46, kept up the spirits of their party by rumours of descents from France in behalf of the Pretender.

transformed from point to point into a Low-country groom, proceeded to the little town of ——.

At the sight of the village, Callum pressed closer to his side, and hoped "when they cam to the public, his honour wad not say nothing about Vich Ian Vohr, for ta people were bitter Whigs, deil burst them."

On alighting at the sign of the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick, which, for the further delectation of the guests, was graced with a short Hebrew motto, they were received by mine host, a tall thin puritanical figure, who seemed to debate with himself whether he ought to give shelter to those who travelled on Sunday, for it was that day. Reflecting, however, in all probability, that he possessed the power of mulcting them for this irregularity, Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks condescended to admit them into his dwelling.

To this sanctified person Waverley addressed his request that he would procure him a guide, with a saddle-horse, to carry his portmanteau to Edinburgh.

"And whar may ye be coming from?" demanded mine host of the Candlestick.

"I have told you where I wish to go; I do not conceive any further information necessary either for the guide or his saddle-horse."

"Hem! ahem!" returned he of the Candlestick, somewhat disconcerted at this rebuff. "It's the general fast, sir, and I cannot enter into ony carnal transactions on sic a day, when the people should be humbled and the backsliders should return, as worthy Mr. Goukthrapple said; and moreover when, as the precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel did weel observe, the land was mourning for covenants burnt, broken, and buried."

"My good friend," said Waverley, "if you cannot let me have a horse and guide, my servant shall seek them elsewhere."

"Aweel! Your servant? and what for gangs he not forward wi' you himsell?"

On this gross provocation, the spirit of a captain of horse began seriously to arise in Waverley. "Look ye, sir; I came here for my own accommodation, and not to answer impertinent questions. Either say you can, or cannot, get me what I want; I shall pursue my course in either case."

Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks left the room with some indistinct muttering; but whether negative or acquiescent, Edward could not well distinguish. From a window which overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg rubbed down the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following dialogue betwixt the subtle foot-page of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord:

"Ye'll be frae the north, young man?" began the latter.

"And ye may say that," answered Callum.

"And ye'll hae ridden a lang way the day, it may weel be?"

"Sae lang, that I could weel take a dram."

"Gudewife, bring the gill stoup."[1]

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, having, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable propitiation, resumed his scrutiny.

"Ye'll no hae mickle better whisky than that aboon the Pass?"

"I am nae frae aboon the Pass."

"Ye're a Highlandman by your tongue?"

"Nae; I am but just Aberdeen-a-way."

"And did your master come frae Aberdeen wi' you?"

"Ay; that's when I left it mysell," answered the cool and impenetrable Callum Beg.

"And what kind of a gentleman is he?"

"I believe he is ane o' King George's state officers; at least he's aye for ganging on to the south, and he has a hantle siller."

[1] measure.

"He wants a guide and a horse frae hence to Edinburgh?"

"Ay, and ye maun find it him forthwith."

"Ahem! It will be chargeable."

"He cares na for that a bodle." [1]

"Aweel, Duncan—did ye say your name was Duncan, or Donald?"

"Na, man—Jamie—Jamie Steenson—I telt ye before."

This last undaunted parry altogether foiled Mr. Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied either with the reserve of the master or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax on the reckoning and horse-hire that might compound for his ungratified curiosity. The circumstance of its being the fast day was not forgotten in the charge, which, on the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.

At length the tall, ungainly figure and ungracious visage of Ebenezer presented themselves to Edward. The upper part of his form, notwithstanding the season required no such defence, was shrouded in a large great-coat, belted over his under habiliments, and crested with a huge cowl of the same stuff, which, when drawn over the head and hat, completely overshadowed both, and, being buttoned beneath the chin, was called a *trot-cozy*. His hand grasped a huge jockey-whip, garnished with brass mounting. Thus accoutred, he stalked into the midst of the apartment, and announced his errand in brief phrase: "Yer horses are ready."

"You go with me yourself then, landlord?"

"I do, as far as Perth; where ye may be supplied with a guide to Embro', as your occasions shall require."

Thus saying, he placed under Waverley's eye the bill which he held in his hand; and at the same time, self-invited, filled a glass of wine and drank devoutly to a blessing on their journey. Waverley stared at the man's impudence, but, as their connection was to be short and promised to be conve-

[1] A copper coin worth a sixth of an English penny.

nient, he made no observation upon it; and, having paid his reckoning, expressed his intention to depart immediately. He mounted Dermid accordingly and sallied forth from the Golden Candlestick, followed by the puritanical figure we have described, after he had elevated his person to the back of a long-backed, raw-boned, thin-gutted phantom of a broken-down blood-horse, on which Waverley's portmanteau was deposited. Our hero, though not in a very gay humour, could hardly help laughing at the appearance of his new squire.

Edward's tendency to mirth did not escape mine host of the Candlestick, who, conscious of the cause, infused a double portion of souring into the pharisaical leaven of his countenance, and resolved internally that, in one way or other, the young "Englisher" should pay dearly for the contempt with which he seemed to regard him. Callum also stood at the gate and enjoyed, with undissembled glee, the ridiculous figure of Mr. Cruickshanks. As Waverley passed him he pulled off his hat respectfully, and, approaching his stirrup, bade him "Tak heed the auld Whig deevil played him nae cantrip."[1]

Waverley once more thanked and bade him farewell. The village of —— was soon several miles behind him.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### SHOWS THAT THE LOSS OF A HORSE'S SHOE MAY BE A SERIOUS INCONVENIENCE.

THE manner and air of Waverley somewhat overawed his companion, and deterred him from making any attempts to enter upon conversation. His own reflections were moreover agitated by plans of self-interest. The travellers journeyed, therefore, in silence, until it was interrupted by the annunci-

[1] trick.

ation, on the part of the guide, that his "naig had lost a fore-foot shoe, which, doubtless, his honour would consider it was his part to replace."

"You mean I am to pay the farrier; but where shall we find one?"

Rejoiced at discerning there would be no objection made on the part of his temporary master, Mr. Cruickshanks assured him that Cairnvreckan, a village which they were about to enter, was happy in an excellent blacksmith; "but as he was a professor,[1] he would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath or kirk-fast, unless it were in a case of absolute necessity, for which he always charged sixpence each shoe."

As they entered the village of Cairnvreckan, they speedily distinguished the smith's house. The adjoining smithy betokened none of the Sabbatical silence and repose which Ebenezer had augured from the sanctity of his friend. On the contrary, hammer clashed and anvil rang, the bellows groaned, and the whole apparatus of Vulcan appeared to be in full activity. The master smith, benempt,[2] as his sign intimated, John Mucklewrath, with two assistants, toiled busily in arranging, repairing, and furbishing old muskets, pistols, and swords, which lay scattered around his workshop in military confusion. The open shed, containing the forge, was crowded with persons who came and went as if receiving and communicating important news; and a single glance at the aspect of the people who traversed the street in haste, or stood assembled in groups, with eyes elevated and hands uplifted, announced that some extraordinary intelligence was agitating the public mind of the municipality of Cairnvreckan.

Waverley dismounted and gave his horse to a boy who stood near. Meantime, the buzz around saved him in some degree the trouble of interrogatories. The names of Lochiel, Clanronald, Glengarry, and other distinguished Highland

[1] A word used to denote any person who pretended uncommon sanctity of faith.
[2] named.

Chiefs, among whom Vich Ian Vohr was repeatedly mentioned, were as familiar in men's mouths as household words; and from the alarm generally expressed, he easily conceived that their descent into the Lowlands, at the head of their armed tribes, had either already taken place or was instantly apprehended.

Ere Waverley could ask particulars, a strong, large-boned, hard-featured woman, about forty, dressed as if her clothes had been flung on with a pitchfork, her cheeks flushed with a scarlet red where they were not smutted with soot and lamp-black, jostled through the crowd, and brandishing high a child of two years old, which she danced in her arms, without regard to its screams of terror, sang forth with all her might:

"Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!"

"D'ye hear what's come ower ye now," continued the virago, "ye whingeing[1] Whig carles? D'ye hear wha's coming to cow yer cracks?"[2]

The Vulcan of Cairnvreckan, who acknowledged his Venus in this exulting Bacchante,[3] regarded her with a grim and ire-foreboding countenance, while some of the senators of the village hastened to interpose. "Whisht, gudewife; is this a time or is this a day to be singing your ranting fule sangs in?"

"And that's a' your Whiggery," re-echoed the Jacobite heroine, "ye cut-lugged, graning carles![4] What! d'ye think the lads wi' the kilts will care for yer synods and yer presbyteries, and yer stool o' repentance? Vengeance on the black face o't! I mysell——"

Here John Mucklewrath, who dreaded her entering upon a

[1] whining. [2] stop your chatter.

[3] The loves of Vulcan, the god of fire in Latin mythology, and Venus, the goddess of love, are told at length in Latin literature. The Bacchantes were priestesses of Bacchus, the god of wine. They are usually portrayed as dancing.

[4] crop-eared, groaning humbugs.

detail of personal experience, interposed his matrimonial authority. "Gae hame, and put on the sowens [1] for supper."

"And you, ye doil'd [2] dotard," replied his gentle helpmate, "*ye* stand there hammering dog-heads for fules that will never snap them at a Highlandman, instead of earning bread for your family and shoeing this winsome young gentleman's horse that just come frae the north! I'se warrant him a gallant Gordon, at the least o' him."

The eyes of the assembly were now turned upon Waverley, who took the opportunity to bid the smith to shoe his guide's horse with all speed, as he wished to proceed on his journey; for he had heard enough to make him sensible that there would be danger in delaying long in this place. The smith's eyes rested on him with a look of displeasure and suspicion.

"And what may your name be, sir?" quoth Mucklewrath.

"It is of no consequence to you, my friend, provided I pay your labour."

"But it may be of consequence to the state, sir," replied an old farmer, smelling strongly of whisky and peat-smoke; "and I doubt we maun delay your journey till you have seen the Laird."

"You certainly," said Waverley, haughtily, "will find it both difficult and dangerous to detain me, unless you can produce some proper authority."

There was a pause and a whisper among the crowd—"Secretary Murray"—"Lord Lewis Gordon"—"Maybe the Chevalier himsell!" He attempted to argue mildly with them, but his voluntary ally, Mrs. Mucklewrath, broke in upon and drowned his expostulations, taking his part with an abusive violence which was all set down to Edward's account by those on whom it was bestowed. "*Ye'll* stop ony gentleman that's the Prince's freend?" for she too, though with other feelings, had adopted the general opinion respecting Waverley. "I daur ye to touch him," spreading abroad her

[1] gruel. [2] stupid.

long and muscular fingers, garnished with claws which a vulture might have envied. "I'll set my ten commandments in the face o' the first loon that lays a finger on him."

Waverley meditated a retreat, but his horse was nowhere to be seen. At length he observed at some distance his faithful attendant, Ebenezer, who, as soon as he had perceived the turn matters were likely to take, had withdrawn both horses from the press, and, mounted on the one and holding the other, answered the loud and repeated calls of Waverley for his horse. "Na, na! if ye are nae friend to kirk and the king, and are detained as siccan a person, ye maun answer to honest men of the country for breach of contract; and I maun keep the naig and the walise for damage and expense, in respect my horse and mysell will lose to-morrow's day's wark, besides the afternoon preaching."

Edward, out of patience, hemmed in and hustled by the rabble on every side, and every moment expecting personal violence, resolved to try measures of intimidation, and at length drew a pocket-pistol, threatening, on the one hand, to shoot whomsoever dared to stop him, and, on the other, menacing Ebenezer with a similar doom if he stirred a foot with the horses. The *levy en masse*[1] of Cairnvreckan would therefore probably have given way had not the Vulcan of the village rushed at him with the red-hot bar of iron with such determination as made the discharge of his pistol an act of self-defence. The unfortunate man fell; and while Edward, thrilled with a natural horror at the incident, neither had presence of mind to unsheathe his sword nor to draw his remaining pistol, the populace threw themselves upon him, disarmed him, and were about to use him with great violence when the appearance of a venerable clergyman, the pastor of the parish, put a curb on their fury.

Mr. Morton had been alarmed by the discharge of the pistol and the increasing hubbub around the smithy. His first at-

[1] crowd.

tention, after he had directed the bystanders to detain Waverley, was turned to the body of Mucklewrath, over which his wife, in a revulsion of feeling, was weeping and howling in a state little short of distraction. On raising up the smith, the first discovery was that he was alive ; and the next that he was likely to live as long as if he had never heard the report of a pistol in his life. He had made a narrow escape, however; the bullet had grazed his head and stunned him for a moment or two. He now arose to demand vengeance on the person of Waverley, and with difficulty acquiesced in the proposal of Mr. Morton that he should be carried before the Laird, as a justice of peace, and placed at his disposal.

All controversy being thus laid aside, Waverley, escorted by the whole inhabitants of the village who were not bedridden, was conducted to the house of Cairnvreckan, which was about half a mile distant.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AN EXAMINATION.

Major Melville of Cairnvreckan received our hero with civility, which the equivocal circumstances wherein Edward was placed rendered constrained.

The nature of the smith's hurt was inquired into, and, as the injury was likely to prove trifling, the Major conceived he might dismiss that matter on Waverley's depositing in his hands a small sum for the benefit of the wounded person.

"I could wish, sir," continued the Major, "that my duty terminated here ; but it is necessary that we should have some further inquiry into the cause of your journey through the country at this distracted time."

Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks now stood forth, and communicated to the magistrate all he knew or suspected. The horse

upon which Edward rode he knew to belong to Vich Ian Vohr, though he dared not tax Edward's former attendant with the fact, lest he should have his house and stables burnt over his head some night by that godless gang, the Mac-Ivors.

Major Melville then commanded the villagers to return to their homes, excepting two, who officiated as constables. The apartment was thus cleared of every person but Mr. Morton, whom the Major invited to remain; a clerk, and Waverley himself. There ensued a painful and embarrassed pause, till Major Melville, often consulting a paper or memorandum which he held in his hand, requested to know his name.

"Edward Waverley."

"I thought so; late of the —— dragoons, and nephew of Sir Edward Waverley of Waverley-Honour?"

"The same."

"Young gentleman, I am extremely sorry that this painful duty has fallen to my lot."

"Duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous."

"The charge, Mr. Waverley, I grieve to say, affects your character both as a soldier and a subject. In the former capacity you are charged with spreading mutiny and rebellion among the men you commanded, and setting them the example of desertion. The civil crime of which you stand accused is that of high treason and levying war against the king."

"And by what authority am I detained to reply to such heinous calumnies?"

"By one which you must not dispute, nor I disobey."

"It is a very painful part of this painful business," said Major Melville, after a pause, "that I must necessarily request to see such papers as you have on your person."

"You shall, sir, without reserve," said Edward, throwing his pocket-book and memorandums upon the table.

Major Melville then proceeded in his investigation, dictating the import of the questions and answers to the amanuensis.

"Did Mr. Waverley know one Humphry Houghton, a non-commissioned officer in Gardiner's dragoons?"

"Certainly; he was sergeant of my troop."

"Exactly. You used through this man," answered Major Melville, "to communicate with such of your troop as were recruited upon Waverley-Honour?"

"Certainly; the poor fellows looked up to me in any of their little distresses, and naturally made their countryman and sergeant their spokesman on such occasions."

"Sergeant Houghton's influence," continued the Major, "extended, then, particularly over those soldiers who followed you to the regiment from your uncle's estate?"

"Surely; but what is that to the present purpose?"

"To that I am just coming. Have you, since leaving the regiment, held any correspondence, direct or indirect, with this Sergeant Houghton?"

"I!—I hold correspondence with a man of his rank and situation! How, or for what purpose?"

"That you are to explain. But did you not, for example, send to him for some books?"

"You remind me of a trifling commission," said Waverley, "which I gave Sergeant Houghton, because my servant could not read. I do recollect I bade him, by letter, send some books to me at Tully-Veolan."

"Were there not, Mr. Waverley, treasonable tracts and pamphlets among them?"

"There were some political treatises, into which I hardly looked; they seemed to be dull compositions."

"They were written," continued the persevering inquirer, "by a Mr. Pembroke, the author of two treasonable works, of which the manuscripts were found among your baggage?"

"But of which, I give you my honour as a gentleman," replied Waverley, "I never read six pages."

"I am not your judge, Mr. Waverley; your examination will be transmitted elsewhere. Do you know a person that passes by the name of Wily Will, or Will Ruthven?"

"I never heard of such a name till this moment."

"Did you never through such a person, or any other person, communicate with Sergeant Humphry Houghton, instigating him to desert, with as many of his comrades as he could seduce to join him, and unite with the Highlanders and other rebels now in arms under the command of the young Pretender?"

"I assure you I am not only entirely guiltless of the plot you have laid to my charge, but I detest it from the very bottom of my soul."

"But, if I am rightly informed, your time was spent, during your absence from the regiment, between the house of Fergus Mac-Ivor and that of Mr. Bradwardine of Bradwardine?"

"I do not mean to disguise it; but I do deny, most resolutely, being privy to any of their designs against the government."

"You do not, I presume, intend to deny that you attended your host Glennaquoich to a rendezvous, where, under a pretence of a general hunting match, most of the accomplices of his treason were assembled to concert measures for taking arms?"

"I acknowledge having been at such a meeting," said Waverley; "but I neither heard nor saw anything which could give it the character you affix to it."

"From thence you proceeded," continued the magistrate, "with Glennaquoich and a part of his clan to join the army of the young Pretender, and returned, after having paid your homage to him, to discipline and arm the remainder, and unite them to his bands on their way southward?"

"I never went with Glennaquoich on such an errand. I never so much as heard that the person whom you mention was in the country."

He then detailed the history of his misfortune at the hunting match, and added, that on his return he found himself suddenly deprived of his commission, and did not deny that he then first observed symptoms which indicated a disposition in the Highlanders to take arms; but added that, having no inclination to join their cause, he was now on his return to his native country.

"Permit me another question, Mr. Waverley," said Major Melville. "Did you not receive repeated letters from your commanding officer, warning you and commanding you to return to your post, and acquainting you with the use made of your name to spread discontent among your soldiers?"

"I never did, Major Melville. One letter, indeed, I received from him, containing a civil intimation of his wish that I would employ my leave of absence otherwise than in constant residence at Bradwardine, as to which, I own, I thought he was not called on to interfere; and finally, I received, on the same day on which I observed myself superseded in the *Gazette*, a second letter from Colonel Gardiner, commanding me to join the regiment, an order which I received too late to be obeyed."

"Mr. Waverley," said the Major, at length, "I am afraid I must sign a warrant for detaining you in custody, but this house shall for the present be your prison."

Our hero bowed and withdrew, under guard of the officers of justice, to a small but handsome room, where, declining all offers of food or wine, he flung himself on the bed, and, stupified by these harassing events, he sunk into a deep and heavy slumber.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A CONFIDANT.

WAVERLEY awoke in the morning from troubled dreams and unrefreshing slumbers to a full consciousness of the horrors of his situation. How it might terminate he knew not. He might be delivered up to military law, which, in the midst of civil war, was not likely to be scrupulous in the choice of its victims or the quality of the evidence. Nor did he feel much more comfortable at the thoughts of a trial before a Scottish court of justice, where he knew the laws and forms differed in many respects from those of England, and had been taught to believe, however erroneously, that the liberty and rights of the subject were less carefully protected.

While Edward was ruminating on these painful subjects, Mr. Morton availed himself of Major Melville's permission to pay him an early visit.

"I do not intrude myself on your confidence, Mr. Waverley," he said, "for the purpose of learning any circumstances the knowledge of which can be prejudicial either to yourself or to others; but my earnest wish is that you would intrust me with any particulars which could lead to your exculpation. I can solemnly assure you they will be deposited with a faithful agent."

"But," said Waverley, "I cannot perceive why I should trouble you with a detail of particulars out of which, after revolving them as carefully as possible in my recollection, I find myself unable to explain much of what is charged against me. I know, indeed, that I am innocent, but I hardly see how I can hope to prove myself so."

"It is for that very reason, Mr. Waverley," said the clergyman, "that I venture to solicit your confidence. Your

situation will, I fear, preclude your taking those active steps for recovering intelligence or tracing imposture which I would willingly undertake in your behalf; and if you are not benefited by my exertions, at least they cannot be prejudicial to you."

Waverley, after a few minutes' reflection, was convinced that his reposing confidence in Mr. Morton could hurt neither Mr. Bradwardine nor Fergus Mac-Ivor, both of whom had openly assumed arms against the government, and that it might possibly be of some service to himself. He therefore ran briefly over most of the events with which the reader is already acquainted.

Mr. Morton seemed particularly struck with the account of Waverley's visit to Donald Bean Lean. "I am glad," he said, "you did not mention this circumstance to the Major. It is capable of great misconstruction on the part of those who do not consider the power of curiosity and the influence of romance as motives of youthful conduct. This man Bean Lean is renowned through the country as a sort of Robin Hood, and the stories which are told of his address and enterprise are the common tales of the winter fireside. He certainly possesses talents beyond the rude sphere in which he moves; and he will probably attempt to distinguish himself during the period of these unhappy commotions."

Edward now inquired if Mr. Morton knew what was likely to be his destination.

"Stirling Castle," replied his friend; "and so far I am well pleased for your sake, for the governor is a man of honour and humanity. But I am more doubtful of your treatment upon the road; Major Melville is involuntarily obliged to intrust the custody of your person to another."

"Who is to have the charge of so important a state prisoner as I am?"

"I believe a person called Gilfillan, one of the sect who are termed Cameronians."

"I never heard of them before."

"They claim," said the clergyman, "to represent the more strict and severe Presbyterians, who, in Charles Second's and James Second's days, refused to profit by the Toleration, or Indulgence,[1] as it was called, which was extended to others of that religion. They held conventicles in the open fields, and were treated with great violence and cruelty by the Scottish government. They take their name from their leader, Richard Cameron. I would willingly speak to Gilfillan in your behalf; but, having deeply imbibed all the prejudices of his sect, and being of the same fierce disposition, he would pay little regard to my remonstrances. And now, farewell, my young friend; for the present I must not weary out the Major's indulgence, that I may obtain his permission to visit you again in the course of the day."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THINGS MEND A LITTLE—A VOLUNTEER SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

About noon Mr. Morton returned and brought an invitation from Major Melville that Mr. Waverley would honour him with his company to dinner, notwithstanding the unpleasant affair which detained him at Cairnvreckan.

The meeting at first was stiff and formal enough. But Edward, having accepted the invitation, and his mind being really soothed and relieved by the kindness of Morton, held himself bound to behave with ease, though he could not affect cordiality. The Major told his old campaign stories, and

[1] The reference here is to the reaction of the Cavalier adherents of Charles Second in 1660 and thereafter, against the grimness and moroseness of the Puritans. Charles had been aided in recovering his throne by certain of the Presbyterians of the time. To them he promised protection from interference or persecution. This "Declaration of Indulgence," as it was called, was renewed by James II.

displayed much knowledge of men and manners. Mr. Morton had an internal fund of placid and quiet gaiety, which seldom failed to enliven any small party in which he found himself pleasantly seated. Waverley, whose life was a dream, gave ready way to the predominating impulse and became the most lively of the party. The trio were engaged in a very lively discourse, when the sound of a drum was heard at some distance. The Major, who, in the glee of an old soldier, had forgot the duties of a magistrate, cursed, with a muttered military oath, the circumstances which recalled him to his official functions. He rose and went towards the window, which commanded a very near view of the highroad, and he was followed by his guests.

On hearing the unwelcome sound of the drum, Major Melville hastily opened a sashed door and stepped out upon a sort of terrace which divided his house from the highroad from which the martial music proceeded. Waverley and his new friend followed him. They soon recognised in solemn march, first, the performer upon the drum; secondly, a large flag of four compartments, on which were inscribed the words, COVENANT, KIRK, KING, KINGDOMS. The person who was honoured with this charge was followed by the commander of the party, a thin, dark, rigid-looking man, about sixty years old.

The group of about thirty men who followed this commander was of a motley description. They were in ordinary Lowland dresses, of different colours, which, contrasted with the arms they bore, gave them a mobbish appearance. In front were a few who apparently partook of their leader's enthusiasm, men obviously to be feared in a combat where their natural courage was exalted by religious zeal. Others puffed and strutted, filled with the importance of carrying arms and all the novelty of their situation, while the rest, apparently fatigued with their march, dragged their limbs listlessly along.

Greeting Mr. Gilfillan civilly, the Major requested to know if he could undertake the charge of a state prisoner as far as

Stirling Castle. "Yea," was the concise reply of the Cameronian leader.

"But your escort, Mr. Gilfillan, is not so strong as I expected," said Major Melville.

"Some of the people," replied Gilfillan, "hungered and were athirst by the way, and tarried until their poor souls were refreshed with the word."

"I am sorry, sir," replied the Major, "you did not trust to your refreshing your men at Cairnvreckan; whatever my house contains is at the command of persons employed in the service."

"It was not of creature-comforts I spake," answered the Covenanter, regarding Major Melville with something like a smile of contempt; "howbeit, I thank you; but the people remained waiting upon the precious Mr. Jabesh Rentowel for the out-pouring of the afternoon exhortation."

"Sir," said the Major, "as you are to take charge of this gentleman to Stirling, and deliver him, with these papers, into the hands of Governor Blakeney, I beseech you to observe some rules of military discipline upon your march. For example, I would advise you to keep your men more closely together, and that each in his march should cover his file-leader, instead of straggling like geese upon a common. One thing I would have you well aware of, that you are to treat this gentleman, your prisoner, with no rigour nor incivility, and are to subject him to no other restraint than is necessary for his security."

"I have looked into my commission," said Mr. Gilfillan, "subscribed by a worthy and professing nobleman, William, Earl of Glencairn; nor do I find it therein set down that I am to receive any charges or commands anent my doings from Major William Melville of Cairnvreckan."

Major Melville reddened even to the well-powdered ears which appeared beneath his neat military side-curls. "Mr. Gilfillan," he answered, with some asperity, "I beg ten thou-

sand pardons for interfering with a person of your importance. I have done, and have only once more to recommend this gentleman to your civility as well as to your custody. Mr. Waverley, I am truly sorry we should part in this way; but I trust, when you are again in this country, I may have an opportunity to render Cairnvreckan more agreeable than circumstances have permitted on this occasion."

So saying, he shook our hero by the hand. Morton also took an affectionate farewell, and Waverley, having mounted his horse, with a musketeer leading it by the bridle and a file upon each side to prevent his escape, set forward upon the march with Gilfillan and his party. Through the little village they were accompanied with the shouts of the children, who cried out, "Eh! see to the Southland gentleman that's gaun to be hanged for shooting lang John Mucklewrath, the smith!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### AN INCIDENT.

It was about four o'clock of a delightful autumn afternoon that Mr. Gilfillan commenced his march, in hopes, although Stirling was eighteen miles distant, to reach it that evening. He therefore put forth his strength, and marched stoutly along at the head of his followers, eyeing our hero from time to time, as if he longed to enter into controversy with him.

At length his attention was attracted by a pedlar who had joined the march from a cross-road.

"And what may ye be, friend?" said the gifted Gilfillan.

"A puir pedlar, that's bound for Stirling, and craves the protection of your honour's party in these kittle [1] times."

"Friend," said Gilfillan, with a more complacent voice

[1] ticklish.

than he had hitherto used, "honour not me. I do not go out to market-towns to have herds and cottars and burghers pull off their bonnets to me as they do to Major Melville o' Cairnvreckan, and ca' me laird or captain. No; my sma' means, whilk are not aboon twenty thousand merk,[1] have had the blessing of increase, but the pride of my heart has not increased with them."

"Ah," said the pedlar, "I have seen your land about Mauchlin. A fertile spot! your lines have fallen in pleasant places! And siccan[2] a breed o' cattle is not in ony laird's land in Scotland."

"Ye say right,—ye say right, friend," retorted Gilfillan eagerly, for he was not inaccessible to flattery upon this subject,—"ye say right; they are the real Lancashire, and there's no the like o' them even at the mains o' Kilmaurs"; and he then entered into a discussion of their excellences, to which our readers will probably be as indifferent as our hero.

The rays of the sun were lingering on the very verge of the horizon as the party ascended a hollow and somewhat steep path which led to the summit of a rising ground. A thicket of stunted brushwood crowned the hill up which they ascended. The foremost of the band, being the stoutest and most active, had pushed on, and having surmounted the ascent, were out of ken for the present. Gilfillan, with the pedlar and the small party who were Waverley's more immediate guard, were near the top of the ascent, and the remainder straggled after them at a considerable interval.

Such was the situation of matters when the pedlar, missing, as he said, a little doggie which belonged to him, began to halt and whistle for the animal. This signal, repeated more than once, was answered in an unexpected manner; for six or eight stout Highlanders, who lurked among the copse and brushwood, sprung into the hollow way and began to lay about them with their claymores. Gilfillan, unappalled

[1] A merk was an old Scottish coin worth 13*s.* 4*d.* [2] such.

at this undesirable apparition, cried out manfully, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" and was drawing his broadsword, when, behold! the pedlar, snatching a musket from the person who was next him, bestowed the butt of it with such emphasis on his head, that he was forthwith levelled to the ground. In the confusion which ensued the horse which bore our hero was shot by one of Gilfillan's party, as he discharged his firelock at random. Waverley fell with, and indeed under, the animal, and sustained some severe contusions. But he was almost instantly extricated from the fallen steed by two Highlanders, who, each seizing him by the arm, hurried him away from the scuffle and from the highroad. They ran with great speed, half supporting and half dragging our hero, who could, however, distinguish a few dropping shots fired about the spot which he had left, but the convoy, apprehensive of a second ambush, did not make any serious effort to recover their prisoner, judging it more wise to proceed on their journey to Stirling, carrying with them their wounded captain and comrades.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### WAVERLEY IS STILL IN DISTRESS.

The velocity, and indeed violence, with which Waverley was hurried along nearly deprived him of sensation; for the injury he had received from his fall prevented him from aiding himself effectually. When this was observed by his conductors, they called to their aid two or three others of the party, and, swathing our hero's body in one of their plaids, divided his weight by that means among them, and transported him at the same rapid rate as before, without any exertion of his own. They spoke little, and that in Gaelic; and did not slacken their pace till they had run nearly two

L. of C.

miles, when they abated their extreme rapidity, but continued still to walk very fast.

Our hero now endeavoured to address them, but was only answered with "*Cha n'eil Beurl' agam*," *i. e.* "I have no English."

The twilight had given place to moonshine when the party halted upon the brink of a precipitous glen, which, as partly enlightened by the moonbeams, seemed full of trees and tangled brushwood. Two of the Highlanders dived into it by a small footpath, as if to explore its recesses, and one of them returning in a few minutes, said something to his companions, who instantly raised their burden and bore him, with great attention and care, down the narrow and abrupt descent.

At the bottom of the descent the party again stopped before a small and rudely constructed hovel. The door was open, and there was no appearance of a floor of any kind; the roof seemed rent in several places; the walls were composed of loose stones and turf, and the thatch of branches of trees. The fire was in the centre, and filled the whole wigwam with smoke, which escaped as much through the door as by means of a circular aperture in the roof. An old Highland sibyl,[1] the only inhabitant of this forlorn mansion, appeared busy in the preparation of some food. By the light which the fire afforded Waverley could discover that his attendants were not of the clan of Ivor, for Fergus was particularly strict in requiring from his followers that they should wear the tartan striped in the mode peculiar to their race.

The only furniture excepting a washing-tub and a wooden press[2] sorely decayed, was a large wooden bed, planked, as is usual, all around, and opening by a sliding panel. In this recess the Highlanders deposited Waverley, after he had by

[1] A woman supposed to have the gift of prophecy. The term is borrowed from Latin literature.

[2] an upright case or closet.

signs declined any refreshment. His slumbers were broken and unrefreshing ; strange visions passed before his eyes, and it required constant and reiterated efforts of mind to dispel them. Shivering, violent headache, and shooting pains in his limbs succeeded these symptoms ; and in the morning it was evident to his Highland attendants that Waverley was quite unfit to travel.

After a long consultation among themselves, six of the party left the hut with their arms, leaving behind an old and a young man. The former addressed Waverley, and bathed the contusions, which swelling and livid colour now made conspicuous.

The fever which accompanied the injuries he had sustained did not abate till the third day, when it gave way to the care of his attendants and the strength of his constitution, and he could now raise himself in his bed, though not without pain. He observed, however, that there was a great disinclination on the part of those who attended him to permit the door of the bed to be left open, so that he might amuse himself with observing their motions ; and at length, after Waverley had repeatedly drawn open and they had as frequently shut the hatchway of his cage, the old gentleman put an end to the contest by securing it on the outside with a nail.

While musing upon the cause of this contradictory spirit in persons whose conduct intimated no purpose of plunder, it occurred to our hero that, during the worst crisis of his illness, a female figure, younger than his old Highland nurse, had appeared to flit around his couch. His suspicions were confirmed when, attentively listening, he often heard, in the course of the day, the voice of another female conversing in whispers with his attendant. Who could it be ? And why should she apparently desire concealment ? Fancy immediately roused herself and turned to Flora Mac-Ivor.

Having nothing else to amuse his solitude, he employed himself in contriving some plan to gratify his curiosity. At

length, upon accurate examination, the infirm state of his wooden prison-house appeared to supply the means, for out of a spot which was somewhat decayed he was able to extract a nail. Through this minute aperture he could perceive a female form wrapped in a plaid, in the act of conversing with Janet, as the old woman before mentioned was named. But the form was not that of Flora, nor was the face visible ; and, to crown his vexation, while he laboured with the nail to enlarge the hole, a slight noise betrayed his purpose, and the object of his curiosity instantly disappeared ; nor, so far as he could observe, did she again revisit the cottage.

All precautions to blockade his view were from that time abandoned, and he was not only permitted, but assisted to rise, and quit his couch of confinement. But he was not allowed to leave the hut ; for the young Highlander had now rejoined his senior, and one or other was constantly on the watch. Whenever Waverley approached the cottage door the sentinel upon duty civilly, but resolutely, placed himself against it and opposed his exit, accompanying his action with signs which seemed to imply there was danger in the attempt and an enemy in the neighbourhood.

Upon the evening of the seventh day the door of the hut suddenly opened, and two Highlanders entered, whom Waverley recognised as having been a part of his original escort to this cottage. They conversed for a short time with the old man and his companion, and then made Waverley understand, by very significant signs, that he was to prepare to accompany them. With a throbbing mixture of hope, awe, and anxiety, Waverley watched the group before him, as those who were just arrived snatched a hasty meal, and the others assumed their arms and made brief preparations for their departure.

As he sat in the smoky hut, at some distance from the fire, around which the others were crowded, he felt a gentle pressure upon his arm. He looked round ; it was Alice, the daughter of Donald Bean Lean. She showed him a packet of

papers in such a manner that the motion was remarked by no one else, put her finger for a second to her lips, and passed on, as if to assist old Janet in packing Waverley's clothes in his portmanteau. It was obviously her wish that he should not seem to recognise her ; yet she repeatedly looked back at him, as an opportunity occurred of doing so unobserved, and when she saw that he remarked what she did, she folded the packet with great address and speed in one of his shirts, which she deposited in the portmanteau.

Here then was fresh food for conjecture. Was Alice his unknown warden, the tutelar genius that watched his bed during his sickness ? Was he in the hands of her father ? and if so, what was his purpose ? Spoil, his usual object, seemed in this case neglected ; for not only Waverley's property was restored, but his purse, which might have tempted this professional plunderer, had been all along suffered to remain in his possession. All this perhaps the packet might explain.

The young Highlander was repeatedly despatched by his comrades as if to collect intelligence. At length, when he had returned for the third or fourth time, the whole party arose and made signs to our hero to accompany them. Before his departure, however, he shook hands with old Janet.

"God bless you ! God prosper you, Captain Waverley !" said Janet, in good Lowland Scotch, though he had never hitherto heard her utter a syllable, save in Gaelic.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A BLIND JOURNEY.

THERE was a moment's pause when the whole party had got out of the hut; and the Highlander who assumed the command, and who, in Waverley's awakened recollection, seemed to be the same tall figure who had acted as Donald Bean

Lean's lieutenant, by whispers and signs imposed the strictest silence. He delivered to Edward a sword and steel pistol, and, pointing up the track, laid his hand on the hilt of his own claymore, as if to make him sensible they might have occasion to use force to make good their passage. He then placed himself at the head of the party, who moved up the pathway in single or Indian file, Waverley being placed nearest to their leader. He moved with great precaution, as if to avoid giving any alarm, and halted as soon as he came to the verge of the ascent. Waverley was soon sensible of the reason, for he heard at no great distance an English sentinel call out "All's well." The heavy sound sunk on the night-wind down the woody glen, and was answered by the echoes of its banks. A second, third, and fourth time the signal was repeated fainter and fainter, as if at a greater and greater distance. It was obvious that a party of soldiers were near, and upon their guard, though not sufficiently so to detect men skilful in every art of predatory warfare, like those with whom he now watched their ineffectual precautions.

When these sounds had died upon the silence of the night, the Highlanders began their march swiftly, yet with the most cautious silence. Waverley had little time for observation, and could only discern that they passed at some distance from a large building, in the windows of which a light or two yet seemed to twinkle. A little farther on the leading Highlander (Duncan Duroch by name) snuffed the wind like a setting spaniel, and then made a signal to his party again to halt. He stooped down upon all fours, wrapped up in his plaid, so as to be scarce distinguishable from the heathy ground on which he moved, and advanced in this posture to reconnoitre. In a short time he returned, and dismissed his attendants excepting one ; and, intimating to Waverley that he must imitate his cautious mode of proceeding, all three crept forward on hands and knees.

After proceeding a greater way in this inconvenient man-

ner than was at all comfortable to his knees and shins, Waverley perceived the smell of smoke. It proceeded from the corner of a low and ruinous sheep-fold. Close by this low wall the Highlander guided Waverley, and, in order probably to make him sensible of his danger, or perhaps to obtain the full credit of his own dexterity, he intimated to him that he might raise his head so as to peep into the sheep-fold. Waverley did so, and beheld an outpost of four or five soldiers lying by their watch-fire. They were all asleep except the sentinel, who paced backwards and forwards with his firelock on his shoulder, which glanced red in the light of the fire as he crossed and recrossed before it in his short walk, casting his eye frequently to that part of the heavens from which the moon, hitherto obscured by mist, seemed now about to make her appearance.

In the course of a minute or two, by one of those sudden changes of atmosphere incident to a mountainous country, a breeze arose and swept before it the clouds which had covered the horizon, and the night planet poured her full effulgence upon a wide and blighted heath, skirted indeed with copsewood and stunted trees in the quarter from which they had come, but open and bare to the observation of the sentinel in that to which their course tended. The wall of the sheep-fold indeed concealed them as they lay, but any advance beyond its shelter seemed impossible without certain discovery.

The Highlander eyed the blue vault, but far from blessing the light he muttered a Gaelic curse upon the unseasonable splendour. He looked anxiously around for a few minutes, and then apparently took his resolution. Leaving his attendant with Waverley, after motioning to Edward to remain quiet, and giving his comrades directions in a brief whisper, he retreated, favoured by the irregularity of the ground, in the same direction and in the same manner as they had advanced. Edward, turning his head after him, could perceive

him crawling on all fours with the dexterity of an Indian, availing himself of every bush and inequality to escape observation, and never passing over the more exposed parts of his track until the sentinel's back was turned from him. At length he reached the thickets and underwood which partly covered the moor in that direction, and probably extended to the verge of the glen where Waverley had been so long an inhabitant. The Highlander disappeared, but it was only for a few minutes, for he suddenly issued forth from a different part of the thicket, and, advancing boldly upon the open heath as if to invite discovery, he levelled his piece and fired at the sentinel. A wound in the arm proved a disagreeable interruption to the poor fellow's meteorological observations. He returned the fire ineffectually, and his comrades, starting up at the alarm, advanced alertly towards the spot from which the first shot had issued. The Highlander, after giving them a full view of his person, dived among the thickets, for his ruse had now perfectly succeeded.

While the soldiers pursued the cause of their disturbance in one direction, Waverley, adopting the hint of his remaining attendant, made the best of his speed in that which his guide originally intended to pursue, and which now (the attention of the soldiers being drawn to a different quarter) was unobserved and unguarded. When they had run about a quarter of a mile, the brow of a rising ground which they had surmounted concealed them from further risk of observation. They still heard, however, at a distance the shouts of the soldiers as they hallooed to each other upon the heath, and they could also hear the distant roll of a drum beating to arms in the same direction. But these hostile sounds were now far in the rear, and died away upon the breeze as they rapidly proceeded.

When they had walked about half an hour they came to a hollow, where they found several Highlanders, with a horse or two. Waverley was then mounted upon one of the horses,

a change which the fatigue of the night rendered exceedingly acceptable. His portmanteau was placed on another pony. Duncan, who had meantime returned in high spirits from baffling the outpost, mounted a third, and they set forward at a round pace, accompanied by their escort. At the dawn of morning they attained the banks of a rapid river.

On the opposite bank of the river, and partly surrounded by a winding of its stream, stood a large and massive castle, the half-ruined turrets of which were already glittering in the first rays of the sun. Upon one of these turrets a sentinel watched, whose bonnet and plaid streaming in the wind declared him to be a Highlander, as a broad white ensign, which floated from another tower, announced that the garrison was held by the insurgent adherents of the House of Stuart.

Passing hastily through a small and mean town, the party crossed an ancient and narrow bridge of several arches; turning to the left up an avenue of huge old sycamores, Waverley found himself in front of a huge iron-grated door, which formed the exterior defence of the gateway, and was already thrown back to receive them; and a second, heavily constructed of oak and studded thickly with iron nails, being next opened, admitted them into the interior courtyard. A gentleman, dressed in the Highland garb and having a white cockade in his bonnet, assisted Waverley to dismount from his horse, and with much courtesy bid him welcome to the castle.

The governor, for so we must term him, having conducted Waverley to a half-ruinous apartment, and having offered him any refreshment which he desired, was then about to leave him.

"Will you not add to your civilities," said Waverley, "by having the kindness to inform me where I am, and whether or not I am to consider myself as a prisoner?"

"I am not at liberty to be so explicit upon this subject as

I could wish. Briefly, however, you are in the Castle of Doune, in the district of Menteith, and in no danger whatever."

"And how am I assured of that?"

"By the honour of Donald Stewart, governor of the garrison, and lieutenant-colonel in the service of his Royal Highness Prince Charles Edward."

So saying, he hastily left the apartment, as if to avoid further discussion.

Exhausted by the fatigues of the night, our hero now threw himself upon the bed, and was in a few minutes fast asleep.

When Waverley awakened from his repose, the day was far advanced, and he began to feel that he had passed many hours without food. This was soon supplied in form of a copious breakfast. After four or five hours of solitude had elapsed, the trampling of horses was heard in the courtyard, and a servant acquainted Waverley an instant afterwards that his horse was ready.

Upon this hint he descended into the courtyard, and found a trooper holding a saddled horse, on which he mounted and sallied from the portal of Doune Castle, attended by about a score of armed men on horseback. These had less the appearance of regular soldiers than of individuals who had suddenly assumed arms from some pressing motive of unexpected emergency. But they were stout, hardy-looking fellows, and might be individually formidable as irregular cavalry. Their lieutenant, an elderly man, had much the air of a low sportsman and boon companion. His cocked hat was set knowingly upon one side of his head, and while he whistled the "Bob of Dumblain," under the influence of half a mutchkin[1] of brandy, he seemed to trot merrily forward, with a happy indifference to the state of the country, the conduct of the party, the end of the journey, and all sublunary matters whatever.

[1] an English pint.

From this wight, who now and then dropped alongside of his horse, Waverley hoped to acquire some information.

"Pray, sir, if it be not too great a freedom, may I beg to know where we are going just now?"

"A fule's errand, I fear," answered this communicative personage.

"In that case," said Waverley, determined not to spare civility, "I should have thought a person of your appearance would not have been found on the road."

"Vera true, vera true, sir," replied the officer, "but every why has its wherefore. Ye maun ken,[1] the laird there bought a' thir beasts frae me to munt his troop, and agreed to pay for them according to the necessities and prices of the time. But then he hadna the ready penny, and I hae been advised his bond will not be worth a boddle[2] against the estate, sae, sir, I thought my best chance for payment was e'en to *gae out*[3] mysell; and ye may judge, sir, as I hae dealt a' my life in halters, I think na mickle o' putting my craig[4] in peril of a St. Johnstone's tippet."[5]

"You are not, then, by profession a soldier?" said Waverley.

But at this point the noble captain checked his horse until they came up, and then, without directly appearing to notice Edward, said sternly to the lieutenant, "I thought, lieutenant, my orders were preceese, that no one should speak to the prisoner?"

The metamorphosed horse-dealer was silenced, of course, and slunk to the rear.

Marching in this manner they reached an eminence, from which they could view Edinburgh stretching along the ridgy hill which slopes eastward from the Castle. The latter, being

[1] you must know. [2] A copper coin worth the sixth part of an English penny.

[3] To *go out*, was, in Scotland, a conventional phrase, meaning to engage in insurrection.

[4] neck.

[5] That is, a halter. St. John's Town was another name for Perth, where capital punishment was inflicted upon criminals of the region roundabout.

in a state of siege, or rather of blockade, by the northern insurgents, who had already occupied the town for two or three days, fired at intervals upon such parties of Highlanders as exposed themselves, either on the main street or elsewhere in the vicinity of the fortress.

Ere they approached the city the partial cannonade had wholly ceased. The party approached the ancient palace of Holyrood, drew up in front of that venerable pile, and delivered Waverley to the custody of a guard of Highlanders, whose officer conducted him into the interior of the building.

A long, low, and ill-proportioned gallery, hung with pictures, served as a sort of guard chamber to the apartments which the adventurous Charles Edward now occupied in the palace of his ancestors. Officers, both in the Highland and Lowland garb, passed and repassed in haste, or loitered in the hall as if waiting for orders. Secretaries were engaged in making out passes, musters, and returns. Waverley was suffered to remain seated in the recess of a window, unnoticed by any one, in anxious reflection upon the crisis of his fate, which seemed now rapidly approaching.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### AN OLD AND A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

WHILE he was deep sunk in his reverie, the rustle of tartans was heard behind him.

Waverley turned, and was warmly embraced by Fergus Mac-Ivor. "A thousand welcomes to Holyrood, once more possessed by her legitimate sovereign!"

"Dear Fergus!" said Waverley, eagerly returning his greeting. "It is long since I have heard a friend's voice. Where is Flora?"

"Safe, and a triumphant spectator of our success."

"In this place?" said Waverley.

"Ay, in this city at least," answered his friend, "and you shall see her; but first you must meet a friend whom you little think of, who has been frequent in his inquiries after you."

Thus saying, he dragged Waverley by the arm out of the guard chamber, and ere he knew where he was conducted, Edward found himself in a presence room, fitted up with some attempt at royal state.

A young man, wearing his own fair hair, distinguished by the dignity of his mien and the noble expression of his well-formed and regular features, advanced out of a circle of military gentlemen and Highland chiefs by whom he was surrounded. In his easy and graceful manners Waverley afterwards thought he could have discovered his high birth and rank, although the star on his breast and the embroidered garter at his knee had not appeared as its indications.

"Let me present to your Royal Highness," said Fergus, bowing profoundly——

"The descendant of one of the most ancient and loyal families in England," said the young Chevalier, interrupting him. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my dear Mac-Ivor; but no master of ceremonies is necessary to present a Waverley to a Stuart."

Thus saying, he extended his hand to Edward with the utmost courtesy, who could not, had he desired it, have avoided rendering him the homage which seemed due to his rank. "I am sorry to understand, Mr. Waverley, that owing to circumstances which have been as yet but ill explained, you have suffered some restraint among my followers in Perthshire and on your march here; but we are in such a situation that we hardly know our friends, and I am even at this moment uncertain whether I can have the pleasure of considering Mr. Waverley as among mine."

He then paused for an instant; but before Edward could

adjust a suitable reply, the Prince took out a paper and then proceeded : "I should indeed have no doubts upon this subject if I could trust to this proclamation, set forth by the friends of the Elector of Hanover, in which they rank Mr. Waverley among the nobility and gentry who are menaced with the pains of high treason for loyalty to their legitimate sovereign. But I desire to gain no adherents save from affection and conviction; and if Mr. Waverley inclines to prosecute his journey to the south, or to join the forces of the Elector, he shall have my passport and free permission to do so; and I can only regret that my present power will not extend to protect him against the probable consequences of such a measure. But," continued Charles Edward, after another short pause, "if Mr. Waverley should determine to embrace a cause which has little to recommend it but its justice, and follow a prince who throws himself upon the affections of his people to recover the throne of his ancestors or perish in the attempt, I can only say, that among these nobles and gentlemen he will find worthy associates in a gallant enterprise, and will follow a master who may be unfortunate, but, I trust, will never be ungrateful."

The politic Chieftain of the race of Ivor knew his advantage in introducing Waverley to this personal interview with the royal adventurer. Unaccustomed to the address and manners of a polished court, in which Charles was eminently skilful, his words and his kindness penetrated the heart of our hero. To be thus personally solicited for assistance by a prince whose form and manners, as well as the spirit which he displayed in this singular enterprise, answered his ideas of a hero of romance; to be courted by him in the ancient halls of his paternal palace, recovered by the sword which he was already bending towards other conquests, gave Edward, in his own eyes, the dignity and importance which he had ceased to consider as his attributes. The time admitted of no deliberation, and Waverley, kneeling to Charles Edward,

devoted his heart and sword to the vindication of his rights.

The Prince raised Waverley from the ground and embraced him with an expression of thanks too warm not to be genuine. He also presented Waverley to the various noblemen, chieftains, and officers who were about his person as a young gentleman of the highest hopes and prospects.

"You have been secluded so much from intelligence, Mr. Waverley, from causes of which I am but indistinctly informed, that I presume you are even yet unacquainted with the important particulars of my present situation. You have, however, heard of my landing in the remote district of Moidart, with only seven attendants, and of the numerous chiefs and clans whose loyal enthusiasm at once placed a solitary adventurer at the head of a gallant army. You must also, I think, have learned that the commander-in-chief of the Hanoverian Elector, Sir John Cope, marched into the Highlands at the head of a numerous and well-appointed military force with the intention of giving us battle, but that his courage failed him when we were within three hours' march of each other, so that he fairly gave us the slip and marched northward to Aberdeen, leaving the Low Country open and undefended. Not to lose so favourable an opportunity, I marched on to this metropolis, driving before me two regiments of horse, Gardiner's and Hamilton's, who had threatened to cut to pieces every Highlander that should venture to pass Stirling; and while discussions were carrying forward among the magistracy and citizens of Edinburgh whether they should defend themselves or surrender, my good friend Lochiel (laying his hand on the shoulder of that gallant and accomplished chieftain) saved them the trouble of further deliberation by entering the gates with five hundred Camerons. Thus far, therefore, we have done well; but, in the meanwhile, this doughty general's nerves being braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, he has taken shipping

for Dunbar, and I have just received certain information that he landed there yesterday. His purpose must unquestionably be to march towards us to recover possession of the capital. Will Mr. Waverley favour us with his opinion upon our best course of action in these arduous circumstances?"

Waverley coloured high betwixt pleasure and modesty at the distinction implied in this question, and answered that he could not venture to offer an opinion as derived from military skill, but that the counsel would be far the most acceptable to him which should first afford him an opportunity to evince his zeal in his Royal Highness's service.

"Spoken like a Waverley!" answered Charles Edward; "and that you may hold a rank in some degree corresponding to your name, allow me, instead of the captain's commission which you have lost, to offer you the brevet rank of major in my service, with the advantage of acting as one of my aides-de-camp until you can be attached to a regiment."

"Your Royal Highness will forgive me," answered Waverley, "if I decline accepting any rank until the time and place where I may have interest enough to raise a sufficient body of men to make my command useful to your Royal Highness's service. In the meanwhile, I hope for your permission to serve as a volunteer under my friend Fergus MacIvor."

"At least," said the Prince, who was obviously pleased with this proposal, "allow me the pleasure of arming you after the Highland fashion." With these words, he unbuckled the broadsword which he wore, the belt of which was plaited with silver, and the steel basket-hilt richly and curiously inlaid. "The blade," said the Prince, "is a genuine Andrea Ferrara[1]; it has been a sort of heirloom in our

[1] The name of Andrea de Ferrara was inscribed on all Scottish broadswords which were accounted of especial excellence. Who the artificer was is uncertain, but he was probably an Italian or Spaniard brought to Scotland in the sixteenth century to teach the Scots the art of making sword blades.

family; but I am convinced I put it into better hands than my own, and will add to it pistols of the same workmanship. Colonel Mac-Ivor, you must have much to say to your friend; I will detain you no longer from your private conversation; but remember we expect you both to attend us in the evening."

Thus licensed the Chief and Waverley left the presence chamber.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE MYSTERY BEGINS TO BE CLEARED UP.

"How do you like him?" was Fergus's first question, as they descended the large stone staircase.

"A prince to live and die under," was Waverley's enthusiastic answer.

"I knew you would think so. And yet he has his foibles, or rather he has difficult cards to play, and his Irish officers, who are much about him, are but sorry advisers: they cannot discriminate among the numerous pretensions that are set up.—But we must have you properly equipped for the evening in a new costume; for, to say truth, your outward man is scarce fit for a court."

The necessary directions given, the Chieftain resumed the subject of Waverley's adventures. "It is plain," he said, "that you have been in the custody of Donald Bean Lean. I recognise his hand particularly in the mode of your rescue from that canting rascal Gilfillan, and I have little doubt that Donald himself played the part of the pedlar on that occasion; but how he should not have plundered you, or put you to ransom, or availed himself in some way or other of your activity for his own advantage, passes my judgment."

"When and how did you hear the intelligence of my confinement?" asked Waverley.

"The Prince himself told me," said Fergus, "and inquired very minutely into your history. He then mentioned your being at that moment in the power of one of our northern parties, and requested my opinion about disposing of you. I recommended that you should be brought here as a prisoner, because I did not want to prejudice you farther with the English government, in case you pursued your purpose of going southward. I knew nothing, you must recollect, of the charge brought against you of aiding and abetting high treason, which, I presume, had some share in changing your original plan."

"Now surely, my dear Fergus," said Waverley, "you may find time to tell me something of Flora."

"Why," replied Fergus, "I can only tell you that she is well, and residing for the present with a relation in this city. She and I had a quarrel about her not appearing to take leave of you. I am unwilling to renew it by soliciting her to receive you this morning; and perhaps my doing so might not only be ineffectual, but prevent your meeting this evening."

While thus conversing, Waverley heard in the court, before the windows of the parlour, the well-known voice of the Baron of Bradwardine. A moment later he hove in sight. The uniform in which he was now attired, a blue coat, namely, with gold lace, a scarlet waistcoat and breeches, and immense jack-boots, seemed to have added fresh stiffness and rigidity to his tall, perpendicular figure.

He received Waverley with his usual kindness, and expressed immediate anxiety to hear an explanation of the circumstances attending the loss of his commission in Gardiner's dragoons. Fergus Mac-Ivor, who had now joined them, went hastily over the circumstances of Waverley's story, and concluded with the flattering reception he had met from the young Chevalier. The Baron listened in silence, and at the conclusion shook Waverley heartily by the hand and congrat-

ulated him upon entering the service of his lawful Prince. "For," continued he, "although it has been justly held in all nations a matter of scandal and dishonour to infringe the *sacramentum militare,*[1] and that whether it was taken by each soldier singly, or by one soldier in name of the rest, yet no one ever doubted that the allegiance so sworn was discharged by the *dimissio,* or discharging of a soldier, whose case would be as hard as that of colliers, salters, and other *adscripti glebæ,* or slaves of the soil, were it to be accounted otherwise."

As soon as opportunity offered, Waverley made inquiry after Miss Bradwardine, and was informed she had come to Edinburgh with Flora Mac-Ivor, under guard of a party of the Chieftain's men. This step was, indeed, necessary, Tully-Veolan having become a very unpleasant, and even dangerous, place of residence for an unprotected young lady, on account of its vicinity to one or two large villages which had declared themselves on the side of government, and formed irregular bodies of partizans, who had frequent skirmishes with the mountaineers, and sometimes attacked the houses of the Jacobite gentry in the braes,[2] or frontier betwixt the mountain and the plain.

"I would propose to you," continued the Baron, "to walk as far as my quarters in the Luckenbooths, and to admire in your passage the High Street, whilk[3] is, beyond a shadow of dubitation, finer than any street whether in London or Paris. Rose, poor thing, is sorely discomposed with the firing of the Castle, though I have proved to her that it is impossible a bullet can reach these buildings. But I stand here talking to you two youngsters when I should be in the King's Park. I'll join you later."

So saying, he took leave of his friends and went to look after the charge which had been assigned him.

[1] military oath. [2] hills. [3] which.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE BALL.

When the hour for the ball arrived, Waverley, with the Baron and the Chieftain, proceeded to Holyrood House. The two last were in full tide of spirits, and the Baron rallied in his way our hero upon the handsome figure which his new dress displayed to advantage.

It was not long before the lover's eye discovered the object of his attachment. Flora Mac-Ivor was in the act of returning to her seat, near the top[1] of the room, with Rose Bradwardine by her side. Among much elegance and beauty, they had attracted a great degree of the public attention. The Prince took much notice of both, particularly of Flora, with whom he danced, a preference which she probably owed to her foreign education and command of the French and Italian languages.

When the bustle attending the conclusion of the dance permitted, Edward almost intuitively followed Fergus to the place where Miss Mac-Ivor was seated. The sensation of hope with which he had nursed his affection in absence of the beloved object seemed to vanish in her presence. He accompanied Fergus with downcast eyes, tingling ears, and the feelings of the criminal who, while the melancholy cart moves slowly through the crowds that have assembled to behold his execution, receives no clear sensation either from the noise which fills his ears or the tumult on which he casts his wandering look.

Flora seemed a little—a very little—affected and discomposed at his approach. "I bring you an adopted son of Ivor," said Fergus.

"And I receive him as a second brother," replied Flora.

[1] *i.e.* at the further end.

There was a slight emphasis on the word, which would have escaped every ear but one that was feverish with apprehension. It was, however, distinctly marked. Edward stopped, bowed, and looked at Fergus, who bit his lip, a movement of anger which proved that he also had put a sinister interpretation on the reception which his sister had given his friend. "This, then, is an end of my day-dream!" Such was Waverley's first thought, and it was so exquisitely painful as to banish from his cheek every drop of blood.

"Good God!" said Rose Bradwardine, "he is not yet recovered!"

These words, which she uttered with great emotion, were overheard by the Chevalier himself, who stepped hastily forward, and, taking Waverley by the hand, inquired kindly after his health, and added that he wished to speak with him. By a strong and sudden effort Waverley recovered himself so far as to follow the Chevalier in silence to a recess in the apartment.

Here the Prince detained him some time, asking various questions about the great Tory and Catholic families of England, their connexions, their influence, and the state of their affections towards the house of Stuart. To these queries Edward could not at any time have given more than general answers, and it may be supposed that, in the present state of his feelings, his responses were indistinct even to confusion. The Chevalier smiled once or twice at the incongruity of his replies, but continued the same style of conversation, although he found himself obliged to occupy the principal share of it until he perceived that Waverley had recovered his presence of mind. "I cannot resist the temptation," he said, "of boasting of my own discretion as a lady's confidant. You see, Mr. Waverley, that I know all, and I assure you I am deeply interested in the affair. But, my good young friend, you must put a more severe restraint upon your feelings. There are many here whose eyes can see as clearly as mine,

but the prudence of whose tongues may not be equally trusted."

So saying, he turned easily away and joined a circle of officers at a few paces' distance, leaving Waverley to meditate upon his parting expression, which, though not intelligible to him in its whole purport, was sufficiently so in the caution which the last word recommended. Making, therefore, an effort to show himself worthy of the interest which his new master had expressed, by instant obedience to his recommendation, he walked up to the spot where Flora and Miss Bradwardine were still seated, and succeeded, even beyond his own expectation, in entering into conversation upon general topics.

Flora Mac-Ivor appeared to be the only female present who regarded him with a degree of coldness and reserve ; yet even she could not suppress a sort of wonder at talents which she had never seen displayed with equal brilliancy.

With different feelings Rose Bradwardine bent her whole soul to listen. She felt a secret triumph at the public tribute paid to one whose merit she had learned to prize too early and too fondly. Without a thought of jealousy, without a feeling of fear, pain, or doubt, and undisturbed by a single selfish consideration, she resigned herself to the pleasure of observing the general murmur of applause. When Waverley spoke, her ear was exclusively filled with his voice; when others answered, her eye took its turn of observation, and seemed to watch his reply.

"Baron," said the Chevalier, "I would not trust my mistress in the company of your young friend. He is really, though perhaps somewhat romantic, one of the most fascinating young men whom I have ever seen."

The Prince then led the way to another suite of apartments, and assumed the seat and canopy at the head of a long range of tables with an air of dignity, mingled with courtesy, which well became his high birth and lofty pretensions. An hour

had hardly flown away when the musicians played the signal for parting so well known in Scotland.

"Good-night, then," said the Chevalier, rising; "good-night and joy be with you! Good-night, fair ladies, who have so highly honoured a proscribed and banished Prince! good-night, my brave friends; may the happiness we have this evening experienced be an omen of our return to these our paternal halls, speedily and in triumph, and of many and many future meetings of mirth and pleasure in the palace of Holyrood!"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE MARCH.

THE conflicting passions and exhausted feelings of Waverley had resigned him to late but sound repose. He was aroused by Callum's brogue in his apartment.

"Winna yer honour bang[1] up? Vich Ian Vohr and ta Prince are awa to the lang green glen ahint the clachan,[2] tat they ca' the King's Park, and mony ane's on his ain shanks the day that will be carried on ither folk's ere night."

Waverley sprung up, and, with Callum's assistance and instructions, adjusted his tartans in proper costume. Callum told him also, "tat his leather *dorlach*[3] wi' the lock on her was come frae Doune, and she was awa again in the wain wi' Vich Ian Vohr's walise."

By this periphrasis Waverley readily apprehended his portmanteau was intended. He thought upon the mysterious packet of the maid of the cavern, which seemed always to escape him when within his very grasp. But this was no time for indulgence of curiosity; and he made his adieus and departed with Callum.

Upon extricating themselves from the mean and dirty sub-

[1] spring. [2] behind the little village. [3] baggage-piece.

urbs of the metropolis, and emerging into the open air, Waverley felt a renewal both of health and spirits.

When he had surmounted a small craggy eminence called St. Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's Seat and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders, now in the act of preparing for their march. The rocks, which formed the background of the scene, and the very sky itself, rang with the clang of the bagpipers, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chieftain and clan.

The sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangements of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle. They had no tents to strike, having generally and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the autumn was now waning and the nights began to be frosty. For a little space, while they were getting into order, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering word of Clanronald; of the MacFarlanes; of the Marquis of Tullibardine; of Lord Lewis Gordon; and the appropriate signal words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.

At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great lenth, stretching through the whole extent of the valley. In the front of the column the standard of the Chevalier was displayed, bearing a red cross upon a white ground, with the motto *Tandem Triumphans.*[1]

While Waverley gazed upon this remarkable spectacle, rendered yet more impressive by the occasional discharge of cannon-shot from the Castle at the Highland guards as they were

[1] *i.e.* at length triumphant.

withdrawn from its vicinity to join their main body, Callum, with his usual freedom of interference, reminded him that Vich Ian Vohr's folk were nearly at the head of the column of march, which was still distant, and that "they would gang very fast after the canon fired." Thus admonished, Waverley walked briskly forward, yet often casting a glance upon the darksome clouds of warriors who were collected before and beneath him. A nearer view, indeed, rather diminished the effect impressed on the mind by the more distant appearance of the army. The leading men of each clan were well armed with broadsword, target,[1] and fusee,[2] to which all added the dirk, and most the steel pistol. Finer and hardier men could not have been selected out of any army in Christendom.

But, in a lower rank to these, there were found individuals of an inferior description, the common peasantry of the Highland country, who bore the livery of extreme penury, being indifferently accoutred, and worse armed, half naked, stinted in growth, and miserable in aspect.

It cannot therefore be wondered if Waverley, who had hitherto judged of the Highlanders generally from the samples which Fergus had from time to time exhibited, should have felt damped and astonished at the daring attempt of a body not then exceeding four thousand men, and of whom not above half the number, at the utmost, were armed, to change the fate and alter the dynasty of the British kingdoms.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### AN INCIDENT GIVES RISE TO UNAVAILING REFLECTIONS.

When Waverley reached that part of the column which was filled by the clan of Mac-Ivor, they halted, formed, and re-

[1] a small, circular shield. [2] a flintlock gun.

ceived him with a triumphant flourish upon the bagpipes and a loud shout of the men, most of whom knew him personally, and were delighted to see him in the dress of their country and of their sept.[1]

The route pursued by the Highland army, after leaving the village of Duddingston, was for some time the common post-road betwixt Edinburgh and Haddington, until they crossed the Esk at Musselburgh, when, instead of keeping the low grounds towards the sea, they turned more inland, and occupied the brow of the eminence called Carberry Hill. This direction was chosen because the Chevalier had received notice that the army of the government, arriving by sea from Aberdeen, had landed at Dunbar, and quartered the night before to the west of Haddington, with the intention of falling down towards the sea-side, and approaching Edinburgh by the lower coast-road. By keeping the height, which overhung that road in many places, it was hoped the Highlanders might find an opportunity of attacking them to advantage. While they remained in this position a messenger arrived in haste to desire Mac-Ivor to come to the Prince, adding that their advanced post had had a skirmish with some of the enemy's cavalry, and that the Baron of Bradwardine had sent in a few prisoners.

Waverley walked forward out of the line to satisfy his curiosity, and soon observed five or six of the troopers who, covered with dust, had galloped in to announce that the enemy were in full march westward along the coast. Passing still a little farther on, he was struck with a groan which issued from a hovel. He approached the spot, and heard a voice, in the provincial English of his native county, which endeavoured, though frequently interrupted by pain, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He entered the hovel, and in its obscurity Edward could only at first discern a sort of red bundle ; for those who had stripped the wounded man of his arms and part of

[1] clan.

his clothes had left him the dragoon-cloak in which he was enveloped.

"For the love of God," said the wounded man, as he heard Waverley's step, "give me a single drop of water!"

"You shall have it," answered Waverley, at the same time raising him in his arms, bearing him to the door of the hut, and giving him some drink from his flask.

"I should know that voice," said the man; but looking on Waverley's dress with a bewildered look—"no, this is not the young squire!"

This was the common phrase by which Edward was distinguished on the estate of Waverley-Honour, and the sound now thrilled to his heart with the thousand recollections which the well-known accents of his native country had already contributed to awaken. "Houghton!" said he, gazing on the ghastly features which death was fast disfiguring, "can this be you?"

"I never thought to hear an English voice again," said the wounded man; "they left me to live or die here as I could, when they found I would say nothing about the strength of the regiment. But oh, squire! how could you stay from us so long, and let us be tempted by that fiend of the pit, Ruffin? We should have followed you through flood and fire, to be sure."

"Ruffin! I assure you, Houghton, you have been vilely imposed upon."

"I often thought so," said Houghton, "though they showed us your very seal; and so Tims was shot and I was reduced to the ranks."

"Do not exhaust your strength in speaking," said Edward: "I will get you a surgeon presently."

He saw Mac-Ivor approaching, who was now returning from headquarters, where he had attended a council of war, and hastened to meet him. "Brave news!" shouted the Chief; "we shall be at it in less than two hours. The Prince has

put himself at the head of the advance. Come, Waverley, we move instantly."

"A moment—a moment; this poor prisoner is dying; where shall I find a surgeon?"

"Why, where should you? We have none, you know, but two or three French fellows, who, I believe, are little better than *garçons apothécaires.*" [1]

"But the man will bleed to death."

"Poor fellow!" said Fergus in a momentary fit of compassion; then instantly added, "But it will be a thousand men's fate before night; so come along."

"I cannot; I tell you he is a son of a tenant of my uncle's."

"Oh, if he's a follower of yours he must be looked to; I'll send Callum to you; but," continued the impatient Chieftain, what made an old soldier like Bradwardine send dying men here to cumber us?"

Callum came with his usual alertness. In about a quarter of an hour poor Humphrey breathed his last, praying his young master, when he returned to Waverley-Honour, to be kind to old Job Houghton and his dame, and conjuring him not to fight with these wild petticoat-men against old England.

When his last breath was drawn, Waverley, who had beheld with sincere sorrow, and no slight tinge of remorse, the final agonies of mortality, now witnessed for the first time, commanded Callum to remove the body into the hut. It was by a considerable exertion that they regained their place in the marching column, which was now moving rapidly forward to occupy the high grounds above the village of Tranent, between which and the sea lay the purposed march of the opposite army.

This melancholy interview with his late sergeant forced many unavailing and painful reflections upon Waverley's

[1] druggists' clerks.

mind. It was clear from the confession of the man that Colonel Gardiner's proceedings had been strictly warranted, and even rendered indispensable, by the steps taken in Edward's name to induce the soldiers of his troop to mutiny. The circumstances of the seal he now, for the first time, recollected, and that he had lost it in the cavern of the robber, Bean Lean. That the artful villain had secured it, and used it as the means of carrying on an intrigue in the regiment for his own purposes, was sufficiently evident; and Edward had now little doubt that in the packet placed in his portmanteau by his daughter he should find farther light upon his proceedings. In the mean while the repeated expostulation of Houghton, "Ah, squire, why did you leave us?" rung like a knell in his ears.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE EVE OF BATTLE.

ALTHOUGH the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northward to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. One of the low coast-roads to Edinburgh passed through this plain. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most commodious for his cavalry and being probably of opinion that by doing so he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgment of the Chevalier, or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.

When the Highlanders reached the heights above the plain described, they were immediately formed in array of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and inclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level plain between the high ground and the sea; the space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth. Waverley could plainly see the squadrons of dragoons issue, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposite to that of the Prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, which, when they reached the flank of the dragoons, were also brought into line and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infantry marching in open column, their fixed bayonets showing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glancing like lightning, as, at a signal given, they also at once wheeled up, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the whole line facing southward.

While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders showed equal promptitude and zeal for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line, so that both armies got into complete order of battle at the same moment. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud shout of defiance, and fired one or two of their cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack.

But the ground through which the mountaineers must have descended, although not of great extent, was impracticable in its character, being not only marshy, but intersected with walls

of dry stone, and traversed in its whole length by a very broad and deep ditch, circumstances which must have given the musketry of the regulars dreadful advantages before the mountaineers could have used their swords, on which they were taught to rely. The authority of the commanders was therefore interposed to curb the impetuosity of the Highlanders, and only a few marksmen were sent down the descent to skirmish with the enemy's advanced posts and to reconnoitre the ground.

The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contest of individual sharpshooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, as a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the views of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets the peasantry cautiously showed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another chieftain, received orders to detach their clans towards the village of Preston, in order to threaten the right flank of Cope's army and compel him to a change of position. To enable him to execute these orders, the Chief of Glennaquoich occupied the churchyard of Tranent, a commanding situation, and a convenient place, as Evan Dhu remarked, "for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and chanced to be curious about Christian burial." To check or dislodge this party, the English general detached two guns, escorted by a strong party of cavalry. They approached so near that Waverley could plainly recognise the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and hear the trumpets and kettle-drums sound the signal of advance which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-

known word given in the English dialect by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding officer, for whom he had once felt so much respect. It was at that instant that, looking around him, he saw the wild dress of his Highland associates, heard their whispers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and unnatural. "Good God!" he muttered, "am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England!"

Ere he could digest or smother the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. "I can hit him now," said Callum, cautiously raising his fusee over the wall under which he lay couched, at scarce sixty yards' distance.

Edward felt as if he was about to see a parricide committed in his presence; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran recalled the almost paternal respect with which his officers universally regarded him. But ere he could say "Hold!" an aged Highlander who lay beside Callum Beg stopped his arm. "Spare your shot," said the seer, "his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow; I see his winding-sheet high upon his breast."

Callum, flint to other considerations, was penetrable to superstition. He turned pale, and recovered his piece. Colonel Gardiner, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclined towards the sea and the other resting upon the village of Preston; and, as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This alteration created the necessity of a corresponding change in

General Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders. In these manœuvres on both sides the daylight was nearly consumed, and both armies prepared to rest upon their arms for the night in the lines which they respectively occupied.

"There will be nothing done to-night," said Fergus to his friend Waverley; "let us wrap ourselves in our plaids and get a little sleep."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### THE CONFLICT.

When Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened and summoned to attend the Prince. The distant village-clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. "Courage, my brave friends!" said the Chevalier, "and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest."

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The head of the marching column, continuing its

descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog which rolled its white waves over the whole plain and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness—a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist: "Who goes there?"

"Hush!" cried Fergus! "Let none answer, as he values his life. Press forward;" and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carabine, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. "That loon will give the alarm," said the Baron of Bradwardine.

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general.[1] Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or stubble field, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the Prince headed in person, remained between the two lines.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans of which it was composed formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength

[1] general alarm.

of the following. The best armed were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse and additional ardour and confidence to those who were first to encounter the danger.

"Down with your plaid, Waverley," cried Fergus, throwing off his own; "we'll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea."

The clansmen on every side stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven and uttered a short prayer; then pulled their bonnets over their brows and began to move forward, at first slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as if it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour—it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapours rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

"Forward, sons of Ivor," cried their chief, "or the Camerons will draw the first blood!" They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received

an irregular fire from their fusees as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing, alone and unsupported, by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors, and, reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well, and not to pillage his person.

On Edward's right the battle for a few minutes raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans ; and in the personal struggle which ensued the nature of the Highlanders' weapons, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed

Colonel Gardiner, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man became the instant object of his most anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognise Edward, for he fixed his eyes upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful, look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator.

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were scattered all over the country.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE ENGLISH PRISONER.

THE first occupation of Waverley, when leisure afforded, was to go in quest of the officer whose life he had saved. He

was guarded, along with his companions in misfortune, who were very numerous, in a gentleman's house near the field of battle.

On entering the room where they stood crowded together, Waverley easily recognised the object of his visit by the peculiar dignity of his appearance.

Waverley, approaching the English officer, expressed his anxiety to do anything which might contribute to his convenience.

"I am not so inexperienced a soldier, sir," answered the Englishman, "as to complain of the fortune of war. I am only grieved to see such scenes acted in our own island."

"Another such day as this," said Waverley, "and I trust the cause of your regrets will be removed, and all will again return to peace and order."

The officer smiled and shook his head. "I must not forget my situation so far as to attempt a formal confutation of that opinion; but, notwithstanding your success and valour, you have undertaken a task to which your strength appears wholly inadequate."

At this moment Fergus pushed into the press.

"Come, Edward, come along; the Prince has gone to Pinkie House for the night; and we must follow. Come along, Waverley."

"Waverley!" said the English officer, with great emotion; "the nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, of ——shire?"

"The same, sir," replied our hero, somewhat surprised at the tone in which he was addressed.

"Did your uncle never mention a friend called Talbot?"

"I have heard him talk with great regard of such a person," replied Edward; "a colonel, I believe, in the army, and the husband of Lady Emily Blandeville; but I thought Colonel Talbot had been abroad."

"I am just returned," answered the officer; "and being in Scotland, thought it my duty to act where my services prom-

ised to be useful. Yes, Mr. Waverley, I am that Colonel Talbot, the husband of the lady you have named; and I am proud to acknowledge that I owe alike my professional rank and my domestic happiness to your generous and noble-minded relative. Good God! that I should find his nephew in such a dress, and engaged in such a cause!"

"Sir," said Fergus, haughtily, "the dress and cause are those of men of birth and honour."

"My situation forbids me to dispute your assertion," said Colonel Talbot; "otherwise it were no difficult matter to show that neither courage nor pride of lineage can gild a bad cause. But, with Mr. Waverley's permission, and yours, sir, if yours also must be asked, I would willingly speak a few words with him on affairs connected with his own family."

"Mr. Waverley, sir, regulates his own motions. You will follow me, I suppose, to Pinkie," said Fergus turning to Edward, "when you have finished." So saying, the Chief of Glennaquoich adjusted his plaid with rather more than his usual air of haughty assumption and left the apartment.

The interest of Waverley readily procured for Colonel Talbot the freedom of adjourning to a large garden belonging to his place of confinement. They walked a few paces in silence, Colonel Talbot apparently studying how to open what he had to say; at length he addressed Edward.

"Mr. Waverley, you have this day saved my life; and yet I would to God that I had lost it, ere I had found you wearing the uniform and cockade of these men."

"I forgive your reproach, Colonel Talbot; it is well meant, and your education and prejudices render it natural. But there is nothing extraordinary in finding a man whose honour has been publicly and unjustly assailed in the situation which promised most fair to afford him satisfaction on his calumniators."

"I should rather say, in the situation most likely to confirm the reports which they have circulated," said Colonel Talbot,

"Are you aware, Mr. Waverley, of the infinite distress, and even danger, which your present conduct has occasioned to your nearest relatives?"

"Danger!"

"Yes, sir, danger. When I left England your uncle and father had been obliged to find bail to answer a charge of treason, to which they were only admitted by the exertion of the most powerful interest. I came down to Scotland with the sole purpose of rescuing you from the gulf into which you have precipitated yourself; nor can I estimate the consequences to your family of your having openly joined the rebellion, since the very suspicion of your intention was so perilous to them."

"I am really ignorant," said Waverley, in a tone of reserve, "why Colonel Talbot should have taken so much trouble on my account."

"Mr. Waverley," answered Talbot, "I am dull at apprehending irony; and therefore I shall answer your words according to their plain meaning. I am indebted to your uncle for benefits greater than those which a son owes to a father."

"On my return to England," continued Colonel Talbot, "after long absence, I found your uncle, Sir Everard Waverley, in the custody of a king's messenger, in consequence of the suspicion brought upon him by your conduct. I found him in confinement, rendered harsher to him by his habits of life, his natural dignity of feeling, and—forgive me, Mr. Waverley—by the cause through which this calamity had come upon him. I cannot disguise from you my feelings upon this occasion; they were most painfully unfavourable to you. Having by my family interest, which you probably know is not inconsiderable, succeeded in obtaining Sir Everard's release, I set out for Scotland. I saw Colonel Gardiner, a man whose fate alone is sufficient to render this insurrection for ever execrable. In the course of conversation with

him I found that, from late circumstances, from a re-examination of the persons engaged in the mutiny, and from his original good opinion of your character, he was much softened towards you; and I doubted not that, if I could be so fortunate as to discover you, all might yet be well. But this unnatural rebellion has ruined all. And now I find the heir of my dearest friend sharing a triumph for which he ought the first to have blushed. Why should I lament Gardiner? his lot was happy compared to mine!"

Edward stood mortified, abashed, and distressed in presence of the prisoner who owed to him his life not many hours before. He was not sorry when Fergus interrupted their conference a second time.

"His Royal Highness commands Mr. Waverley's attendance." Colonel Talbot threw upon Edward a reproachful glance, which did not escape the quick eye of the Highland Chief. "His *immediate* attendance," he repeated, with considerable emphasis. Waverley turned again towards the Colonel.

"We shall meet again," he said; "in the mean while, every possible accommodation——"

"I desire none," said the Colonel; "let me fare like the meanest of those brave men who, on this day of calamity, have preferred wounds and captivity to flight; I would almost exchange places with one of those who have.fallen to know that my words have made a suitable impression on your mind."

"Let Colonel Talbot be carefully secured," said Fergus to the Highland officer who commanded the guard over the prisoners; "it is the Prince's particular command; he is a prisoner of the utmost importance."

"But let him want no accommodation suitable to his rank," said Waverley.

"Consistent always with secure custody," reiterated Fergus. The officer signified his acquiescence in both com-

mands, and Edward followed Fergus to the garden-gate, where Callum Beg, with three saddle-horses, awaited them.

The Chevalier received Waverley with his usual favour, and paid him many compliments on his distinguished bravery. He then took him apart, made many inquiries concerning Colonel Talbot, and when he had received all the information which Edward was able to give, he proceeded: "I cannot but think, Mr. Waverley, that since this gentleman is so particularly connected with our worthy and excellent friend, Sir Everard Waverley, the Colonel's own private sentiments cannot be unfavourable to us, whatever mask he may have assumed to accommodate himself to the times."

"If I am to judge from the language he this day held to me, I am under the necessity of differing widely from your Royal Highness."

"Well, it is worth making a trial at least. I therefore entrust you with the charge of Colonel Talbot, with power to act concerning him as you think most advisable; and I hope you will find means of ascertaining what are his real dispositions towards our Royal Father's restoration. You will therefore receive him into your quarters, and in case he declines giving his parole, you must apply for a proper guard. I beg you will go about this directly. We return to Edinburgh to-morrow."

When Waverley returned to Preston and rejoined Colonel Talbot, he found him recovered from the strong and obvious emotions with which a concurrence of unpleasing events had affected him. He had regained his natural manner, which was that of an English gentleman and soldier, manly, open and generous, but not unsusceptible of prejudice against those of a different country, or who opposed him in political tenets. When Waverley acquainted Colonel Talbot with the Chevalier's purpose to commit him to his charge, "I did not think to have owed so much obligation to that young gentleman," he said. "I can at least cheerfully join in the prayer

of the honest Presbyterian clergyman, that, as he has come among us seeking an earthly crown, his labors may be speedily rewarded with a heavenly one. I shall willingly give my parole not to attempt an escape without your knowledge, since, in fact, it was to meet you that I came to Scotland."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### INTRIGUES OF POLITICS.

It is not necessary to record in these pages the triumphant entrance of the Chevalier into Edinburgh after the decisive affair at Preston.

Waverley was unavoidably delayed by the necessity of accompanying Colonel Talbot to that city.

They performed the journey together on horseback, and for some time, as if to sound each other's feelings and sentiments, they conversed upon general and ordinary topics.

When Waverley again entered upon the subject which he had most at heart, Colonel Talbot seemed now desirous to alleviate his anxiety. This appeared particularly to be the case when he heard Waverley's history.

"And so," said the Colonel, "there has been no malice prepense, as lawyers, I think, term it, in this rash step of yours. It is sadly foolish, to be sure, but not nearly so bad as I was led to expect. However, you cannot desert, even from the Pretender, at the present moment; that seems impossible. But I have little doubt that, in the dissensions incident to this heterogeneous mass of wild and desperate men, some opportunity may arise, by availing yourself of which you may extricate yourself honourably from your rash engagement before the bubble burst. If this can be managed, I would have you go to a place of safety in Flanders which I shall point out. And I think I can secure your pardon from government after a few months' residence abroad."

"I cannot permit you, Colonel Talbot," answered Waverley, "to speak of any plan which turns on my deserting an enterprise in which I may have engaged hastily, but certainly voluntarily, and with the purpose of abiding the issue."

In Edinburgh they soon arrived. Waverley's quarters had been assigned to him, by the Prince's express orders, in a handsome lodging, where there was accommodation for Colonel Talbot. His first business was to examine his portmanteau, and, after a very short search, out tumbled the expected packet. Waverley opened it eagerly. Under a blank cover, simply addressed to E. Waverley, Esq., he found a number of open letters. The uppermost were two from Colonel Gardiner addressed to himself. The earliest in date was a kind and gentle remonstrance for neglect of the writer's advice respecting the disposal of his time during his leave of absence, the renewal of which, he reminded Captain Waverley, would speedily expire. "I am concerned," the letter proceeded, "to add that there is some discontent in your troop, and I postpone inquiry into particulars until I can have the advantage of your assistance."

The second letter, dated eight days later, was in such a style as might have been expected from the Colonel's receiving no answer to the first. It reminded Waverley of his duty as a man of honour, an officer, and a Briton; took notice of the increasing dissatisfaction of his men, and that some of them had been heard to hint that their Captain encouraged and approved of their mutinous behaviour; and, finally, the writer expressed the utmost regret and surprise that he had not obeyed his commands by repairing to headquarters, reminded him that his leave of absence had been recalled, and conjured him to redeem his error by immediately joining his regiment. "That I may be certain," concluded the letter, "that this actually reaches you, I despatch it by Corporal Tims of your troop, with orders to deliver it into your own hand."

Upon reading these letters Waverley, with great bitterness of feeling, was compelled to make the *amende honorable*[1] to the memory of the brave and excellent writer; for surely, as Colonel Gardiner must have had every reason to conclude they had come safely to hand, less could not follow than that third and final summons, which Waverley actually received at Glennaquoich, though too late to obey it. And his being superseded, in consequence of his apparent neglect of this last command, was so far from being a harsh or severe proceeding, that it was plainly inevitable.

"What do you think of all this?" said Colonel Talbot, to whom Waverley handed the letters after he had perused them.

"Think! it renders thought impossible. It is enough to drive me mad."

"Be calm, my young friend; let us see what are these dirty scrawls that follow."

The first was addressed, "For Master W. Ruffin, These."

"Dear sur, sum of our yong gulpins[2] will not bite, thof I tuold them you shoed me the squoire's own seel. But Tims will deliver you the letters as desired, and tell ould Addem he gave them to squoir's hond, as to be sure yours is the same, and shall be ready for signal, and hoy[3] for Holy Church as fadur sings at harvest-whome.

"Yours, deer Sur,

"H. H.

"Poscriff.—Do'e tell squoire we longs to heer from him, and has dootings about his not writing himself, and Lifetenant Bottler is smoky."

"This Ruffin, I suppose, then, is your Donald of the Cavern, who has intercepted your letters, and carried on a correspondence with the poor devil Houghton, as if under your authority."

"It seems too true. But who can Addem be?"

[1] *i. e.* to make reparation. [2] simpletons. [3] hurrah.

"Possibly Adam, for poor Gardiner, a sort of pun on his name."

The other letters were to the same purpose; and they soon received yet more complete light upon Donald Bean's machinations.

John Hodges, one of Waverley's servants, who had remained with the regiment and had been taken at Preston, now made his appearance. He had sought out his master with the purpose of again entering his service. From this fellow they learned that some time after Waverley had gone from the headquarters of the regiment, a pedlar, called Ruthven, Ruffin, or Rivane, known among the soldiers by the name of Wily Will, had made frequent visits to the town of Dundee. He appeared to possess plenty of money, sold his commodities very cheap, seemed always willing to treat his friends at the ale-house, and easily ingratiated himself with many of Waverley's troop, particularly Sergeant Houghton and one Tims, also a non-commissioned officer. To these he unfolded, in Waverley's name, a plan for leaving the regiment and joining him in the Highlands, where report said the clans had already taken arms in great numbers. The men, who had been educated as Jacobites, as far as they had any opinion at all, and who knew their landlord, Sir Everard, had always been supposed to hold such tenets, easily fell into the snare. That Waverley was at a distance in the Highlands was received as a sufficient excuse for transmitting his letters through the medium of the pedlar; and the sight of his well-known seal seemed to authenticate the negotiations in his name, where writing might have been dangerous. The cabal, however, began to take air, from the premature mutinous language of those concerned. Wily Will justified his appellative; for, after suspicion arose, he was seen no more. When the *Gazette* appeared in which Waverley was superseded, great part of his troop broke out into actual mutiny, but was surrounded and disarmed by the rest of the regiment. In consequence of

the sentence of a court-martial, Houghton and Tims were condemned to be shot, but afterwards permitted to cast lots for life. Houghton, the survivor, showed much penitence, being convinced, from the rebukes and explanations of Colonel Gardiner, that he had really engaged in a very heinous crime. It is remarkable that, as soon as the poor fellow was satisfied of this, he became also convinced that the instigator had acted without authority from Edward, saying, "If it was dishonourable and against Old England, the squire could know nought about it; he never did, or thought to do, anything dishonourable, and in that belief he would live and die that Ruffin had done it all of his own head."

The strength of conviction with which he expressed himself upon this subject, as well as his assurances that the letters intended for Waverley had been delivered to Ruthven, made that revolution in Colonel Gardiner's opinion which he expressed to Talbot.

The reader has long since understood that Donald Bean Lean played the part of tempter on this occasion. His motives were shortly these. Of an active and intriguing spirit, he had been long employed as a subaltern agent and spy by those in the confidence of the Chevalier, to an extent beyond what was suspected even by Fergus Mac-Ivor, whom, though obliged to him for protection, he regarded with fear and dislike. To success in this political department he naturally looked for raising himself by some bold stroke above his present hazardous and precarious trade of rapine. He was particularly employed in learning the strength of the regiments in Scotland, the character of the officers, etc., and had long had his eye upon Waverley's troop as open to temptation. Donald even believed that Waverley himself was at bottom in the Stuart interest, which seemed confirmed by his long visit to the Jacobite Baron of Bradwardine. When, therefore, he came to his cave with one of Glennaquoich's attendants, the robber, who could never appreciate his real motive, which

was mere curiosity, was so sanguine as to hope that his own talents were to be employed in some intrigue of consequence, under the auspices of this wealthy young Englishman. Nor was he undeceived by Waverley's neglecting all hints and openings afforded for explanation. His conduct passed for prudent reserve, and somewhat piqued Donald Bean, who, supposing himself left out of a secret where confidence promised to be advantageous, determined to have his share in the drama, whether a regular part were assigned him or not. For this purpose during Waverley's sleep he possessed himself of his seal, as a token to be used to any of the troopers whom he might discover to be possessed of the captain's confidence. His first journey to Dundee, the town where the regiment was quartered, undeceived him in his original supposition, but opened to him a new field of action. He knew there would be no service so well rewarded by the friends of the Chevalier as seducing a part of the regular army to his standard. For this purpose he opened the machinations with which the reader is already acquainted, and which form a clue to all the intricacies and obscurities of the narrative previous to Waverley's leaving Glennaquoich.

By Colonel Talbot's advice, Waverley wrote a short state of what had happened, to his uncle and his father, cautioning them, however, in the present circumstances, not to attempt to answer his letter. Talbot then gave the young man a letter to the commander of one of the English vessels of war cruising in the Frith, requesting him to put the bearer ashore at Berwick, with a pass to proceed to ——shire.

Tired of the attendance of Callum Beg, who, he thought, had some disposition to act as a spy on his motions, Waverley hired as a servant a simple Edinburgh swain, who had mounted the white cockade in a fit of spleen and jealousy, because Jenny Jop had danced a whole night with Corporal Bullock of the Fusileers.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### INTRIGUES OF SOCIETY AND LOVE.

Colonel Talbot became more kindly in his demeanour towards Waverley after the confidence he had reposed in him, and, as they were necessarily much together, the character of the Colonel rose in Waverley's estimation. There seemed at first something harsh in his strong expressions of dislike and censure, although no one was in the general case more open to conviction. Even the ladies of the party did not escape his censure. He allowed that Flora Mac-Ivor was a fine woman, and Rose Bradwardine a pretty girl. But he alleged that the former destroyed the effect of her beauty by an affectation of the grand airs which she had probably seen practised in court. As for Rose Bradwardine, he said it was impossible for any mortal to admire such a little uninformed thing, whose small portion of education was as ill adapted to her sex or youth as if she had appeared with one of her father's old campaign-coats upon her person for her sole garment.

Waverley, it may easily be believed, looked upon these young ladies with very different eyes. During the period of the siege he paid them almost daily visits, although he observed with regret that his suit made as little progress in the affections of the former as the arms of the Chevalier in subduing the fortress. She maintained with rigour the rule she had laid down of treating him with indifference, without either affecting to avoid him or to shun intercourse with him. On the other hand, Rose Bradwardine gradually rose in Waverley's opinion. He had several opportunities of remarking that, as her extreme timidity wore off, her manners assumed a higher character; that the agitating circumstances of the stormy time seemed to call forth a certain dignity of feeling

and expression which he had not formerly observed; and that she omitted no opportunity within her reach to extend her knowledge and refine her taste.

Flora Mac-Ivor called Rose her pupil, and was attentive to assist her in her studies, and to fashion both her tastes and understanding. It might have been remarked by a very close observer that in the presence of Waverley she was much more desirous to exhibit her friend's excellences than her own. But I must request of the reader to suppose that this kind and disinterested purpose was concealed by the most cautious delicacy.

The real disposition of Waverley, notwithstanding his dreams of tented fields and military honour, seemed to Flora exclusively domestic. He asked and received no share in the busy scenes which were constantly going on around him, and was rather annoyed than interested by the discussion of contending claims, rights, and interests which often passed in his presence. All this pointed him out in Flora's eyes as the person formed to make happy a spirit like that of Rose, which corresponded with his own. But serious complications were soon to arise.

Waverley went one morning to Fergus's lodgings by appointment, to await his return from Holyrood House. "I am to have a particular audience to-morrow," said Fergus to Waverley overnight, "and you must meet me to wish me joy of the success which I securely anticipate."

The morrow came, and in the Chief's apartment he found Ensign Maccombich waiting to make report of his turn of duty in a sort of ditch which they had dug across the Castle-hill and called a trench. In a short time the Chief's voice was heard on the stair in a tone of impatient fury: "Callum! why, Callum Beg! Diaoul!" He entered the room with all the marks of a man agitated by a towering passion; and there were few upon whose features rage produced a more violent effect. The veins of his forehead swelled when he was in

such agitation; his nostril became dilated; his cheek and eye inflamed; and his look that of a demoniac.

As he entered the apartment he unbuckled his broadsword, and throwing it down with such violence that the weapon rolled to the other end of the room, "I know not what," he exclaimed, "withholds me from taking a solemn oath that I will never more draw in his cause. Load my pistols, Callum, and bring them hither instantly—instantly!" Callum, whom nothing ever startled, dismayed, or disconcerted, obeyed very coolly. Evan Dhu, upon whose brow the suspicion that his Chief had been insulted called up a corresponding storm, swelled in sullen silence, awaiting to learn where or upon whom vengeance was to descend.

"So, Waverley, you are there," said the Chief, after a moment's recollection. "Yes, I remember I asked you to share my triumph, and you have come to witness my—disappointment we shall call it. I wish to God," he said, "the old den would tumble down upon the heads of the fools who attack and the knaves who defend it! I see, Waverley, you think I am mad. Leave us, Evan, but be within call."

When this officer left the room, the Chieftain gradually reassumed some degree of composure. "I know, Waverley," he said, "that Colonel Talbot has persuaded you to curse ten times a-day your engagement with us; nay, never deny it, for I am at this moment tempted to curse my own. Would you believe it, I made this very morning two suits to the Prince, and he has rejected them both; what do you think of it?"

"What can I think," answered Waverley, "till I know what your requests were?"

"Why, what signifies what they were, man? I tell you it was I that made them—I to whom he owes more than to any three who have joined the standard. You remember my earl's patent; it is dated some years back, for services then rendered; and certainly my merit has not been diminished, to say the least, by my subsequent behaviour. Now, sir,

I value this bauble of a coronet as little as you can, or any philosopher on earth. But I had a particular reason for assuming this cursed title at this time. You must know that I learned accidentally that the Prince has been pressing that old foolish Baron of Bradwardine to disinherit his male heir, or nineteenth or twentieth cousin, who has taken a command in the Elector of Hanover's militia, and to settle his estate upon your pretty little friend Rose; and this the old gentleman seems well reconciled to.

"Well, sir," he continued, "as Rose Bradwardine would always have made a suitable match for me but for this idiotical predilection of her father for the heir-male, it occurred to me there now remained no obstacle unless that the Baron might expect his daughter's husband to take the name of Bradwardine, and that this might be evaded by my assuming the title to which I had so good a right, and which, of course, would supersede that difficulty. If she was to be also Viscountess Bradwardine in her own right after her father's demise, so much the better; I could have no objection."

"But, Fergus," said Waverley, "I had no idea that you had any affection for Miss Bradwardine, and you are always sneering at her father."

"I have as much affection for Miss Bradwardine, my good friend, as I think it necessary to have for the future mistress of my family. She is a very pretty, intelligent girl, and is certainly of one of the very first Lowland families; and, with a little of Flora's instructions and forming, will make a very good figure."

"But had you asked the Baron's consent," said Waverley, "or Rose's?"

"To what purpose? To have spoken to the Baron before I had assumed my title would have only provoked a premature and irritating discussion on the subject of the change of name, when, as Earl of Glennaquoich, I had only to propose to him

to carry his d—d bear in a scutcheon of pretence,[1] or in a separate shield perhaps—any way that would not blemish my own coat of arms. And as to Rose, I don't see what objection she could have made if her father was satisfied."

"Perhaps the same that your sister makes to me, you being satisfied."

Fergus gave a broad stare at the comparison which this supposition implied, but cautiously suppressed the answer which rose to his tongue. "Oh, we should easily have arranged all that. So, sir, I craved a private interview, and this morning was assigned; and I asked you to meet me here, thinking, like a fool, that I should want your countenance as bride's-man. Well, I state my pretensions—they are not denied; the promises so repeatedly made and the patent granted—they are acknowledged. But I propose, as a natural consequence, to assume the rank which the patent bestowed. I have the old story of the jealousy of C—— and M—— trumpt up against me. I resist this pretext, and offer to procure their written acquiescence, in virtue of the date of my patent as prior to their silly claims. And then out comes the real truth; and he dares to tell me to my face that my patent must be suppressed for the present, for fear of disgusting that rascally coward (naming the rival chief of his own clan), who has no better title to be a chieftain than I to be Emperor of China. And the Prince asks it as a personal favour of me, forsooth, not to press my just and reasonable request at this moment. After this, put your faith in princes!"

"And did your audience end here?"

"End? Oh no! I was determined to leave him no pretence for his ingratitude, and I therefore stated, with all the composure I could muster—for I promise you I trembled with passion,—the particular reasons I had for wishing that his Royal Highness would impose upon me any other mode of exhibiting my duty and devotion, as my views in life made what at

[1] A scutcheon is heraldry used to display the arms of the bearer's wife.

any other time would have been a mere trifle at this crisis a severe sacrifice; and then I explained to him my full plan."

"And what did the Prince answer?"

"Answer? why—it is well it is written, 'Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought!'—why, he answered that truly he was glad I had made him my confidant, to prevent more grievous disappointment, for he could assure me, upon the word of a prince, that Miss Bradwardine's affections were engaged, and he was under a particular promise to favour them. 'So, my dear Fergus,' said he, with his most gracious cast of smile, 'as the marriage is utterly out of the question, there need be no hurry, you know, about the earldom.' And so he glided off and left me."

"And what did you do?"

"I'll tell you what I *could* have done at that moment—sold myself to the devil or the Elector, whichever offered the dearest revenge. However, I am now cool. I know he intends to marry her to some of his rascally Frenchmen or his Irish officers, but I will watch them close; and let the man that would supplant me look well to himself."

After some further conversation, Waverley took leave of the Chieftain and returned home, scarce able to analyse the mixture of feelings which the narrative had awakened in his own bosom.

"I am a very child of caprice," said Waverley to himself, as he bolted the door of his apartment and paced it with hasty steps. "What is it to me that Fergus Mac-Ivor should wish to marry Rose Bradwardine? I love her not; I might have been loved by her perhaps; but I rejected her simple, natural, and affecting attachment, instead of cherishing it into tenderness, and dedicated myself to one who will never love mortal man. But, framed as Rose is for domestic affection and tenderness, for giving and receiving all those kind and quiet attentions which sweeten life to those who pass it together, she is sought by Fergus Mac-Ivor. He will not use her ill, to be

sure; of that he is incapable. But he will neglect her after the first month; he will be too intent on subduing some rival chieftain or circumventing some favourite at court to inquire what she does, or how she amuses herself. And such a catastrophe of the most gentle creature on earth might have been prevented if Mr. Edward Waverley had had his eyes! Upon my word, I cannot understand how I thought Flora so much, that is, so *very* much, handsomer than Rose. She is taller indeed, and her manner more formed; but many people think Miss Bradwardine's more natural; and she is certainly much younger."

And with this Waverley went to drink tea at the house of a lady of quality.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### A BRAVE MAN IN SORROW.

THERE were whole days in which Waverley thought neither of Flora nor Rose Bradwardine, but which were spent in melancholy conjectures on the probable state of matters at Waverley-Honour, and the dubious issue of the civil contest in which he was pledged. Colonel Talbot, too, often engaged him in discussions upon the justice of the cause he had espoused.

One night, when, after a long dispute of this nature, the friends had separated and our hero had retired to bed, he was awakened about midnight by a suppressed groan. He started up and listened; it came from the apartment of Colonel Talbot, which was divided from his own by a wainscotted partition, with a door of communication. Waverley approached this door and distinctly heard one or two deep-drawn sighs. What could be the matter? The Colonel had parted from him apparently in his usual state of spirits. He must have been taken suddenly ill. Under this impression

he opened the door of communication very gently, and perceived the Colonel, in his night-gown, seated by a table, on which lay a letter and picture. He raised his head hastily, as Edward stood uncertain whether to advance or retire, and Waverley perceived that his cheeks were stained with tears.

Colonel Talbot arose with apparent displeasure, and said, with some sternness, "I think, Mr. Waverley, my own apartment and the hour might have secured even a prisoner against——"

"Do not say *intrusion*, Colonel Talbot; I heard you breathe hard and feared you were ill; that alone could have induced me to break in upon you."

"I am well," said the Colonel, "perfectly well."

"But you are distressed," said Edward; "is there anything can be done?"

"Nothing, Mr. Waverley; I was only thinking of home, and some unpleasant occurrences there."

"Good God, my uncle!" exclaimed Waverley.

"No, it is a grief entirely my own. I would have kept it secret from you; for I think it will grieve you, and yet you can administer no consolation. But you have surprised me—I see you are surprised yourself—and I hate mystery. Read that letter."

The letter was from Colonel Talbot's sister, and in these words:

"I received yours, my dearest brother, by Hodges. Sir E. W. and Mr. R. are still at large, but are not permitted to leave London. I wish to Heaven I could give you as good an account of matters in the square. But the news of the unhappy affair at Preston came upon us, with the dreadful addition that you were among the fallen. You know Lady Emily's state of health, when your friendship for Sir E. induced you to leave her. She was much harassed with the sad accounts from Scotland of the rebellion having broken out; but kept up her spirits, as, she said, it became your wife, and for the sake of the future heir, so long hoped for in vain. Alas, my

dear brother, these hopes are now ended! Notwithstanding all my watchful care, this unhappy rumour reached her without preparation. She was taken ill immediately; and the poor infant scarce survived its birth. Would to God this were all! But although the contradiction of the horrible report by your own letter has greatly revived her spirits, yet Dr. —— apprehends, I grieve to say, serious, and even dangerous consequences to her health, especially from the uncertainty in which she must necessarily remain for some time, aggravated by the ideas she has formed of the ferocity of those with whom you are a prisoner.

"Do, therefore, my dear brother, as soon as this reaches you, endeavour to gain your release, by parole, by ransom, or any way that is practicable. I do not exaggerate Lady Emily's state of health; but I must not—dare not—suppress the truth.—Ever, my dear Philip, your most affectionate sister,

"LUCY TALBOT."

Edward stood motionless when he had perused this letter; for the conclusion was inevitable, that, by the Colonel's journey in quest of him, he had incurred this heavy calamity. It was severe enough, even in its irremediable part; for Colonel Talbot and Lady Emily had fondly exulted in the hopes which were now blasted. But this disappointment was nothing to the extent of the threatened evil; and Edward, with horror, regarded himself as the original cause of both.

"You must fly—you must fly instantly to her relief. It is not—it shall not be too late."

"Fly? how is it possible? I am a prisoner, upon parole."

"I am your keeper; I restore your parole; I am to answer for you."

"You cannot do so consistently with your duty; nor can I accept a discharge from you, with due regard to my own honour; you would be made responsible."

"I will answer it with my head, if necessary," said Waverley impetuously. "I have been the unhappy cause of the loss of your child; make me not the murderer of your wife."

"No, my dear Edward," said Talbot, taking him kindly by

the hand, "you are in no respect to blame; and if I concealed this domestic distress for two days, it was lest your sensibility should view it in that light. You could not think of me, hardly knew of my existence, when I left England in quest of you. It is a responsibility, Heaven knows, sufficiently heavy for mortality, that we must answer for the foreseen and direct result of our actions; for their indirect and consequential operation the great and good Being, who alone can foresee the dependence of human events on each other, hath not pronounced his frail creatures liable. But we will talk of this to-morrow. Good-night; strive to forget it for a few hours. It will dawn, I think, by six, and it is now past two. Good-night."

Edward retired, without trusting his voice for a reply.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### EXERTION.

When Colonel Talbot entered the breakfast-parlour next morning, he learned from Waverley's servant that our hero had been abroad at an early hour and was not yet returned. The morning was well advanced before he again appeared. He arrived out of breath, but with an air of joy that astonished Colonel Talbot.

"There," said he, throwing a paper on the table, "there is my morning's work. Alick, pack up the Colonel's clothes. Make haste, make haste."

The Colonel examined the paper with astonishment. It was a pass from the Chevalier to Colonel Talbot, to repair to Leith, or any other port in possession of his Royal Highness's troops, and there to embark for England.

"In the name of God," said the Colonel, his eyes sparkling with eagerness, "how did you obtain this?"

"I was at the Chevalier's levee as soon as he usually rises, and obtained an audience. When I first mentioned your name, his eyes sparkled almost as bright as yours did two minutes since. 'Had you,' he earnestly asked, 'shown any sentiments favourable to his cause?' 'Not in the least, nor was there any hope you would do so.' His countenance fell. I requested your freedom. 'Impossible,' he said; 'your importance as a friend and confidant of such and such personages made my request altogether extravagant.' I told him my own story and yours; and asked him to judge what my feelings must be by his own. He has a heart, and a kind one, Colonel Talbot, you may say what you please. He took a sheet of paper and wrote the pass with his own hand. 'I will not trust myself with my council,' he said; 'they will argue me out of what is right.'"

"Well, I never thought to have been so much indebted to the Pretend——"

"To the Prince," said Waverley, smiling.

"To the Chevalier," said the Colonel; "it is a good travelling name, and which we may both freely use. Well, dear Waverley, this is more than kind, and shall not be forgotten while Philip Talbot can remember anything. I cannot hesitate on giving my parole. And now, how am I to get off?"

"All that is settled; your baggage is packed, my horses wait, and a boat has been engaged, by the Prince's permission, to put you on board the 'Fox' frigate. I sent a messenger down to Leith on purpose."

"That will do excellently well. Captain Beaver is my particular friend; he will put me ashore at Berwick or Shields, from whence I can ride post to London; and you must entrust me with the packet of papers which you recovered by means of your Miss Bean Lean. I may have an opportunity of using them to your advantage."

"Farewell, Colonel; may you find all as you would wish it! Perhaps we may meet sooner than you expect."

And thus they parted, Colonel Talbot going on board of the boat and Waverley returning to Edinburgh.

## CHAPTER XL.

### THE MARCH.

It is not our purpose to intrude upon the province of history. We shall therefore only remind our readers that about the beginning of November[1] the Young Chevalier, at the head of about six thousand men at the utmost, resolved to peril his cause on an attempt to penetrate into the centre of England, although aware of the mighty preparations which were made for his reception. In defiance of a superior army lying upon the Borders, under Field-Marshal Wade, they besieged and took Carlisle, and soon afterwards prosecuted their daring march to the southward.

Fergus, all air and fire, and confident against the world in arms, measured nothing but that every step was a yard nearer London. He neither asked, expected, nor desired any aid except that of the clans to place the Stuarts once more on the throne. Edward's views were very different. He could not but observe that in those towns in which they proclaimed James the Third, no man cried, "God bless him." The mob stared and listened, heartless, stupified, and dull, but gave few signs even of that boisterous spirit which induces them to shout upon all occasions for the mere exercise of their most sweet voices.

But this did not move Fergus. He admired the luxuriant beauty of the country, and the situation of many of the seats which they passed. "Is Waverley-Honour like that house, Edward?"

"It is one-half larger."

[1] in 1745.

"Is your uncle's park as fine a one as that?"

"It is three times as extensive, and rather resembles a forest than a mere park."

"Flora will be a happy woman."

"I hope Miss Mac-Ivor will have much reason for happiness unconnected with Waverley-Honour."

"I hope so too; but to be mistress of such a place will be a pretty addition to the sum total."

"An addition, the want of which, I trust, will be amply supplied by some other means."

"How," said Fergus, stopping short and turning upon Waverley—"how am I to understand that, Mr. Waverley? Had I the pleasure to hear you aright?"

"Perfectly right, Fergus."

"And am I to understand that you no longer desire my alliance and my sister's hand?"

"Your sister has refused mine," said Waverley, "both directly and by all the usual means by which ladies repress undesired attentions."

"I have no idea," answered the Chieftain, "of a gentleman withdrawing his suit, after it has been approved of by her guardian, without giving him an opportunity of talking the matter over with the lady."

"As to my title to acquiesce in a rejection from her without an appeal to your interest," replied Edward, "I will tell you plainly, without meaning to undervalue Miss Mac-Ivor's admitted beauty and accomplishments, that I would not take the hand of an angel, with an empire for her dowry, if her consent were extorted by the importunity of friends and guardians, and did not flow from her own inclination."

"An angel with the dowry of an empire," repeated Fergus, in a tone of bitter irony, "is not very likely to be pressed upon a —— shire squire. But, sir," changing his tone, "if Flora Mac-Ivor have not the dowry of an empire, she is

*my* sister; and that is sufficient at least to secure her against being treated with anything approaching to levity."

"She is Flora Mac-Ivor, sir," said Waverley, with firmness, "which to me, were I capable of treating *any* woman with levity, would be a more effectual protection."

The brow of the Chieftain was now fully clouded; but Edward felt too indignant at the unreasonable tone which he had adopted to avert the storm by the least concession.

After they had marched on in this sullen manner about a mile, Fergus resumed the discourse in a different tone. "I believe I was warm, my dear Edward, but you provoke me with your want of knowledge of the world. I shall write to Edinburgh and put all to rights; that is, if you desire I should do so; as indeed I cannot suppose that your good opinion of Flora, it being such as you have often expressed to me, can be at once laid aside."

"Colonel Mac-Ivor," said Edward, who had no mind to be hurried farther or faster than he chose in a matter which he had already considered as broken off, "I am fully sensible of the value of your good offices; and certainly, by your zeal on my behalf in such an affair, you do me no small honour. But as Miss Mac-Ivor has made her election freely and voluntarily, and as all my attentions in Edinburgh were received with more than coldness, I cannot, in justice either to her or myself, consent that she should again be harassed upon this topic."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Waverley," said Fergus, haughtily, "the thing is at an end. I have no occasion to press my sister upon any man."

Gladly at this moment would Mac-Ivor have put their quarrel to a personal arbitrament; his eye flashed fire, and he measured Edward as if to choose where he might best plant a mortal wound. But no one knew better than Fergus that there must be some decent pretext for a mortal duel. So that Fergus was compelled to stomach this supposed affront

until the whirligig of time, whose motion he promised himself he would watch most sedulously, should bring about an opportunity of revenge.

Waverley's servant always led a saddle-horse for him in the rear of the battalion to which he was attached, though his master seldom rode. But now, incensed at the domineering and unreasonable conduct of his late friend, he fell behind the column and mounted his horse, resolving to seek the Baron of Bradwardine, and request permission to volunteer in his troop instead of the Mac-Ivor regiment.

The Baron joyfully embraced the opportunity of Waverley's offering his service in his regiment, to bring it into some exertion. The good-natured old gentleman, however, laboured to effect a reconciliation between the two quondam friends. Fergus turned a cold ear to his remonstrances, though he gave them a respectful hearing; and as for Waverley, he saw no reason why he should be the first in courting a renewal of the intimacy which the Chieftain had so unreasonably disturbed.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### CONFUSION IN THE CAMP.

It was Waverley's custom sometimes to ride a little apart from the main body, to look at any object of curiosity which occurred on the march. They were now in Lancashire, when, attracted by a castellated old hall, he left the squadron for half an hour to take a survey and slight sketch of it. As he returned down the avenue he was met by Ensign Maccombich. This man had contracted a sort of regard for Edward since the day of his first seeing him at Tully-Veolan and introducing him to the Highlands. He seemed to loiter, as if on purpose to meet with our hero. Yet, as he passed him, he only approached his stirrup and pronounced the single word

"Beware!" and then walked swiftly on, shunning all further communication.

Edward, somewhat surprised at this hint, followed with his eyes the course of Evan, who speedily disappeared among the trees. His servant, Alick Polwarth, who was in attendance, also looked after the Highlander, and then riding up close to his master, said:

"The ne'er be in me, sir, if I think your safe amang thae Highland rinthereouts."[1]

"What do you mean, Alick?" said Waverley.

"The Mac-Ivors, sir, hae gotten it into their heads that ye hae affronted their young leddy, Miss Flora; and I hae heard mae than ane say, they wadna tak muckle to mak a black-cock o' ye;[2] and ye ken weel enough there's mony o' them wadna mind a bawbee the weising[3] a ball through the Prince himsell, an the Chief gae them the wink, or whether he did or no, if they thought it a thing that would please him when it was dune."

Waverley, though confident that Fergus Mac-Ivor was incapable of such treachery, was by no means equally sure of the forbearance of his followers. He judged it most prudent to set spurs to his horse and ride briskly back to the squadron. Ere he reached the end of the long avenue, however, a ball whistled past him, and the report of a pistol was heard.

"It was that deevil's buckie, Callum Beg," said Alick; "I saw him whisk away through amang the reises."[4]

Edward, justly incensed at this act of treachery, galloped out of the avenue, and observed the battalion of Mac-Ivor at some distance moving along the common in which it terminated. He also saw an individual running very fast to join the party; this he concluded was the intended assassin. Unable to contain himself, he commanded Alick to go to the Baron of Bradwardine, who was at the head of his regiment

[1] cut-throats, vagabonds. [2] *i. e.* kill you. [3] whisking. [4] brushwood.

about half a mile in front, and acquaint him with what had happened. He himself immediately rode up to Fergus's regiment. The Chief himself was in the act of joining them. On perceiving Edward approaching, he put his horse in motion towards him.

"Colonel Mac-Ivor," said Waverley, without any farther salutation, "I have to inform you that one of your people has this instant fired at me from a lurking-place."

"As that," answered Mac-Ivor, "excepting the circumstance of a lurking-place, is a pleasure which I presently propose to myself, I should be glad to know which of my clansmen dared to anticipate me."

"I shall certainly be at your command whenever you please ; the gentleman who took your office upon himself is your page there, Callum Beg."

"Stand forth from the ranks, Callum ! Did you fire at Mr. Waverley ?"

"No," answered the unblushing Callum.

"You did," said Alick Polwarth, who was already returned, having met a trooper by whom he despatched an account of what was going forward to the Baron of Bradwardine. "You did ; I saw you as plainly as I ever saw the auld kirk at Coudingham."

"You lie," replied Callum, with his usual inpenetrable obstinacy. Fergus, with his usual tone of decision, demanded Callum's pistol. The cock was down, the pan and muzzle were black with the smoke ; it had been that instant fired.

"Take that," said Fergus, striking the boy upon the head with the heavy pistol-butt with his whole force—"take that for acting without orders, and lying to disguise it." Callum received the blow without appearing to flinch from it, and fell without sign of life. "Stand still, upon your lives !" said Fergus to the rest of the clan ; "I will blow out the brains of the first man who interferes between Mr. Waverley and

me." They stood motionless; Evan Dhu alone showed symptoms of vexation and anxiety. Callum lay on the ground bleeding copiously, but no one ventured to give him any assistance. It seemed as if he had gotten his death-blow.

"And now for you, Mr. Waverley; please to turn your horse twenty yards with me upon the common." Waverley complied; and Fergus, confronting him, said, with great affected coolness: "I could not but wonder, sir, at the fickleness of taste which you were pleased to express the other day."

"I am at a loss even to guess at your meaning, Colonel Mac-Ivor, unless it seems plain that you intend to fasten a quarrel upon me."

"Your affected ignorance shall not serve you, sir. The Prince—the Prince himself has acquainted me with your manœuvres. I little thought that your engagements with Miss Bradwardine were the reason of your breaking off your intended match with my sister. I suppose the information that the Baron had altered the destination of his estate was quite a sufficient reason for slighting your friend's sister and carrying off your friend's mistress."

"Did the Prince tell you I was engaged to Miss Bradwardine?" said Waverley. "Impossible."

"He did, sir," answered Mac-Ivor; "so, either draw and defend yourself, or resign your pretensions to the lady."

"Must I fight in a madman's quarrel?"

"Then give up now, and for ever, all pretensions to Miss Bradwardine's hand."

"What title have you," cried Waverley, utterly losing command of himself—"what title have you, or any man living, to dictate such terms to me?" And he also drew his sword.

At this moment the Baron of Bradwardine, followed by several of his troop, came up on the spur. The clan, seeing

them approach, put themselves in motion to support their Chieftain, and a scene of confusion commenced which seemed likely to terminate in bloodshed. The Baron lectured, the Chieftain stormed, the Highlanders screamed in Gaelic, the horsemen cursed and swore in Lowland Scotch. At length matters came to such a pass that the Baron threatened to charge the Mac-Ivors unless they resumed their ranks, and many of them, in turn, presented their fire-arms at him and the other troopers. Suddenly a cry arose of "Room! make way! *place à Monseigneur! place à Monseigneur!*"[1] This announced the approach of the Prince, who came up with a party of Fitz-James's foreign dragoons that acted as his body-guard. His arrival produced some degree of order. The Highlanders reassumed their ranks, the cavalry fell in and formed squadron, and the Baron and Chieftain were silent.

The Prince called them and Waverley before him. Having heard the original cause of the quarrel through the villainy of Callum Beg, he ordered him into custody of the provost-marshal for immediate execution, in the event of his surviving the chastisement inflicted by his Chieftain. Fergus, however, in a tone betwixt claiming a right and asking a favour, requested he might be left to his disposal, and promised his punishment should be exemplary. To deny this might have seemed to encroach on the patriarchal authority of the Chieftains, of which they were very jealous, and they were not persons to be disobliged. Callum was therefore left to the justice of his own tribe.

The Prince next demanded to know the new cause of quarrel between Colonel Mac-Ivor and Waverley.

"If I owed less to your disinterested friendship," he said, "I could be most seriously angry with both of you for this very extraordinary and causeless broil, at a moment when my father's service so decidedly demands the most perfect unanimity. But the worst of my situation is, that my very best

[1] *i.e.* "Room for the Prince!"

friends hold they have liberty to ruin themselves, as well as the cause they are engaged in, upon the slightest caprice."

Both the young men protested their resolution to submit every difference to his arbitration. "Indeed," said Edward, "I hardly know of what I am accused. I sought Colonel Mac-Ivor merely to mention to him that I had narrowly escaped assassination at the hand of his immediate dependent, a dastardly revenge which I knew him to be incapable of authorising. As to the cause for which he is disposed to fasten a quarrel upon me, I am ignorant of it, unless it be that he accuses me, most unjustly, of having engaged the affections of a young lady in prejudice of his pretensions."

"If there is an error," said the Chieftain, "it arises from a conversation which I held this morning with his Royal Highness himself."

"With me?" said the Chevalier; "how can Colonel Mac-Ivor have so far misunderstood me?"

He then led Fergus aside, and, after five minutes' earnest conversation, spurred his horse towards Edward. "Is it possible—nay, ride up, Colonel, for I desire no secrets,—is it possible, Mr. Waverley, that I am mistaken in supposing that you are an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine? a fact of which I was by circumstances, though not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced that I alleged it to Vich Ian Vohr this morning as a reason why, without offence to him, you might not continue to be ambitious of an alliance which to an unengaged person, even though once repulsed, holds out too many charms to be lightly laid aside."

"Your Royal Highness," said Waverley, "must have founded on circumstances altogether unknown to me, when you did me the distinguished honour of supposing me an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine."

The Chevalier was silent for a moment, looking steadily at them both, and then said: "Upon my word, Mr. Waverley, you are a less happy man than I conceived I had very good

reason to believe you. But now, gentlemen, allow me to be umpire in this matter, not as Prince Regent, but as Charles Stuart, a brother adventurer with you in the same gallant cause."

He took Fergus a little apart and spoke to him very earnestly for two or three minutes, and then returning to Waverley, said : "I believe I have satisfied Colonel Mac-Ivor that his resentment was founded upon a misconception, to which, indeed, I myself gave rise ; and I trust Mr. Waverley is too generous to harbour any recollection of what is past when I assure him that such is the case. You must state this matter properly to your clan, Vich Ian Vohr, to prevent a recurrence of their precipitate violence." Fergus bowed. "And now, gentlemen, let me have the pleasure to see you shake hands."

They advanced coldly, and with measured steps, each apparently reluctant to appear most forward in concession. They did, however, shake hands, and parted, taking a respectful leave of the Chevalier.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### A SKIRMISH.

THE reader need hardly be reminded that, after a council of war held at Derby on the 5th of December, the Highlanders relinquished their desperate attempt to penetrate farther into England, and, greatly to the dissatisfaction of their young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their retreat accordingly, and, by the extreme celerity of their movements, outstripped the motions of the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

The retreat had continued for several days, when Edward,

to his surprise, early on the 12th of December, received a visit from the Chieftain in his quarters, in a hamlet about half-way between Shap and Penrith.

Waverley could not help being surprised, and somewhat shocked, with the change in his appearance. His eye had lost much of its fire; his cheek was hollow, his voice was languid, even his gait seemed less firm and elastic than it was wont. He invited Edward to walk out with him by the little river in the vicinity.

As soon as they were in a wild sequestered path by the side of the stream, the Chief broke out: "Our fine adventure is now totally ruined, Waverley, and I wish to know what you intend to do;—nay, never stare at me, man. I tell you I received a packet from my sister yesterday, and, had I got the information it contains sooner, it would have prevented a quarrel which I am always vexed when I think of. In a letter written after our dispute, I acquainted her with the cause of it; and she now replies to me that she never had, nor could have, any purpose of giving you encouragement; so that it seems I have acted like a madman. Poor Flora! she writes in high spirits; what a change will the news of this unhappy retreat make in her state of mind!"

Waverley, who was really much affected by the deep tone of melancholy with which Fergus spoke, affectionately entreated him to banish from his remembrance any unkindness which had arisen between them, and they once more shook hands, but now with sincere cordiality. Fergus again inquired of Waverley what he intended to do. "Had you not better leave this luckless army, and get down before us into Scotland, and embark for the Continent from some of the eastern ports that are still in our possession? When you are out of the kingdom, your friends will easily negotiate your pardon; and, to tell you the truth, I wish you would carry Rose Bradwardine with you as your wife, and take Flora also under your joint protection."

"How," answered Edward, "can you advise me to desert the expedition in which we are all embarked?"

"Embarked?" said Fergus; "the vessel is going to pieces, and it is full time for all who can to get into the long-boat and leave her."

"And while you recommend flight to me," said Edward,—"a counsel which I would rather die than embrace,—what are your own views?"

"Oh," answered Fergus, with a melancholy air, "my fate is settled. Dead or captive I must be before to-morrow."

"What do you mean by that, my friend?" said Edward. "The enemy is still a day's march in our rear, and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check."

"What I tell you is true notwithstanding, so far as I am individually concerned."

"Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?" asked Waverley.

"On one which never failed a person of my house. I have seen," he said, lowering his voice, "I have seen the Bodach Glas."

"Bodach Glas?"

"Yes; have you been so long at Glennaquoich, and never heard of the Grey Spectre? though indeed there is a certain reluctance among us to mention him."

"No, never."

"Ah! it would have been a tale for poor Flora to have told you. You must know, then, that when my ancestor, Ian nan Chaistel, wasted Northumberland, there was associated with him in the expedition a sort of Southland Chief, or captain of a band of Lowlanders, called Halbert Hall. In their return through the Cheviots they quarrelled about the division of the great booty they had acquired, and came from words to blows. The Lowlanders were cut off to a man, and their chief fell the last, covered with wounds by the sword of my ancestor. Since that time his spirit has crossed the

Vich Ian Vohr of the day when any great disaster was impending, but especially before approaching death. My father saw him twice, once before he was made prisoner at Sheriff-Muir, another time on the morning of the day on which he died."

"How can you, my dear Fergus, tell such nonsense with a grave face?"

"I do not ask you to believe it; but I tell you the truth, ascertained by three hundred years' experience at least, and last night by my own eyes."

"The particulars, for Heaven's sake!" said Waverley, with eagerness.

"Since this unhappy retreat commenced I have scarce ever been able to sleep. Last night I felt so feverish that I left my quarters and walked out, in hopes the keen frosty air would brace my nerves. I crossed a small footbridge, and kept walking backwards and forwards, when I observed with surprise by the clear moonlight a tall figure in a grey plaid, such as shepherds wear in the south of Scotland, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me."

"You saw a Cumberland peasant in his ordinary dress, probably."

"No; I thought so at first, and was astonished at the man's audacity in daring to dog me. I called to him, but received no answer. I felt an anxious throbbing at my heart, and to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still and turned myself on the same spot successively to the four points of the compass. By Heaven, Edward, turn where I would, the figure was instantly before my eyes, at precisely the same distance! I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glas. My hair bristled and my knees shook. I manned myself, however, and determined to return to my quarters. My ghastly visitant glided before me until he reached the footbridge; there he stopped and turned full round. I made the sign of the cross, drew my

sword, and uttered, 'In the name of God, Evil Spirit, give place!' 'Vich Ian Vohr,' it said, in a voice that made my very blood curdle, 'beware of to-morrow!' The words were no sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing appeared further to obstruct my passage."

Edward had little doubt that this phantom was the operation of an exhausted frame and depressed spirits, working on the belief common to all Highlanders in such superstitions. He did not the less pity Fergus, for whom, in his present distress, he felt all his former regard revive. With the view of diverting his mind from these gloomy images, he offered to remain in his quarters till Fergus's corps should come up, and then to march with them as usual. The Chief seemed much pleased.

"Well," replied the Chieftain, "let Alick have your horse in readiness, in case we should be overmatched, and I should be delighted to have your company once more."

The rear-guard was late in making their appearance. When Waverley joined it, arm-in-arm with their Chieftain, all the resentment they had entertained against him seemed blown off at once. Evan Dhu received him with a grin of congratulation; and even Callum, who was running about as active as ever, pale indeed, and with a great patch on his head, appeared delighted to see him.

They were now in full march, every caution being taken to prevent surprise. Fergus's people, and a fine clan regiment from Badenoch, commanded by Cluny Mac-Pherson, had the rear. They had passed a large open moor, and were entering into the inclosures which surround a small village called Clifton. The winter sun had set, and Edward began to rally Fergus upon the false predictions of the Grey Spirit. "The ides of March are not past," said Mac-Ivor, with a smile; when, suddenly casting his eyes back on the moor, a large body of cavalry was indistinctly seen to hover upon its brown and dark surface. To line the inclosures facing the open

ground and the road by which the enemy must move from it upon the village was the work of a short time. While these manœuvres were accomplishing, night sunk down, dark and gloomy, though the moon was at full.

The Highlanders did not long remain undisturbed in the defensive position they had adopted. Favoured by the night, one large body of dismounted dragoons attempted to force the inclosures, while another, equally strong, strove to penetrate by the highroad. Both were received by such a heavy fire as disconcerted their ranks and effectually checked their progress. Unsatisfied with the advantage thus gained, Fergus, to whose ardent spirit the approach of danger seemed to restore all its elasticity, drawing his sword and calling out "Claymore!" encouraged his men, by voice and example, to break through the hedge which divided them and rush down upon the enemy. Mingling with the dismounted dragoons, they forced them, at the sword-point, to fly to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the moon, which suddenly shone out, showed to the English the small number of assailants, disordered by their own success. Two squadrons of horse moving to the support of their companions, the Highlanders endeavoured to recover the inclosures. But several of them, amongst others their brave Chieftain, were cut off and surrounded before they could effect their purpose. Waverley, looking eagerly for Fergus, from whom, as well as from the retreating body of his followers, he had been separated in the darkness and tumult, saw him, with Evan Dhu and Callum, defending themselves desperately against a dozen of horsemen, who were hewing at them with their long broadswords. The moon was again at that moment totally overclouded and Edward, in the obscurity, could neither bring aid to his friends nor discover which way lay his own road to rejoin the rear-guard. After once or twice narrowly escaping being slain or made prisoner by parties of the cavalry whom he encountered in the darkness, he at

length reached an inclosure, and, clambering over it, concluded himself in safety and on the way to the Highland forces, whose pipes he heard at some distance. For Fergus hardly a hope remained, unless that he might be made prisoner.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

EDWARD was in a most unpleasant and dangerous situation. He soon lost the sound of the bagpipes; and, what was yet more unpleasant, when, after searching long in vain and scrambling through many inclosures, he at length approached the highroad, he learned, from the unwelcome noise of kettle-drums and trumpets, that the English cavalry now occupied it, and consequently were between him and the Highlanders. Precluded, therefore, from advancing in a straight direction, he resolved to avoid the English military and endeavour to join his friends by making a circuit to the left.

After walking about three miles, he at length reached a hamlet, and approached the alehouse of the place. There was a great noise within. A round English oath or two convinced him the hamlet also was occupied by the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers. Endeavouring to retire from it as softly as possible, Waverley groped his way the best he could along a small paling, which seemed the boundary of some cottage garden. As he reached the gate of this little inclosure, his outstretched hand was grasped by that of a female, whose voice at the same time uttered, "Edward, is't thou, man?"

"Here is some unlucky mistake," thought Edward, struggling, but gently, to disengage himself.

"Naen o' thy foun, now, man, or the red cwoats will hear thee; they hae been houlerying and poulerying every ane that past alehouse door this noight to make them drive their

waggons and sick loike. Come into feyther's, or they'll do ho a mischief."

"A good hint," thought Waverley, following the girl through the little garden into a brick-paved kitchen, where she set herself to kindle a match at an expiring fire, and with the match to light a candle. She had no sooner looked on Edward than she dropped the light, with a shrill scream of "O feyther, feyther!"

The father, thus invoked, speedily appeared—a sturdy old farmer, in a pair of leather breeches, and boots pulled on without stockings, having just started from his bed; the rest of his dress was only a Westmoreland statesman's *robe-de-chambre*—that is, his shirt. His figure was displayed to advantage by a candle which he bore in his left hand; in his right he brandished a poker.

"What hast ho here, wench?"

"Oh!" cried the poor girl, almost going off in hysterics, "I thought it was Ned Williams, and it is one of the plaidmen."

"And thee, lad, dost ho know that the dragoons be a town? dost ho know that, mon? ad, they'll sliver thee loike a turnip, mon."

"I know my life is in great danger," said Waverley, "but if you can assist me, I will reward you handsomely. I am no Scotchman, but an unfortunate English gentleman."

"Be ho Scot or no," said the honest farmer, "I wish thou hadst kept the other side of the hallan.[1] But since thou art here, Jacob Jopson will betray no man's bluid, and the plaids were gay canny,[2] and did not do so much mischief when they were here yesterday." Accordingly, he set seriously about sheltering and refreshing our hero for the night.

With the morning arrived the news that the Highlanders had evacuated Penrith, and marched off towards Carlisle; that the Duke of Cumberland was in possession of Penrith, and that detachments of his army covered the roads in every direction.

[1] A partition wall. [2] very careful.

To attempt to get through undiscovered would be an act of the most frantic temerity. Ned Williams was now called to council by the farmer and his daughter, who was named Cicely. Ned proposed that Waverley, exchanging his uniform and plaid for the dress of the country, should go with him to his father's farm near Ulswater, and remain in that undisturbed retirement until the military movements in the country should have ceased to render his departure hazardous.

The necessary articles of dress were accordingly procured, and, by following by-paths known to the young farmer, they hoped to escape any unpleasant *rencontre.*[1]

In the course of their route Edward, with his guide, traversed those fields which the night before had been the scene of action. He resolved to go upon the open heath and search if, among the slain, he could discover the body of his friend, with the pious intention of procuring for him the last rites of sepulture. The timorous young man who accompanied him remonstrated upon the danger of the attempt, but Edward was determined. The followers of the camp had already stripped the dead of all they could carry away; but the country people, unused to scenes of blood, had not yet approached the field of action, though some stood fearfully gazing at a distance. About sixty or seventy dragoons lay slain within the first inclosure, upon the highroad, and on the open moor. Of the Highlanders, not above a dozen had fallen, chiefly those who, venturing too far on the moor, could not regain the strong ground. He could not find the body of Fergus among the slain. On a little knoll, separated from the others, lay the carcasses of three English dragoons, two horses, and the page Callum Beg, whose hard skull a trooper's broadsword had, at length, effectually cloven. It was possible his clan had carried off the body of Fergus; but it was also possible he had escaped, especially as Evan Dhu, who would never leave his Chief, was not found among the dead; or he might be prisoner, and the less formidable denunciation inferred

[1] meeting.

from the appearance of the Bodach Glas might have proved the true one.

After leaving this field of death, the rest of their journey was happily accomplished. At the house of Farmer Williams, Edward passed for a young kinsman, educated for the church, who had come to reside there till the civil tumults permitted him to pass through the country. A variety of incidents prolonged his stay at Fasthwaite, as the farm was called.

A tremendous fall of snow rendered his departure impossible for more than ten days. When the roads began to become a little practicable, they successively received news of the retreat of the Chevalier into Scotland; then, that he had abandoned the frontiers, retiring upon Glasgow; and that the Duke of Cumberland had formed the siege of Carlisle. His army, therefore, cut off all possibility of Waverley's escaping into Scotland in that direction. On the eastern border Marshal Wade, with a large force, was advancing upon Edinburgh; and all along the frontier, parties of militia, volunteers, and partizans were in arms to suppress insurrections, and apprehend such stragglers from the Highland army as had been left in England. The surrender of Carlisle, and the severity with which the rebel garrison were threatened, soon formed an additional reason against venturing upon a solitary and hopeless journey through a hostile country and a large army, to carry the assistance of a single sword to a cause which seemed altogether desperate.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

In the end of January[1] a clergyman who came to the hamlet brought with him two or three old newspapers, in one of which Edward found a piece of intelligence that soon rendered him deaf to all else. This was an article in these words:

[1] 1746.

"Died at his house, in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, upon the 10th inst., Richard Waverley, Esq., second son of Sir Giles Waverley of Waverley-Honour, etc., etc. He died of a lingering disorder, augmented by the unpleasant predicament of suspicion in which he stood, having been obliged to find bail to a high amount to meet an impending accusation of high treason. An accusation of the same grave crime hangs over his elder brother, Sir Everard Waverley, the representative of that ancient family; and we understand the day of his trial will be fixed early in the next month, unless Edward Waverley, son of the deceased Richard, and heir to the Baronet, shall surrender himself to justice. In that case we are assured it is his Majesty's gracious purpose to drop further proceedings upon the charge against Sir Everard. This unfortunate young gentleman is ascertained to have been in arms in the Pretender's service, and to have marched along with the Highland troops into England. But he has not been heard of since the skirmish at Clifton, on the 18th of December last."

Waverley at once reached a decision. He explained to his friends that he was under the necessity of going to London with as little delay as possible, and took a place in the northern diligence, a huge old-fashioned tub, drawn by three horses, which completed the journey from Edinburgh to London (God willing, as the advertisement expressed it) in three weeks.

It was twilight, on the last day of an anxious trip when the diligence arrived in town; and having shaken off his companions, and walked through a good many streets to avoid the possibility of being traced by them, Edward took a hackney-coach and drove to Colonel Talbot's house, in one of the principal squares at the west end of the town.

When Waverley knocked at his door he found it at first difficult to procure admittance, but at length was shown into an apartment where the Colonel was at table. Lady Emily, whose very beautiful features were still pallid from indisposition, sat opposite to him. The instant he heard Waverley's

voice, he started up and embraced him. "Frank Stanley, my dear boy, how d'ye do? Emily, my love, this is young Stanley."

The blood started to the lady's cheek as she gave Waverley a reception in which courtesy was mingled with kindness, while her trembling hand and faltering voice showed how much she was startled and discomposed. Dinner was hastily replaced, and while Waverley was engaged in refreshing himself, the Colonel proceeded: "I wonder you have come here, Frank; the doctors tell me the air of London is very bad for your complaints. You should not have risked it. But I am delighted to see you, and so is Emily, though I fear we must not reckon upon your staying long."

"Some particular business brought me up," muttered Waverley.

"I supposed so, but I sha'n't allow you to stay long. Spontoon" (to an elderly military-looking servant out of livery), "take away these things, and answer the bell yourself, if I ring. Don't let any of the other fellows disturb us. My nephew and I have business to talk of."

When the servants had retired, "In the name of God, Waverley, what has brought you here? It may be as much as your life is worth."

"Dear Mr. Waverley," said Lady Emily, "to whom I owe so much more than acknowledgments can ever pay, how could you be so rash?"

"My father—my uncle—this paragraph,"—he handed the paper to Colonel Talbot.

"I wish to Heaven these scoundrels were condemned to be squeezed to death in their own presses," said Talbot. "I am told there are not less than a dozen of their papers now published in town, and no wonder that they are obliged to invent lies to find sale for their journals. It is true, however, my dear Edward, that you have lost your father; but as to this flourish of his unpleasant situation having grated upon his spirit and hurt his health—the truth is—for though it is

harsh to say so now, yet it will relieve your mind from the idea of weighty responsibility—the truth then is, that Mr. Richard Waverley, through this whole business, showed great want of sensibility, both to your situation and that of your uncle."

"And my uncle, my dear uncle?"

"Is in no danger whatever. It is true there was a foolish report some time ago to the purport here quoted, but it is entirely false. Sir Everard is gone down to Waverley-Honour, freed from all uneasiness, unless upon your own account. But you are in peril yourself; your name is in every proclamation; warrants are out to apprehend you. How and when did you come here?"

Edward told his story at length, suppressing his quarrel with Fergus.

"To-morrow," said the Colonel, "you must be indisposed, and keep your room from fatigue. Lady Emily is to be your nurse, and Spontoon and I your attendants. You are to bear the name of a near relation of mine, Frank Stanley, whom none of my present people ever saw, except Spontoon, so there will be no immediate danger. So pray feel your head ache and your eyes grow heavy as soon as possible, that you may be put upon the sick-list."

In the morning the Colonel visited his guest. "Now," said he, "I have some good news for you. Your reputation as a gentleman and officer is effectually cleared of neglect of duty and accession to the mutiny in Gardiner's regiment. I have had a correspondence on this subject with a very zealous friend of yours, your Scottish parson, Morton; his first letter was addressed to Sir Everard; but I relieved the good Baronet of the trouble of answering it. You must know, that your freebooting acquaintance, Donald of the Cave, has at length fallen into the hands of the Philistines. He was driving off the cattle of a certain proprietor, called Killan—something or other——"

"Killancureit?"

"The same. Now the gentleman being, it seems, a great farmer, and having a special value for his breed of cattle; being, moreover, rather of a timid disposition, had got a party of soldiers to protect his property. So Donald ran his head unawares into the lion's mouth, and was defeated and made prisoner. Being ordered for execution, he confessed, before a magistrate, one Major Melville, his full intrigue with Houghton, explaining particularly how it was carried on, and fully acquitting you of the least accession to it. He also mentioned his rescuing you from the hands of the volunteer officer, and sending you, by orders of the Pret—Chevalier, I mean—as a prisoner to Doune, from whence he understood you were carried prisoner to Edinburgh. These are particulars which cannot but tell in your favour. He hinted that he had been employed to deliver and protect you, and rewarded for doing so; but he would not confess by whom."

"And what is become of him?"

"Oh, he was hanged at Stirling after the rebels raised the siege, with his lieutenant and four plaids [1] besides; he having the advantage of a gallows more lofty than his friends."

"Well, I have little cause either to regret or rejoice at his death; and yet he has done me both good and harm to a very considerable extent."

"His confession, at least, will serve you materially, since it wipes from your character all those suspicions which gave the accusation against you a complexion of a nature different from that with which so many unfortunate gentlemen, now or lately in arms against the government, may be justly charged. Their treason—I must give it its name, though you participate in its guilt—is an action arising from mistaken virtue, and therefore cannot be classed as a disgrace, though it be doubtless highly criminal. Where the guilty are so numerous, clemency must be extended to far the greater number; and

[1] *i.e.* four who wore the plaid.

I have little doubt of procuring a remission for you, providing we can keep you out of the claws of justice till she has selected and gorged upon her victims.

"And now," said the Colonel, "hear my arrangements, for there is little time to lose. This youngster, Edward Waverley, must continue to pass by his alias of Francis Stanley, my nephew; he shall set out to-morrow for the North, and the chariot shall take him the first two stages. Spontoon shall then attend him; and they shall ride post as far as Huntingdon; and the presence of Spontoon, well known on the road as my servant, will check all disposition to inquiry. At Huntingdon you will meet the real Frank Stanley. He is studying at Cambridge; but a little while ago, doubtful if Emily's health would permit me to go down to the North myself, I procured him a passport from the secretary of state's office to go in my stead. As he went chiefly to look after you, his journey is now unnecessary. He knows your story; you will dine together at Huntingdon; and perhaps your wise heads may hit upon some plan for removing or diminishing the danger of your farther progress northward. And now (taking out a morocco case), let me put you in funds for the campaign."

"I am ashamed, my dear Colonel——"

"Nay," said Colonel Talbot, "you should command my purse in any event; but this money is your own. Your father, considering the chance of your being attainted, left me his trustee for your advantage. So that you are worth above £15,000, besides Brere-wood Lodge—a very independent person, I promise you. There are bills here for £200; any larger sum you may have, or credit abroad, as soon as your motions require it."

Travelling in the manner projected, Waverley met with Frank Stanley at Huntingdon. The two young men were acquainted in a minute.

"I can read my uncle's riddle," said Stanley; "the cautious

old soldier did not care to hint to me that I might hand over to you this passport, which I have no occasion for; but if it should afterwards come out as the rattle-pated trick of a young Cantab,[1] *cela ne tire à rien.*[2] You are therefore to be Francis Stanley, with this passport." This proposal appeared in effect to alleviate a great part of the difficulties which Edward must otherwise have encountered at every turn; and accordingly he scrupled not to avail himself of it, the more especially as he had discarded all political purposes from his present journey, and could not be accused of furthering machinations against the government while travelling under protection of the secretary's passport.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### DESOLATION.

WAVERLEY riding post, as was the usual fashion of the period, without any adventure, reached the borders of Scotland. Here he heard the tidings of the decisive battle of Culloden. It was no more than he had long expected, though the success at Falkirk had thrown a faint and setting gleam over the arms of the Chevalier. Yet it came upon him like a shock, by which he was for a time altogether unmanned. The generous, the courteous, the noble-minded adventurer was then a fugitive, with a price upon his head. Where, now, was the exalted and high-souled Fergus, if, indeed, he had survived the night at Clifton? Where the pure-hearted and primitive Baron of Bradwardine? Those who clung for support to these fallen columns, Rose and Flora, where were they to be sought, and in what distress must not the loss of their natural protectors have involved them? Of Flora, he

[1] a nickname for students at Cambridge University.
[2] that will result in nothing serious.

thought with the regard of a brother for a sister; of Rose with a senstaion yet more deep and tender. It might be still his fate to supply the want of those guardians they had lost. Agitated by these thoughts he precipitated his journey.

When he arrived in Edinburgh, where his inquiries must necessarily commence, he felt the full difficulty of his situation. Many inhabitants of that city had seen and known him as Edward Waverley; how, then, could he avail himself of a passport as Francis Stanley? He resolved, therefore, to avoid all company, and to move northward as soon as possible. He was, however, obliged to wait a day or two in expectation of a letter from Colonel Talbot, and he was also to leave his own address, under his feigned character, at a place agreed upon. With this latter purpose he sallied out in the dusk through the well-known streets, carefully shunning observation, but in vain: one of the first persons whom he met at once recognised him. It was Mrs. Flockhart, a good-humoured landlady, whom he had known in his previous stay in the city.

"Gude guide us, Mr. Waverley, is this you? na, ye needna be feared for me. I wad betray nae gentleman in your circumstances." As there was no resisting her claim of acquaintance, Waverley acknowledged it with a good grace, as well as the danger of his own situation. "As it's near the darkening, sir, wad ye just step in by to our house and tak a dish o' tea? and I am sure if ye like to sleep in the little room, I wad tak care ye are no disturbed, and naebody wad ken[1] ye."

Waverley accepted her invitation, and engaged her lodging for a night or two, satisfied he should be safer in the house of this simple creature than anywhere else. When he entered the parlour his heart swelled to see Fergus's bonnet, with the white cockade, hanging beside the little mirror.

"Ay," said Mrs. Flockhart, sighing, as she observed the

[1] know.

direction of his eyes, "the puir Colonel bought a new ane just the day before they marched, and I winna let them tak that ane doun, but just to brush it ilka day mysell; and whiles I look at it till I just think I hear him cry to Callum to bring him his bonnet, as he used to do when he was ganging out. Oh, d' ye ken, sir, when he is to suffer?"

"Suffer! Good Heaven! Why, where is he?"

"Eh, Lord's sake! d' ye no ken? The word gangs the Colonel is to be tried, and to suffer wi' them that were ta'en at Carlisle."

"And his sister?"

"Ay, that they ca'd the Lady Flora—weel, she's away up to Carlisle to him, and lives wi' some grand Papist lady thereabouts to be near him."

"And," said Edward, "the other young lady?"

"Whilk other? I ken only of ae sister the Colonel had."

"I mean Miss Bradwardine," said Edward.

"Ou, ay; the laird's daughter," said his landlady. "She was a very bonny lassie, puir thing, but far shyer than Lady Flora."

"Where is she, for God's sake?"

"Ou, wha kens where ony o' them is now? puir things, they're sair ta'en doun for their white cockades and their white roses; but she gaed north to her father's in Perthshire, when the government troops cam back to Edinbro'."

Such conversation contained almost all the good-natured widow knew of the fate of her late lodgers and acquaintances; but it was enough to determine Edward, at all hazards, to proceed instantly to Tully-Veolan, where he concluded he should see, or at least hear, something of Rose. He therefore left a letter for Colonel Talbot at the place agreed upon, signed by his assumed name, and giving for his address the post-town next to the Baron's residence.

It was evening when he approached the village of Tully-Veolan, with feelings and sentiments—how different from

those which attended his first entrance! Then, life was so new to him that a dull or disagreeable day was one of the greatest misfortunes which his imagination anticipated, and it seemed to him that his time ought only to be consecrated to elegant or amusing study, and relieved by social or youthful frolic. Now, how changed! how saddened, yet how elevated was his character, within the course of a very few months!

As he approached the village he saw, with surprise and anxiety, that a party of soldiers were quartered near it, and, what was worse, that they seemed stationary there. This he conjectured from a few tents which he beheld glimmering upon what was called the Common Moor. To avoid the risk of being stopped and questioned in a place where he was so likely to be recognised, he made a large circuit, altogether avoiding the hamlet, and approaching the upper gate of the avenue by a by-path well known to him. A single glance announced that great changes had taken place. One half of the gate, entirely destroyed and split up for firewood, lay in piles, ready to be taken away; the other swung uselessly about upon its loosened hinges. The battlements above the gate were broken and thrown down, and the carved bears, which were said to have done sentinel's duty upon the top for centuries, now, hurled from their posts, lay among the rubbish.

Upon entering the courtyard, Edward saw the fears realised which these circumstances had excited. The place had been sacked by the King's troops, who, in wanton mischief, had even attempted to burn it; and though the thickness of the walls had resisted the fire, unless to a partial extent, the stables and out-houses were totally consumed. The tower and pinnacles of the main building were scorched and blackened; the pavement of the court broken and shattered; the doors torn down entirely, or hanging by a single hinge; the windows dashed in and demolished, and the court strewed with articles of furniture broken into fragments. With an aching

heart Edward viewed this wreck of a mansion so respected. But his anxiety to learn the fate of the proprietors, and his fears as to what that fate might be, increased with every step.

While, plunged in the sad reflections which the scene excited, he was looking around for some one who might explain the fate of the inhabitants, he heard a voice from the interior of the building singing, in well-remembered accents, an old Scottish song:

"They came upon us in the night,
And brake my bower and slew my knight;
My servant a' for life did flee,
And left us in extremitie.

They slew my knight, to me sae dear;
They slew my knight, and drave his gear;[1]
The moon may set, the sun may rise,
But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes."

"Alas," thought Edward, "is it thou?" He then called, first low, and then louder, "Davie—Davie Gellatley!"

The poor simpleton showed himself from among the ruins of a sort of greenhouse, that once terminated what was called the Terrace-walk, but at first sight of a stranger retreated, as if in terror. Waverley, remembering his habits, began to whistle a tune to which he was partial, which Davie had expressed great pleasure in listening to, and had picked up from him by the ear. The melody had the same effect of producing recognition. Davie again stole from his lurking-place, but timidly, while Waverley, afraid of frightening him, stood making the most encouraging signals he could devise. After long hesitation, he at length approached Waverley with some confidence, stared him sadly in the face, and said, "A' dead and gane—a' dead and gane."

[1] The first three couplets are from an old ballad, called "The Border Widow's Lament."

"Who are dead?" said Waverley, forgetting the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected discourse.

"Baron, and Bailie, and Saunders Saunderson, and Lady Rose that sang sae sweet—a' dead and gane—dead and gane.

"But follow, follow me,
While glowworms light the lea,
I'll show ye where the dead should be—
Each in his shroud,
While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.
Follow, follow me;
Brave should he be
That treads by night the dead man's lea."

With these words, chanted in a wild and earnest tone, he made a sign to Waverley to follow him, and walked rapidly towards the bottom of the garden, tracing the bank of the stream which, it may be remembered, was its eastern boundary. Edward, over whom an involuntary shuddering stole at the import of his words, followed him in some hope of an explanation.

Davie, walking very fast, soon reached the extremity of the garden, and scrambled over the ruins of the wall that once had divided it from the wooded glen in which the old tower of Tully-Veolan was situated. He then jumped down into the bed of the stream, and, followed by Waverley, proceeded at a great pace, climbing over some fragments of rock and turning with difficulty round others. They passed beneath the ruins of the castle; Waverley followed, keeping up with his guide with difficulty, for the twilight began to fall. Following the descent of the stream a little lower, he totally lost him, but a twinkling light which he now discovered among the tangled copse-wood and bushes seemed a surer guide. He soon pursued a very uncouth path; and by its guidance at length reached the door of a wretched hut.

A fierce barking of dogs was at first heard, but stilled at his approach. A voice sounded from within, and he held it most prudent to listen before he advanced.

"Wha hast thou brought here, thou unsonsy[1] villain, thou?" said an old woman, apparently in great indignation. He heard Davie Gellatley in answer whistle a part of the tune by which he had recalled himself to the simpleton's memory, and had now no hesitation to knock at the door. There was a dead silence instantly within, except the deep growling of the dogs; and he next heard the mistress of the hut approach the door, not probably for the sake of undoing a latch, but of fastening a bolt. To prevent this Waverley lifted the latch himself.

In front was an old wretched-looking woman, exclaiming, "Wha comes into folk's houses in this gate, at this time o' the night?" On one side, two grim and half-starved deer greyhounds laid aside their ferocity at his appearance, and seemed to recognise him. On the other side, half concealed by the open door, yet apparently seeking that concealment reluctantly, with a cocked pistol in his right hand and his left in the act of drawing another from his belt, stood a tall, bony, gaunt figure in the remnants of a faded uniform and a beard of three weeks' growth. It was the Baron of Bradwardine. It is unnecessary to add, that he threw aside his weapon and greeted Waverley with a hearty embrace.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### COMPARING OF NOTES—MORE EXPLANATIONS.

THE Baron's story was short, when divested of the adages and commonplaces, Latin, English, and Scotch, with which his erudition garnished it. He insisted much upon his grief

[1] Mischievous.

at the loss of Edward and of Glennaquoich, fought the fields of Falkirk and Culloden, and related how, after all was lost in the last battle, he had returned home, under the idea of more easily finding shelter among his own tenants and on his own estate than elsewhere. A party of soldiers had been sent to lay waste his property, for clemency was not the order of the day. Their proceedings, however, were checked by an order from the civil court. The estate, it was found, might not be forfeited to the crown to the prejudice of Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, the heir-male, whose claim could not be prejudiced by the Baron's attainder, as deriving no right through him, and who, therefore, like other heirs of entail in the same situation, entered upon possession. But, unlike many in similar circumstances, the new laird speedily showed that he intended utterly to exclude his predecessor from all benefit or advantage in the estate, and that it was his purpose to avail himself of the old Baron's evil fortune to the full extent. This was the more ungenerous, as it was generally known that, from a romantic idea of not prejudicing this young man's right as heir-male, the Baron had refrained from settling his estate on his daughter.

Waverley at length found an opportunity to interrupt the narrative by an inquiry after Miss Bradwardine.

"She's well and safe, thank God! at the Duchran,"[1] answered the Baron.

They then began to talk of their future prospects. The Baron's plan was very simple. It was, to escape to France, where, by the interest of his friends, he hoped to get some military employment, of which he still conceived himself capable. He invited Waverley to go with him, a proposal in which he acquiesced, providing the interest of Colonel Talbot should fail in procuring his pardon.

With the first dawn of the following day, old Janet was

[1] The name of a castle owned by a distant relative of the Baron, a noble with Whig principles.

scuttling about the house to wake the Baron, who usually slept sound and heavily.

"Will you walk down the glen wi' me?" he said to Waverley.

They went out together, and followed a narrow and entangled foot-path, which the occasional passage of anglers or wood-cutters had traced by the side of the stream.

"I believe," said the old man, "half the people of the barony know that their poor auld laird is somewhere hereabout; for I see they do not suffer a single bairn to come here a bird-nesting; a practice whilk, when I was in full possession of my power as baron, I was unable totally to inhibit. Nay, I often find bits of things in my way, that the poor bodies, God help them! leave there, because they think they may be useful to me. I hope they will get a wiser master, and as kind a one as I was."

A natural sigh closed the sentence; but the quiet equanimity with which the Baron endured his misfortunes had something in it venerable and even sublime. There was no fruitless repining, no turbid melancholy; he bore his lot, and the hardships which it involved, with a good-humoured, though serious composure, and used no violent language against the prevailing party.

With Janet, Edward soon sought an interview. He had recognised her at first sight as the old woman who had nursed him during his sickness after his delivery from Gifted Gilfillan. The hut also, though a little repaired and somewhat better furnished, was certainly the place of his confinement.

The first question was, Who was the young lady that visited the hut during his illness? Janet paused for a little; and then observed, that to keep the secret now would neither do good nor ill to anybody.

"It was just a leddy that hasna her equal in the world—Miss Rose Bradwardine!"

"Then Miss Rose was probably also the author of my

deliverance," inferred Waverley, delighted at the confirmation of an idea which local circumstances had already induced him to entertain.

"I wot well, Mr. Wauverley, and that was she e'en; but sair, sair angry and affronted wad she hae been, puir thing, if she had thought ye had been ever to ken a word about the matter; for she gar'd[1] me speak aye Gaelic when ye was in hearing, to make ye trow we were in the Hielands. I can speak it weil eneugh, for my mother was a Hieland woman."

A few more questions now brought out the whole mystery respecting Waverley's deliverance from the bondage in which he left Cairnvreckan.

When Waverley communicated to Fergus the letter he had received from Rose Bradwardine by Davie Gellatley, giving an account of Tully-Veolan being occupied by a small party of soldiers, that circumstance had struck upon the busy and active mind of the Chieftain. Eager to distress and narrow the posts of the enemy, desirous to prevent their establishing a garrison so near him, and willing also to oblige the Baron—for he often had the idea of marriage with Rose floating through his brain—he resolved to send some of his people to drive out the red-coats and to bring Rose to Glennaquoich. But just as he had ordered Evan with a small party on this duty, the news of Cope's having marched into the Highlands, to meet and disperse the forces of the Chevalier ere they came to a head, obliged him to join the standard with his whole forces.

He sent to order Donald Bean to attend him; but that cautious freebooter, who well understood the value of a separate command, instead of joining, sent various apologies which the pressure of the times compelled Fergus to admit as current, though not without the internal resolution of being revenged on him for his procrastination, time and place convenient. However, as he could not amend the matter,

[1] compelled.

he issued orders to Donald to descend into the Low Country, drive the soldiers from Tully-Veolan, and, paying all respect to the mansion of the Baron, to take his abode somewhere near it, for protection of his daughter and family, and to harass and drive away any of the armed volunteers or small parties of military which he might find moving about the vicinity.

As this charge formed a sort of roving commission, which Donald proposed to interpret in the way most advantageous to himself, as he was relieved from the immediate terrors of Fergus, and as he had, from former secret services, some interest in the councils of the Chevalier, he resolved to make hay while the sun shone. He achieved without difficulty the task of driving the soldiers from Tully-Veolan ; but, although he did not venture to encroach upon the interior of the family, or to disturb Miss Rose, yet he set about to raise contributions and exactions upon the tenantry, and otherwise to turn the war to his own advantage. Meanwhile he mounted the white cockade, and waited upon Rose with a pretext of great devotion for the service in which her father was engaged, and many apologies for the freedom he must necessarily use for the support of his people. It was at this moment that Rose learned, by open-mouthed fame, with all sorts of exaggeration, that Waverley had killed the smith at Cairnvreckan, in an attempt to arrest him ; had been cast into a dungeon by Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, and was to be executed by martial law within three days. In the agony which these tidings excited, she proposed to Donald Bean the rescue of the prisoner. It was the very sort of service which he was desirous to undertake. He had the art, however, pleading all the while duty and discipline, to hold off, until poor Rose, in the extremity of her distress, offered to bribe him to the enterprise with some valuable jewels which had been her mother's.

Donald Bean, who had served in France, knew, and per-

haps over-estimated, the value of these trinkets. But he also perceived Rose's apprehension of its being discovered that she had parted with her jewels for Waverley's liberation. Resolved this scruple should not part him and the treasure, he voluntarily offered to take an oath that he would never mention Miss Rose's share in the transaction ; and, foreseeing convenience in keeping the oath and no probable advantage in breaking it, he took the engagement—in order, as he told his lieutenant, to deal handsomely by the young lady—in the only mode and form which, by a mental paction with himself, he considered as binding ; he swore secrecy upon his drawn dirk. He was the more especially moved to this act of good faith by some attentions that Miss Bradwardine showed to his daughter Alice, which, while they gained the heart of the mountain damsel, highly gratified the pride of her father. Alice, who could now speak a little English, was very communicative in return for Rose's kindness, readily confided to her the whole papers respecting the intrigue with Gardiner's regiment, of which she was the depositary, and as readily undertook, at her instance, to restore them to Waverley without her father's knowledge.

The reader is aware that she took an opportunity of executing this purpose on the eve of Waverley's leaving the glen.

How Donald executed his enterprise the reader is aware. But the expulsion of the military from Tully-Veolan had given alarm, and while he was lying in wait for Gilfillan, a strong party, such as Donald did not care to face, was sent to drive back the insurgents in their turn, to encamp there, and to protect the country. This unwelcome news reached Donald Bean Lean as he was returning to Tully-Veolan. Determined, however, to obtain the guerdon of his labour, he resolved, since approach to Tully-Veolan was impossible, to deposit his prisoner in Janet's cottage, a place the very existence of which could hardly have been suspected even by those who had long lived in the vicinity, unless they had been

guided thither, and which was utterly unknown to Waverley himself. This effected, he claimed and received his reward. Waverley's illness was an event which deranged all their calculations. Donald was obliged to leave the neighbourhood with his people, and to seek more free course for his adventures elsewhere. At Rose's earnest entreaty, he left an old man, a herbalist, who was supposed to understand a little of medicine, to attend Waverley during his illness.

In the mean while, new and fearful doubts started in Rose's mind. They were suggested by old Janet, who insisted that, a reward having been offered for the apprehension of Waverley, and his own personal effects being so valuable, there was no saying to what breach of faith Donald might be tempted. In an agony of grief and terror, Rose took the daring resolution of explaining to the Prince himself the danger in which Mr. Waverley stood, judging that, both as a politician and a man of honour and humanity, Charles Edward would interest himself to prevent his falling into the hands of the opposite party. This letter she at first thought of sending anonymously, but naturally feared it would not in that case be credited. She therefore subscribed her name, though with reluctance and terror, and consigned it in charge to a young man who, at leaving his farm to join the Chevalier's army, made it his petition to her to have some sort of credentials to the adventurer, from whom he hoped to obtain a commission.

The letter reached Charles Edward on his descent to the Lowlands, and, aware of the political importance of having it supposed that he was in correspondence with the English Jacobites, he caused the most positive orders to be transmitted to Donald Bean Lean to transmit Waverley, safe and uninjured, in person or effects, to the governor of Doune Castle. The freebooter durst not disobey, for the army of the Prince was now so near him that punishment might have followed; besides, he was a politician as well as a robber, and

was unwilling to cancel the interest created through former secret services by being refractory on this occasion. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and transmitted orders to his lieutenant to convey Edward to Doune, which was safely accomplished in the mode mentioned in a former chapter. The governor of Doune was directed to send him to Edinburgh as a prisoner, because the Prince was apprehensive that Waverley, if set at liberty, might have resumed his purpose of returning to England, without affording him an opportunity of a personal interview.

This, indeed, Charles Edward considered as a lady's secret; for although Rose's letter was couched in the most cautious and general terms, and professed to be written merely from motives of humanity and zeal for the Prince's service, yet she expressed so anxious a wish that she should not be known to have interfered, that the Chevalier was induced to suspect the deep interest which she took in Waverley's safety. This conjecture, which was well founded, led, however, to false inferences. For the emotion which Edward displayed on approaching Flora and Rose at the ball of Holyrood was placed by the Chevalier to the account of the latter; and he concluded that the Baron's views about the settlement of his property, or some such obstacle, thwarted their mutual inclinations. Common fame, it is true, frequently gave Waverley to Miss Mac-Ivor; but the Prince knew that common fame is very prodigal in such gifts; and, watching attentively the behaviour of the ladies towards Waverley, he had no doubt that the young Englishman had no interest with Flora, and was beloved by Rose Bradwardine. Desirous to bind Waverley to his service, and wishing also to do a kind and friendly action, the Prince next assailed the Baron on the subject of settling his estate upon his daughter. Mr. Bradwardine acquiesced; but the consequence was that Fergus was immediately induced to prefer his double suit for a wife and an earldom, which the Prince rejected in the manner we have

seen. The Chevalier, constantly engaged in his own multiplied affairs, had not hitherto sought any explanation with Waverley, though often meaning to do so. But after Fergus's declaration he saw the necessity of appearing neutral between the rivals, devoutly hoping that the matter, which now seemed fraught with the seeds of strife, might be permitted to lie over till the termination of the expedition. When, on the march to Derby, Fergus, being questioned concerning his quarrel with Waverley, alleged as the cause that Edward was desirous of retracting the suit he had made to his sister, the Chevalier plainly told him that he had himself observed Miss Mac-Ivor's behaviour to Waverley, and that he was convinced Fergus was under the influence of a mistake in judging of Waverley's conduct, who, he had every reason to believe, was engaged to Miss Bradwardine.

When Janet had once finished the leading facts of this narrative, Waverley was easily enabled to apply the clue which they afforded to other mazes of the labyrinth in which he had been engaged. To Rose Bradwardine, then, he owed the life which he now thought he could willingly have laid down to serve her. A little reflection convinced him, however, that to live for her sake was more convenient and agreeable. His mind occupied with projects of future happiness, Edward sought Little Veolan, the habitation of Mr. Duncan Macwheeble.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

Now is Cupid a child of conscience—he makes restitution.

SHAKSPEARE.

MR. DUNCAN MACWHEEBLE, no longer Commissary or Bailie, though still enjoying the empty name of the latter dignity, had escaped proscription by an early secession from the insurgent party and by his insignificance.

Edward found him in his office, immersed among papers and accounts. Before him was a large bicker[1] of oatmeal porridge, and at the side thereof a horn spoon and a bottle of two-penny. Eagerly running his eye over a voluminous law-paper, he from time to time shovelled an immense spoonful of these nutritive viands into his capacious mouth. A pot-bellied Dutch bottle of brandy which stood by intimated either that this honest limb of the law had taken his *morning* already, or that he meant to season his porridge with such digestive; or perhaps both circumstances might reasonably be inferred. His night-cap and morning-gown had whilome been of tartan, but, equally cautious and frugal, the honest Bailie had got them dyed black, lest their original ill-omened colour might remind his visitors of his unlucky excursion to Derby. To sum up the picture, his face was daubed with snuff up to the eyes, and his fingers with ink up to the knuckles. He looked dubiously at Waverley as he approached the little green rail which fenced his desk and stool from the approach of the vulgar. Nothing could give the Bailie more annoyance than the idea of his acquaintance being claimed by any of the unfortunate gentlemen who were now so much more likely to need assistance than to afford profit. But this was the rich young Englishman; who knew what might be his situation? He was the Baron's friend too; what was to be done?

With some difficulty Waverley explained to him that he should want his assistance, in the first place, to make his residence safe for the time, by writing to the officer at Tully-Veolan that Mr. Stanley, an English gentleman nearly related to Colonel Talbot, was upon a visit of business at Mr. Macwheeble's, and, knowing the state of the country, has sent his passport for Captain Foster's inspection. This produced a polite answer from the officer, with an invitation to Mr. Stanley to dine with him, which was declined (as may easily be supposed) under pretence of business.

[1] bowl.

Waverley's next request was, that Mr. Macwheeble would despatch a man and horse to ——, the post-town at which Colonel Talbot was to address him, with directions to wait there until the post should bring a letter for Mr. Stanley, and then to forward it to Little Veolan with all speed. In a moment the Bailie was in search of his apprentice, Jock Scriever, and in not much greater space of time Jock was on the back of the white pony.

With much discourse the time passed until dinner, Macwheeble mean while promising to devise some mode of introducing Edward at the Duchran, where Rose at present resided, without risk of danger or suspicion; which seemed no very easy task, since the laird was a very zealous friend to government. The landlord's corkscrew was just introduced into the muzzle of a pint bottle of claret (cribbed possibly from the cellars of Tully-Veolan), when the sight of the grey pony passing the window at full trot induced Bailie, but with due precaution, to place it aside for the moment. Enter Jock Scriever with a packet for Mr. Stanley; it is Colonel Talbot's seal, and Edward's fingers tremble as he undoes it. Two official papers, folded, signed, and sealed in all formality, drop out. They were hastily picked up by the Bailie, who had a natural respect for everything resembling a deed, and, glancing slily on their titles, his eyes, or rather spectacles, are greeted with "Protection by his Royal Highness to the person of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq., of that ilk, commonly called Baron of Bradwardine, forfeited for his accession to the late rebellion." The other proves to be a protection of the same tenor in favour of Edward Waverley, Esq. Colonel Talbot's letter was in these words:

"My Dear Edward:

"I am just arrived here, and yet I have finished my business; it has cost me some trouble though, as you shall hear. I waited upon his Royal Highness immediately on my arrival,

and found him in on very good humour for my purpose. Three or four Scotch gentlemen were just leaving his levee. After he had expressed himself to me very courteously; 'Would you think it,' he said, 'Talbot, here have been half a dozen of the most respectable gentlemen and best friends to government north of the Forth, Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, Rubrick of Duchran, and others, who have fairly wrung from me, by their downright importunity, a present protection and the promise of a future pardon for that stubborn old rebel whom they call Baron of Bradwardine. They allege that his high personal character, and the clemency which he showed to such of our people as fell into the rebels' hands, should weigh in his favour, especially as the loss of his estate is likely to be a severe enough punishment. Rubrick has undertaken to keep him at his own house till things are settled in the country; but it's a little hard to be forced in a manner to pardon such a mortal enemy to the House of Brunswick.' This was no favourable moment for opening my business; however, I said I was rejoiced to learn that his Royal Highness was in the course of granting such requests, as it emboldened me to present one of the like nature in my own name. He was very angry; but I persisted; I mentioned the uniform support of our three votes in the house, touched modestly on services abroad, though valuable only in his Royal Highness's having been pleased kindly to accept them, and founded pretty strongly on his own expressions of friendship and good-will. He was embarrassed, but obstinate. I hinted the policy of detaching, on all future occasions, the heir of such a fortune as your uncle's from the machinations of the disaffected. But I made no impression. I mentioned the obligations which I lay under to Sir Everard and to you personally, and claimed, as the sole reward of my services, that he would be pleased to afford me the means of evincing my gratitude. I perceived that he still meditated a refusal, and, taking my commission from my pocket, I said (as a last resource) that, as his Royal Highness did not, under these pressing circumstances, think me worthy of a favour which he had not scrupled to grant to other gentlemen whose services I could hardly judge more important than my own, I must beg leave to deposit, with all humility, my commission in his

Royal Highness's hands, and to retire from the service. He was not prepared for this; he told me to take up my commission, said some handsome things of my services, and granted my request. You are therefore once more a free man, and I have promised for you that you will be a good boy in future, and remember what you owe to the lenity of government. Thus you see *my* prince can be as generous as *yours*. I do not pretend, indeed, that he confers a favour with all the foreign graces and compliments of your Chevalier errant [1]; but he has a plain English manner, and the evident reluctance with which he grants your request indicates the sacrifice which he makes of his own inclination to your wishes. My friend, the adjutant-general, has procured me a duplicate of the Baron's protection (the original being in Major Melville's possession), which I send to you, as I know that if you can find him you will have pleasure in being the first to communicate the joyful intelligence. He will of course repair to the Duchran without loss of time, there to ride quarantine [2] for a few weeks. As for you, I give you leave to escort him thither, and to stay a week there, as I understand a certain fair lady is in that quarter. And I have the pleasure to tell you that whatever progress you can make in her good graces will be highly agreeable to Sir Everard and Miss Rachel, who will never believe your views and prospects settled, and the three ermines passant in actual safety, until you present them with a Mrs. Edward Waverley. Now, certain love-affairs of my own—a good many years since—interrupted some measures which were then proposed in favour of the three ermines passant; so I am bound in honour to make them amends. Therefore make good use of your time, for, when your week is expired, it will be necessary that you go to London to plead your pardon in the law courts.

"Ever, dear Waverley, yours most truly,

"PHILIP TALBOT."

[1] wandering Chevalier.

[2] *i. e.* continue in retirement.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### A SHORT WOOING.

When it was near sunset Waverley hastened to the hut where the Baron lodged. As he entered the cottage, poor old Janet, bent double with age and bleared with peat-smoke, was tottering about the house with a birch broom, muttering to herself as she endeavoured to make her hearth and floor a little clean for the reception of her expected guests. Waverley's step made her start, look up, and fall a-trembling, so much had her nerves been on the rack for her patron's safety. With difficulty Waverley made her comprehend that the Baron was now safe from personal danger; and when her mind had admitted that joyful news, it was equally hard to make her believe that he was not to enter again upon possession of his estate. "It behoved to be," she said, "he wad get it back again; naebody wad be sae gripple[1] as to tak his gear after they had gi'en him a pardon; and for that Inch-Grabbit, I could whiles wish mysell a witch for his sake, if I werena feared the Enemy wad tak me at my word."

Waverley now took leave of Janet, and soon stood beneath the Baron's Patmos.[2] At a low whistle he observed the veteran peeping out to reconnoitre, like an old badger with his head out of his hole. "Ye hae come rather early, my good lad," said he, descending; "I question if the red-coats hae beat the tattoo yet, and we're not safe till then."

"Good news cannot be told too soon," said Waverley; and with infinite joy communicated to him the happy tidings. The old man stood for a moment in silent devotion, then exclaimed, "Praise be to God! I shall see my bairn again."

"And never, I hope, to part with her more," said Waverley.

[1] grasping.

[2] The allusion is to the lonely island in the Ægean Sea, on which the apostle John is said to have spent his last years.

"I trust in God not, unless it be to win the means of supporting her; for my things are but in a bruckle[1] state; but what signifies warld's gear?"

"And if," said Waverley modestly, "there were a situation in life which would put Miss Bradwardine beyond the uncertainty of fortune, and in the rank to which she was born, would you object to it, my dear Baron? Because it would make one of your friends the happiest man in the world."

The Baron seemed collecting all his dignity to make a suitable reply to what, at another time, he would have treated as the propounding of a treaty of alliance between the houses of Bradwardine and Waverley. But his efforts were in vain; the father was too mighty for the Baron; the pride of birth and rank were swept away; in the joyful surprise a slight convulsion passed rapidly over his features, as he gave way to the feelings of nature, threw his arms around Waverley's neck, and sobbed out: "My son, my son! if I had been to search the world, I would have made my choice here." Edward returned the embrace with great sympathy of feeling, and for a little while they both kept silence. At length it was broken by Edward. "But Miss Bradwardine?"

"She had never a will but her old father's; besides, you are a likely youth, of honest principles and high birth; no, she never had any other will than mine, and in my proudest days I could not have wished a mair eligible espousal for her than the nephew of my excellent old friend, Sir Everard."

The next day conducted the Baron and his young friend to the Duchran, where the former was expected, in consequence of the success of the nearly unanimous application of the Scottish friends of government in his favour.

We shall not attempt to describe the meeting of the father and daughter, loving each other so affectionately, and separated under such perilous circumstances. Still less shall we attempt to analyse the deep blush of Rose at receiving the

[1] brittle.

compliments of Waverley, or stop to inquire whether she had any curiosity respecting the particular cause of his journey to Scotland at that period. We shall not even trouble the reader with the humdrum details of a courtship Sixty Years since. It is enough to say that, under so strict a martinet as the Baron, all things were conducted in due form. He took upon himself, the morning after their arrival, the task of announcing the proposal of Waverley to Rose, which she heard with a proper degree of maiden timidity. Fame does, however, say that Waverley had the evening before found five minutes to apprise her of what was coming, while the rest of the company were looking at three twisted serpents which form a *jet d'eau* [1] in the garden.

My fair readers will judge for themselves; but, for my part, I cannot conceive how so important an affair could be communicated in so short a space of time; at least, it certainly took a full hour in the Baron's mode of conveying it.

Waverley was now considered as a received lover in all the forms. He was made, by dint of smirking and nodding on the part of the lady of the house, to sit next Miss Bradwardine at dinner, to be Miss Bradwardine's partner at cards. If he came into the room, she of the four Miss Rubricks who chanced to be next Rose was sure to recollect that her thimble or her scissors were at the other end of the room, in order to leave the seat nearest to Miss Bradwardine vacant for his occupation. And sometimes, if papa and mamma were not in the way to keep them on their good behaviour, the misses would titter a little. Alice Bean, the pretty maid of the cavern, who, after her father's *misfortune*, as she called it, had attended Rose as *fille-de-chambre*,[2] smiled and smirked with the best of them. Rose and Edward, however, endured all these little vexatious circumstances as other folks have done before and since, and probably contrived to obtain some indemnification, since they are not supposed, on the whole,

[1] fountain. [2] *i. e.* as her maid.

to have been particularly unhappy during Waverley's six days' stay at the Duchran.

It was finally arranged that Edward should go to Waverley-Honour to make the necessary arrangements for his marriage, thence to London to take the proper measures for pleading his pardon, and return as soon as possible to claim the hand of his plighted bride. He also intended in his journey to visit Colonel Talbot; but, above all, it was his most important object to learn the fate of the unfortunate Chief of Glennaquoich; to visit him at Carlisle, and to try whether anything could be done for procuring, if not a pardon, a commutation at least, or alleviation, of the punishment to which he was almost certain of being condemned; and, in case of the worst, to offer the miserable Flora an asylum with Rose, or otherwise to assist her views in any mode which might seem possible. The fate of Fergus seemed hard to be averted. Edward had already striven to interest his friend, Colonel Talbot, in his behalf; but had been given distinctly to understand by his reply that his credit in matters of that nature was totally exhausted.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

To-morrow ? Oh, that's sudden !—Spare him, spare him !
SHAKSPEARE.

EDWARD, attended by his former servant Alick Polwarth, who had re-entered his service at Edinburgh, reached Carlisle while the commission of Oyer and Terminer [1] on his unfortunate associates was yet sitting. He had pushed forward in haste, not, alas! with the most distant hope of saving Fergus, but to see him for the last time. Edward pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded. The verdict of GUILTY was already pronounced. Edward just glanced at the bar

[1] A court of judges appointed to hear and determine through a jury cases of treason, felony, and misdemeanour.

during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them; but he was recalled to himself as the Clerk of Arraigns pronounced the solemn words: "Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, in the Dhu of Tarrascleugh, otherwise called Evan Dhu, otherwise called Evan Maccombich, or Evan Dhu Maccombich—you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the Court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?"

Fergus, as the presiding Judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice: "I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday and the day before you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel." He resumed his seat and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The Judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

"I was only ganging to say, my lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, "that if your excellent honour and the honourable Court would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head [1] or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The Judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman nor the honour of a gentleman."

There was no farther inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The Judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. "For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor," continued the Judge, "I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter."

"I desire nothing else, my lord," answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

"Remove the prisoners," said the Judge.

Almost stupefied with his feelings, Edward found that the rush of the crowd had conveyed him out into the street ere

[1] to be beheaded.

he knew what he was doing. His immediate wish was to see and speak with Fergus once more. He applied at the Castle where his unfortunate friend was confined, but was refused admittance.

"And where was Miss Mac-Ivor?" They gave him the direction. It was the house of a respectable Catholic family near Carlisle.

Repulsed from the gate of the Castle, and not venturing to make application to the High Sheriff or Judges in his own unpopular name, he had recourse to the solicitor who came down in Fergus's behalf. This gentleman told him that it was thought the public mind was in danger of being debauched by the account of the last moments of these persons, as given by the friends of the Pretender; that there had been a resolution, therefore, to exclude all such persons as had not the plea of near kindred for attending upon them. Yet he promised to get him an order for admittance to the prisoner the next morning, before his irons were knocked off for execution.

With a faltering voice he requested the solicitor to find means to warn Fergus of his intended visit, should he obtain permission to make it. He then turned away from him, and, returning to the inn, wrote a scarcely intelligible note to Flora Mac-Ivor, intimating his purpose to wait upon her that evening. The messenger brought back a letter in Flora's beautiful Italian hand, which seemed scarce to tremble even under this load of misery. "Miss Flora Mac-Ivor," the letter bore, "could not refuse to see the dearest friend of her dear brother, even in her present circumstances of unparalleled distress."

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present place of abode he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, apparently a foreigner,

and of a religious order. She was reading in a book of Catholic devotion, but when Waverley entered laid it on the table and left the room. Flora rose to receive him, and stretched out her hand, but neither ventured to attempt speech. Her fine complexion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. The first words she uttered were, "Have you seen him?"

"Alas, no," answered Waverley, "I have been refused admittance."

"It accords with the rest," she said; "but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?"

"For—for—to-morrow," said Waverley; but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.

"Do you remember," she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, "you once found me making Fergus's bride-favours, and now I am sewing his bridal garment. Our friends here," she continued, with suppressed emotion, "are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody relics of the last Vich Ian Vohr. But they will not all rest together; no—his head!—I shall not have the last miserable consolation of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!"

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical sobs, fainted in her chair. The lady, who had been attending in the ante-room, now entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house.

When he was recalled, after the space of nearly half an hour, he found that, by a strong effort, Miss Mac-Ivor had greatly composed herself. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Bradwardine's claim to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assist her plans for the future.

"I have had a letter from my dear Rose," she replied, "to the same purpose. Sorrow is selfish and engrossing, or I would have written to express that, even in my own despair,

I felt a gleam of pleasure at learning her happy prospects, and at hearing that the good old Baron has escaped the general wreck. Give this to my dearest Rose; it is her poor Flora's only ornament of value, and was the gift of a princess." She put into his hands a case containing the chain of diamonds with which she used to decorate her hair. "To me it is in future useless. The kindness of my friends has secured me a retreat in a convent in Paris. To-morrow—if indeed I can survive to-morrow—I set forward on my journey with this venerable sister. And now, Mr. Waverley, adieu! May you be as happy with Rose as your amiable dispositions deserve; and think sometimes on the friends you have lost. Do not attempt to see me again; it would be mistaken kindness."

She gave him her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and with a faltering step withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the town of Carlisle.

## CHAPTER L.

### THE EXECUTION.

After a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard and was admitted.

The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the Castle; a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was an-

swered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison to fling himself into his friend's arms.

"My dear Edward," he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. And how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I trust, since I see you at freedom. And how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear?"

"How, or how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment!"

"Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure; on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most—the Prince? has he escaped the bloodhounds?"

"He has, and is in safety."

"Praised be God for that! Tell me the particulars of his escape."

Waverley communicated that remarkable history, so far as it had then transpired, to which Fergus listened with deep interest. He then asked after their friends; and made many minute inquiries concerning the fate of his own clansmen. They had suffered less than other tribes who had been engaged in the affair; for, having in a great measure dispersed and returned home after the captivity of their Chieftain, according to the universal custom of the Highlanders, they were not in arms when the insurrection was finally suppressed, and consequently were treated with less rigour. This Fergus heard with great satisfaction.

"You are rich," he said, "Waverley, and you are generous.

When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners and lives near our country, will apprise you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?"

Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he afterwards so amply redeemed that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.

"Would to God," continued the Chieftain, "I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race; or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms, and be to you what he has been to me, the kindest, the bravest, the most devoted——"

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth fell fast for that of his foster-brother.

"And now," said Fergus, "while we are upon the subject of clanship—what think you now of the prediction of the Bodach Glas?" Then, before Edward could answer, "I saw him again last night: he stood in the slip of moonshine which fell from that high and narrow window towards my bed. 'Why should I fear him?' I thought; 'to-morrow, long ere this time, I shall be as immaterial as he.'"

A tap at the door now announced the confessor, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the Church of Rome prescribes.

In about an hour he was re-admitted; soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.

Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turn-out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part let

us speak of Flora—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me."

"We part not *here!*" said Waverley.

"Oh, yes, we do; you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said proudly. "Nature has her tortures as well as art, and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder in the space of a short half-hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly may kill a living friend to look upon."

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet was now heard in the courtyard of the Castle. "As I have told you why you must not follow me, and these sounds admonish me that my time flies fast, tell me how you found poor Flora."

Waverley, with a voice interrupted by suffocating sensations, gave some account of the state of her mind.

"Poor Flora!" answered the Chief, "she could have borne her own sentence of death, but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state—long, long may Rose and you enjoy it!—but you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans like Flora and me, left alone as it were in the world, and being all in all to each other from our very infancy. But her strong sense of duty and predominant feeling of loyalty will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed away. She will then think of Fergus as of the heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell."

"Shall she not see you then?" asked Waverley. "She seemed to expect it."

"A necessary deceit will spare her the last dreadful parting. I could not part with her without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have power to extort

them. She was made to believe she would see me at a later hour, and this letter, which my confessor will deliver, will apprise her that all is over."

An officer now appeared and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich. "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs to the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge or hurdle on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. "This is well GOT UP [1] for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward the ranks closed around the

[1] A phrase borrowed from the stage.

sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King *James!*" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the courtyard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupefied, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length a female servant of the governor's, struck with compassion at the stupefied misery which his countenance expressed, asked him if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her, but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the Castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets till he regained his inn, then rushed into an apartment and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprised him that all was

finished, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene.

In the evening the priest made him a visit, and informed him that he did so by directions of his deceased friend, to assure him that Fergus Mac-Ivor had died as he lived, and remembered his friendship to the last. He added, he had also seen Flora, whose state of mind seemed more composed since all was over. With her and Sister Theresa the priest proposed next day to leave Carlisle for the nearest seaport from which they could embark for France. Waverley forced on this good man a ring of some value and a sum of money to be employed (as he thought might gratify Flora) in the services of the Catholic church for the memory of his friend.

The next morning ere daylight he took leave of the town of Carlisle, promising to himself never again to enter its walls.

## CHAPTER LI.

### A WEDDING.

THE impression of horror with which Waverley left Carlisle, on his way to Waverley-Honour, softened by degrees into melancholy, a gradation which was accelerated by the painful yet soothing task of writing to Rose; and, while he could not suppress his own feelings of the calamity, he endeavoured to place it in a light which might grieve her without shocking her imagination.

At length, for the first time since leaving Edinburgh, he began to experience that pleasure which almost all feel who return to a verdant, populous, and highly cultivated country from scenes of waste desolation or of solitary and melancholy grandeur. But how were those feelings enhanced when he entered on the domain so long possessed by his forefathers; recognised the old oaks of Waverley-Chace; thought with

what delight he should introduce Rose to all his favourite haunts; beheld at length the towers of the venerable hall arise above the woods which embowered it, and finally threw himself into the arms of the venerable relations to whom he owed so much duty and affection!

The happiness of their meeting was not tarnished by a single word of reproach. On the contrary, whatever pain Sir Everard and Miss Rachel had felt during Waverley's perilous engagement with the young Chevalier, it assorted too well with the principles in which they had been brought up to incur reprobation, or even censure.

The appearance of Waverley, embrowned by exercise and dignified by the habits of military discipline, had acquired an athletic and hardy character, which not only verified the Colonel's narration, but surprised and delighted all the inhabitants of Waverley-Honour. They crowded to see, to hear him, and to sing his praises.

All was now in a bustle to prepare for the nuptials of Edward, an event to which the good old Baronet and Miss Rachel looked forward as if to the renewal of their own youth. The match, as Colonel Talbot had intimated, had seemed to them in the highest degree eligible, having every recommendation but wealth, of which they themselves had more than enough.

Yet, with all the urgency which Waverley could use, the delay occasioned by necessary preparations and by the mode of travelling at that period, rendered it considerably more than two months ere Waverley, having left England, alighted once more at the mansion of the Laird of Duchran to claim the hand of his plighted bride.

The day of his marriage was fixed for the sixth after his arrival. The Baron of Bradwardine, with whom bridals, christenings, and funerals were festivals of high and solemn import, felt a little hurt that, including the family of the Duchran and all the immediate vicinity who had title to be

present on such an occasion, there could not be above thirty persons collected. "When he was married," he observed, "three hundred horse of gentlemen born, besides servants, and some score or two of Highland lairds who never got on horseback, were present on the occasion."

The marriage took place on the appointed day. The Reverend Mr. Rubrick, kinsman to the proprietor of the hospitable mansion where it was solemnised, and chaplain to the Baron of Bradwardine, had the satisfaction to unite their hands; and Frank Stanley acted as bridesman, having joined Edward with that view soon after his arrival. Lady Emily and Colonel Talbot had proposed being present; but Lady Emily's health, when the day approached, was found inadequate to the journey. In amends it was arranged that Edward Waverley and his lady, who, with the Baron, proposed an immediate journey to Waverley-Honour, should in their way spend a few days at an estate which Colonel Talbot had been tempted to purchase in Scotland as a very great bargain, and at which he proposed to reside for some time.

## CHAPTER LII.

### A RESTORED ESTATE.

THE nuptial party travelled in great style. There was a coach and six after the newest pattern, which Sir Everard had presented to his nephew, that dazzled with its splendour the eyes of one half of Scotland; there was the family coach of Mr. Rubrick,—both these were crowded with ladies, and there were gentlemen on horseback, with their servants, to the number of a round score. Nevertheless, without having the fear of famine before his eyes, Bailie Macwheeble met them in the road to entreat that they would pass by his house at Little Veolan. The Baron stared, and said his son and

he would certainly ride by Little Veolan and pay their compliments to the Bailie, but could not think of bringing with them the "haill"[1] *comitatus nuptialis,* or matrimonial procession. He added, "that, as he understood that the barony had been sold by its unworthy possessor, he was glad to see his old friend Duncan had regained his situation under the new *Dominus,* or proprietor." The Bailie ducked, bowed, and fidgeted, and then again insisted upon his invitation; until the Baron, though rather piqued at the pertinacity of his instances, could not nevertheless refuse to consent without making evident sensations which he was anxious to conceal.

He fell into a deep study as they approached the top of the avenue, and was only startled from it by observing that the battlements were replaced, the ruins cleared away, and (most wonderful of all) that the two great stone bears, those mutilated Dagons[2] of his idolatry, had resumed their posts over the gateway. "Now this new proprietor," said he to Edward, "has shown mair *gusto,* as the Italians call it, in the short time he has had this domain, than the hound Malcolm, though I bred him here myself, has acquired *vita adhuc durante.*[3] And now I talk of hounds, is not yon Ban and Buscar who come scouping up the avenue with Davie Gellatley?"

"I vote we should go to meet them, sir," said Waverley, "for I believe the present master of the house is Colonel Talbot, who will expect to see us. We hesitated to mention to you at first that he had purchased your ancient patrimonial property, and even yet, if you do not incline to visit him, we can pass on to the Bailie's."

The Baron had occasion for all his magnanimity. However he drew a long breath, took a long snuff, and observed, since they had brought him so far, he could not pass the

[1] whole. [2] The national idol-god of the Philistines of the Old Testament.
[3] "all his previous life up to this day."

Colonel's gate, and he would be happy to see the new master of his old tenants. He alighted accordingly, as did the other gentlemen and ladies; he gave his arm to his daughter, and as they descended the avenue pointed out to her how speedily the "*Diva Pecunia*[1] of the Southron—their tutelary deity, he might call her—had removed the marks of spoliation."

In truth, not only had the felled trees been removed, but, their stumps being grubbed up and the earth round them levelled and sown with grass, every mark of devastation, unless to an eye intimately acquainted with the spot, was already totally obliterated. There was a similar reformation in the outward man of Davie Gellatley, who met them, every now and then stopping to admire the new suit which graced his person. He danced up with his usual ungainly frolics, first to the Baron and then to Rose, passing his hands over his clothes, crying, "Bra', bra' Davie," and scarce able to sing a bar to an end of his thousand-and-one songs for the breathless extravagance of his joy. The dogs also acknowledged their old master with a thousand gambols. "Upon my conscience, Rose," ejaculated the Baron, "the gratitude o' thae dumb brutes and of that puir innocent brings the tears into my auld een,[2] while that schellum[3] Malcolm—but I'm obliged to Colonel Talbot for putting my hounds into such good condition, and likewise for puir Davie. But, Rose, my dear, we must not permit them to be a life-rent burden upon the estate."

As he spoke, Lady Emily, leaning upon the arm of her husband, met the party at the lower gate with a thousand welcomes. After the ceremony of introduction had been gone through, much abridged by the ease and excellent breeding of Lady Emily, she apologised for having used a little art to wile them back to a place which might awaken some painful reflections—"But as it was to change masters, we were very desirous that the Baron——"

[1] Goddess of Wealth. [2] eyes. [3] worthless fellow.

"Mr. Bradwardine, madam, if you please," said the old gentleman.

"Mr. Bradwardine, then, and Mr. Waverley should see what we have done towards restoring the mansion of your fathers to its former state."

The Baron answered with a low bow: "While I acknowledge my obligation to you, sir, for the restoration of the badge of our family, I cannot but marvel that you have nowhere established your own crest, whilk is, I believe, a mastiff, anciently called a talbot."

"I believe," said the Colonel, smiling, "our dogs are whelps of the same litter; for my part, if crests were to dispute precedence, I should be apt to let them, as the proverb says, 'fight dog, fight bear.'"

"And yet, sir, I cannot but marvel that you, Colonel, whom I noticed to have so much of the *amor patriæ*[1] when we met in Edinburg has even to villipend[2] other countries, should have chosen to establish your Lares, or household gods *procul a patriæ finibus*,[3] and in a manner to expatriate yourself."

"Why, really, Baron, I do not see why, to keep the secret of these foolish boys, Waverley and Stanley, and of my wife, who is no wiser, one old soldier should continue to impose upon another. You must know, then, that I have so much of that same prejudice in favour of my native country, that the sum of money which I advanced to the seller of this extensive barony has only purchased for me a box in ——shire, called Brere-wood Lodge, with about two hundred and fifty acres of land, the chief merit of which is, "that it is within a very few miles of Waverley-Honour."

"And who, then, in the name of Heaven, has bought this property?"

"That," said the Colonel, "it is this gentleman's profession to explain."

[1] love of country. [2] abuse. [3] "at a great distance from your native land."

The Bailie, whom this reference regarded, and who had all this while shifted from one foot to another with great impatience, "like a hen," as he afterwards said, "upon a het griddle"; and chuckling, he might have added, like the said hen in all the glory of laying an egg, now pushed forward. "That I can, that I can, your honour," drawing from his pocket a budget of papers, and untying the red tape with a hand trembling with eagerness. "Here is the disposition and assignation by Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, regularly signed and tested in terms of the statute, whereby, for a certain sum of sterling money presently contented and paid to him, he has disponed, alienated, and conveyed the whole estate and barony of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, with the fortalice[1] and manor-place——"

"For God's sake, to the point, sir; I have all that by heart," said the Colonel.

"—To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq.," pursued the Bailie, "his heirs and assignees, simply and irredeemably, to be held either——"

"Pray read short, sir."

"On the conscience of an honest man, Colonel, I read as short as is consistent with style—under the burden and reservation always——"

"Mr.* Macwheeble, this would outlast a Russian winter; give me leave. In short, Mr. Bradwardine, your family estate is your own once more in full property, and at your absolute disposal, but only burdened with the sum advanced to repurchase it, which I understand is utterly disproportioned to its value."

"An auld sang—an auld sang, if it please your honours," cried the Bailie, rubbing his hands; "look at the rental book."

"— Which sum being advanced by Mr. Edward Waverley,

[1] military defences.

chiefly from the price of his father's property which I bought from him, is secured to his lady your daughter and her family by this marriage."

It is difficult to say whether the worthy Baron was most delighted with the restitution of his family property or with the delicacy and generosity that left him unfettered to pursue his purpose in disposing of it after his death, and which avoided as much as possible even the appearance of laying him under pecuniary obligation.

Their private conversation ended, the Baron was now summoned to do the honours of Tully-Veolan to new guests. These were Major Melville of Cairnvreckan and the Reverend Mr. Morton, followed by two or three others of the Baron's acquaintances who had been made privy to his having again acquired the estate of his fathers. The shouts of the villagers were also heard beneath in the court yard; for Saunders Sanderson, who had kept the secret for several days with laudable prudence, had unlocked his tongue upon beholding the arrival of the carriages.

But, while Edward received Major Melville with politeness and the clergyman with the most affectionate and grateful kindness, his father-in-law looked a little awkward, as uncertain how he should answer the necessary claims of hospitality to his guests, and forward the festivity of his tenants. Lady Emily relieved him by intimating that, though she must be an indifferent representative of Mrs. Edward Waverley in many respects, she hoped the Baron would approve of the entertainment she had ordered in expectation of so many guests; and that they would find such other accommodations provided as might in some degree support the ancient hospitality of Tully-Veolan. It is impossible to describe the pleasure which this assurance gave the Baron, who, with an air of gallantry half appertaining to the stiff Scottish laird and half to the officer in the French service, offered his arm to the fair speaker, and led the way, in something between a stride and

a minuet step, into the large dining-parlour, followed by all the rest of the good company.

When the dinner was over, the Baron rose to offer a toast. A tear mingled with the wine which the Baron filled, as he proposed a cup of gratitude to Colonel Talbot, and "The Prosperity of the united Houses of Waverley-Honour and Bradwardine!"

It only remains for me to say that, as no wish was ever uttered with more affectionate sincerity, there are few which, allowing for the necessary mutability of human events, have been upon the whole more happily fulfilled.

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